

THE BRITISH WORKMAN



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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

*H. W. Heade
A New Years Gift 1901.*

THE BRITISH WORKMAN

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1900



BORN: MARCH 26TH.

WILLIAM ROWNTREE.

DIED: MARCH 1ST, 1901.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."

—Ps. civ. 23.



THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[Drawn by LANCELOT SPERD,  
One Penny.]

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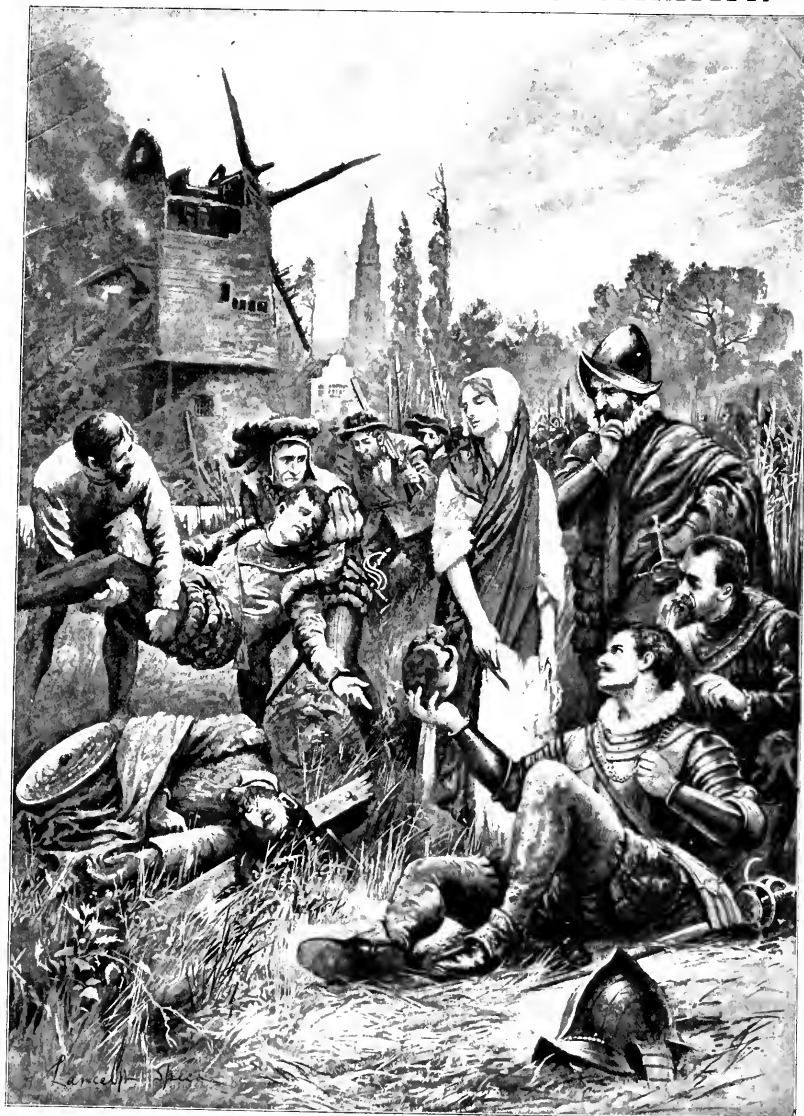


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## NEW YEAR MESSAGES.

Specially sent to Readers of "The British Workman."

FROM REV. J. B. PATON, D.D.

**T**O do good to others needs three great powers, which are the powers that give inspiration and guidance and quickening force to the Church of Christ, and to every released servant of Christ. These three powers may be named by three I's. The *Law* of God is the good that we seek for men. The *Love* that alone will face and overcome the evils of our time is the Love of God revealed in Christ. And we can only fight in this great warfare, in which we seek to subdue all evil and bring again our Father's Kingdom in the world, under the leadership of Christ.

The divine Law, the divine Love, and the divine Leadership are the powers which uphold and inspire us in the redeeming of the world, and in the bringing of the New Jerusalem down from heaven to earth, this earth which has been baptised by the Blood of the Lamb, and wherein the Spirit of God bloweth to redeem and save.

FROM REV. CANON E. L. HICKS.

To our readers we send a hearty greeting for A.D. 1900, which closes a momentous century. God grant you a happy and blessed year, through Christ the Divine Worker and Teacher and Saviour of men! Beware of the vulgar errors of the time.

Avoid the prevailing Mammon worship. Fix in your minds the fact that lofty mansions do not make lofty thoughts, nor great incomes great men. With individuals and with nations the vital factors are character and thought.

Britain may be more proud to have produced a Shakespeare, a Bunyan, a Newton and a Ruskin than the biggest battle-ship of the line. To have abolished slavery is a grander thing than to hold India under our flag.

Look not to amusements for happiness. What life craves for is not so much amusement as interest. Interests abound if we will only seek for them. Be interested in your home; that comes first, and it will absorb as much thought as you can spare. Then be interested in promoting your Church, your trade-union, your benefit club—anything that helps other men. And do not forget your own town or locality, and its good government. A good Christian must be also a good citizen. There remain the delights of books and of friendship—above all, the delights of the Best of Books and the joy of friendship with God. Life, when thus enriched, is happy indeed.

FROM J. M. LUDLOW, C.B.,

Late Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies.

(1) Work! There is no nobler work in the life of man, save one. Life itself is work, unceasing work. When nerve and muscle, artery and vein, cease to work life ceases, for the time or altogether. Work is the very life of God Himself. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," was the Son's saying of the Father. A God who should not work, work eternally, would be a dead God.

(2) But work may be evil. Good it cannot be, unless wrought in God's love; and the higher that love, the better will be the work. A man may work fairly well through mere self-love, better through love of wife and children; better still, perhaps, through love of the world; but when he feels called to work by God the eternal Worker, God the eternal Love, and called to work with Him.

FROM REV. THOMAS CHAMPNESS,

Founder and Principal of the *Joyful News* Home.

The year 1900 brings great opportunities to us all. The cottage as well as the mansion has its chance of making history. We cannot please ourselves as to the events that will occur, but we can settle how they shall affect us. Reputation or position we cannot fashion, but character we can create.

Let me urge the readers of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN* to determine that when the books are opened on the Last Day, the year 1900 shall make our crown all the brighter because of the way we welcomed the chance of well-doing and steadfastly refused to do evil however much it might profit us.

Especially in matters of Temperance and Industry, let us say, God being our Helper, we will act so that all who know us may thank God that they had the opportunity to follow our example.

FROM REV. CHARLES LEACH, D.D.,

Cavendish Chapel, Manchester.

Most heartily do I wish for all the readers of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN* a restful, peaceful, and, in the best sense, a prosperous New Year. May the Editor and all who write for this long-tried and devoted friend of the people receive from Heaven that inspiration and guidance which will help them, as never before, to further the interests of practical religion. May all the readers of this ever-welcome visitor find in it that which will lead them into larger light and liberty, to greater courage and hope in all the work and service of the year, and to a more sure anchorage in the World's Redeemer.

FROM PERCY ALDEN, M.A.,

Warden of the Mansfield House University Settlement.

Coleridge once compared experience to the stern lights of a vessel, which illuminate only the track over which it has passed. This is not altogether true, for the experience of the past may be of very great use to us in the conduct of our future life. As we enter the year 1900, let us not grieve over past errors but rather profit by the mistakes that we have made. If we are wise, and are willing to learn by experience, shoals and quicksands will be carefully shunned, and we shall have the judgment wherewith to shape our course to the desired haven.

FROM REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

The meaning of the word worship is the bowing down of the inner self.

"Worship is the captive will  
Hidden deep in Him.  
Nothing in our hearts but love;  
Those filled to the brim.  
Hearts that bow before the Lord,  
Lost in loving care,  
Viewing what a love He gave,  
Filled with holy praise;  
Looking at His lovely form  
With an eye of faith,  
Thinking nought of world and self,  
Only what He said:  
Resting in the arms of Him  
Who o'er all hath sway,  
Willing He should take our wills,  
Make them will His way.  
Counting self as nothing worth,  
Jesus Christ as all;  
Losing our whole self in Him,  
Caught in love's sweet thrall.  
Worship lies in bended wills  
Rather than bended knees;  
The secret of life of praise  
Is Jesus Christ to please."

May this secret of a happy life be the portion of all your readers.

FROM ALDERMAN W. D. STEPHENS, J.P.,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A most hearty New Year's Message to my good friend *THE BRITISH WORKMAN*. A lively, cheery, and happy time to the best penny paper extant. Forty years ago I began to take this publication. I have found it most helpful in Christian Temperance work, and I can recommend it as an earnest, interesting religious paper, fit to be read by all, but perhaps most "specially" interesting to young people. Many a good lesson can be found in its pages, and illustrations of great value.

## OUR FRONT-PAGE PICTURE.

## THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ONE of the most famous names in English history is that of the brilliant and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, whose character and ability made him one of the most honoured servants of Queen Elizabeth. He received his death-wound in 1586, at the age of thirty-two, at the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands. His biographer, Mr. Everett's biographer, says his friend Lord Brooke, "he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same ghastly feast, casting up his eyes at the same bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving took it from his hand before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

## THE NEW YEAR.

THE year goes out, the year comes in,  
The old is dead, the new is born,  
The past is flown with toil and sin,  
The future shines across the morn.

We gaze behind and see the years  
With many hopes in wreckage strown;  
Our joys have melted into tears,  
And bitter failures have we known.

We turn our gaze to years to come,  
The darkened shades blacken into blue,  
And though the future still is dumb  
We nerve our hearts to dare and do.

Out, out and forward be our gaze,  
All perplexed and void of fear;  
Let courage grasp the coming days  
And mould our night the virgin year.

However fruitless seems the past  
We will not dream our toil was vain,  
But rest to rest in joy at last  
Our harvest hope of golden grain.

Then forward bravely let us dare,  
And faith and hope again renew;  
We welcome in the new and fair  
And bid the olden year adieu.

JAMES STRANG.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

In the biography recently published of Bishop John Selwyn of Melanesia is told the following story, illustrating how truly Christian character bears fruit. There was a boy at Norfolk Island who had been brought from one of the rougher and wilder islands, and was consequently rebellious and difficult to manage. One day Mr. Selwyn (it was before his consecration) spoke to him about something he had refused to do, and the lad, flying into a passion, struck him in the face. This was an unheard-of thing for a Melanesian to do. Mr. Selwyn, not trusting himself to speak, turned on his heel and walked away. The boy was punished for the offence, and, being still unsatisfactory, was sent back to his own island without being baptised, and there relapsed into heathen ways.

Many years afterwards Mr. Bice, the missionary who worked on that island, was sent for to a sick person who wanted him. He found this very man in a dying state, and begging to be baptised. He told Mr. Bice how often he thought of the teaching on Norfolk Island, and when the latter asked him by what name he should baptise him he said, "Call me John Selwyn, because he taught me what Christ was like that day when I struck him, and I saw the colour in his face but he never said a word except of love afterwards." Mr. Bice then baptised him, and he died soon after.

## THE BLOW THAT COUNTS.

In a gulf on my farm, says an American writer, a ledge of beautiful blue rocks crops out from the ground. One autumn I planned to get some of them out for a wall under my house, but they were so large that I could not move them. The strongest team of horses would have been able to draw them.

So I brought a stone drill, and with a heavy hammer sunk deep holes into the rock. Into these I put steel wedges and tried to force the rock apart. It was slow work. The stone was hard and firm. Blow after blow would I strike without making the slightest seam in the heavy rock. But by and by I thought I could make a change. I took the sound of my hammer. The ring that came back in answer to my blows was not quite so clear. Then I could trace a tiny crevice each way from my wedges. The rock was surely breaking. On I worked, until at last there lay before me two beautiful pieces of stone.

Which one of my blows broke the rock? When did the stone begin to come apart? Was it when I struck the last blow? No! No! I think you will say it was just as much the first blow as the last. Every one counted.

You cannot win a good name all at once. One act does not make a man great. Honest dealing, earnest purpose, kind and helpful deeds, not for one day, but for all the time, count at last. And that alone. The last blow tells for no more than the first or those between.



## CONSECRATED INDIVIDUALITY.

BY REV. SAMUEL VINCENT.

EVERY man wishes to be himself, and not a copy of somebody else; and the desire seems as laudable as it is natural, for God never made two men quite alike. Face, form, voice suggest how, with a common likeness to one another, we are yet unlike, outwardly and inwardly. Now the sum of the qualities that distinguish one person from every other may be called his individuality. Every reader of these lines has an assemblage of qualities which marks him off from all other men that ever were or will be. Some men have a more marked individuality than others, but every man may be glad that, whatever momentary mistakes occur, he can never be confounded with another. And each man may thankfully regard his individuality as an opportunity such as no other man ever had, or can have, to serve God and man; for while other men may have higher or wider service, no man has *his*. In each man's make lies each man's work.

But every man must be conscious of defects of character that man and limit his work. Sancho Panza says, "We are all of us as God made us," and adds, "but his droll wisdom," and some of us a good deal worse." And the wise man who wishes to be himself would yet wish himself re-made. It is just this mixture of grace which is suggested by the phrase "God and man," and which is called "consecrated individuality." For while the consecrated man is still himself he is not his own. He has been bought with a price, and knows it. He wishes to be himself, and has been in the very heart of God, in Jesus Christ, Bethlehem and the Incarnation, Calvary and the Amazing Death were for him. Jesus Christ enthroned in his heart is intended to supply the strength and wisdom he needs for his life's work. He can do what he was created for now that he is re-created. He is none himself, his true self, than ever, and ready to be a helpful personality in every work of man.

This consecrated individuality will dovetail with all wise work around for the good of men and the glory of God. God Himself helps on great movements by men who will be themselves and will see for themselves, and consecrate their lives to Truth and Right. They are the clear human channels for the divine grace.

Every working man has at hand in his Bible a striking, though perhaps unnoticed, example. How many read the Minor Prophets and recognise Amos as "one of the most wonderful appearances of the human spirit?" And yet Dr. George Adam Smith tells us that "the Book of Amos opens one of the greatest stages in the religious development of the human race." In every age and in every land Israel began with the conscience and the protest of an individual." And that individual was poor and obscure; a herdman and a dresser of sycamores, living on the verge of the desert at Tekoa, six miles south of Bethlehem. The life he lived from a child trained him to see what was before his eyes. He saw the sights of the desert and later the sights of the city; the idol altars and the cheating markets, luxury and wickedness and oppression; and after "looking faces in the face" with a single eye and a responsible mind, "on a great day at Bethel he said what he saw of prevailing sin and cunning dom, till the story thrilled the nation and echoed in the King's palace; and then he wrote down his message—the very first of those prophetic utterances which have been handed grandly an illustrious and immortal line of teachers, because he was himself and wholly at God's service.

If space permitted, many interesting examples might be given of how God has helped the world by one

man's clear vision and bold devotion to the truth. More than a thousand years later than Amos, Athanasius, the Theologian stood up when "the Arian party had taken possession of the Court, the dignities, even the councils of the time." Arian held Christ to be a created being, inferior in nature to the Father. Athanasius saw that revelation throughout the New Testament belied this; and for awhile he stood for his faith almost alone, but won the world over at last. He saw that the true Son must be one in nature with the Father; that "God commendeth His own love toward us, in that . . . Christ died for us." Arian robbed the Incarnation of its substance, its highest glory; and the cross of its profoundest pathos and power. Athanasius led back the world, once for all, to see the splendour and tenderness of redemption love revealed in Jesus Christ. That was a magnificent service for a lonely man to render through "consecrated individuality."

The same principle holds good in art and science, for the man who consecrates himself to follow truth leads on the world. Nearly a thousand years later than Athanasius, Giotto, artist and architect, arose, whose tower, Mr. Ruskin tells us, best of all buildings combines all "characteristics of power and beauty"; and whose paintings by their tenderness, freshness and simplicity freed Art as from her swaddling bands, and show their influence to this day upon the work of Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti and Burne Jones. It seems strange that the individuality of that Umbrian shepherd boy should better the art of to-day!

Well in sight of Giotto's campaign, you may see on the hills above Florence the house where Galileo served the heavens through his wonderful new glass, successively enlarged till it multiplied the object thirty times. And what he saw and thought, that he boldly said, though priests and prelates opposed. And this was ever more desirable to-day than then. Every man should open his eyes in the light of Christ and see fact and truth for himself? We do well to learn with patience from the wise and good of all ages; but let a man look and listen also with the eyes and ears that God has given him. That is our one chance of being anything but an echo in the world. In this way each man takes God's way. No man till he can tell what work he is made for. Galileo said, "All the men named as examples—and they might be multiplied a hundredfold—did two things. First they faced facts. They did not enquire chiefly for what men around them thought and said of religion and nature, and life and duty; but they asked what *it* was. And what then is my duty? Then they said what they thought; told what they knew; let men in speech what God put into their thoughts. They were always ready to listen to reason, to correct their impressions and convictions; and they would see and think for themselves. So they enriched the world.

The men who see facts most clearly, and what facts mean, who can make clear to others what is clear to themselves, who dare to tell the truth at any cost to themselves, these are the divinely-chosen leaders of the world. And was there ever a time when British workmen, consecrated to Christ, could serve their fellows, and their native land, and the world better than to day? Look

at the problems that touch us all as patriots and Christians, but that touch the working man most closely: overcrowding in our great towns and cities, labour problems, the drink traffic, old-age pensions and poor-law administration. What long observation and study are needed to see the facts, and to marshal them and divine their meaning! Are there no working men leaders needed in all the great trades-unions and out of them; men of clear vision, and of the courage which follows on perfect consecration? But it is utterly futile for men to pose as leaders who do not see more of evils and their remedies than other men, and cowardly for men who do see and can say to be silent. But whether as leader or follower, each man has some work to do which no other can do so well. Christ wants to help each man to that crown. And whether God has much or little to do through each reader of these lines, it is enough for every consecrated man to be used as God wills.

[Mr. Vincent has been for several years minister of George Street Baptist Church, Plymouth, and has taken a prominent part in religious and social movements in the Three Towns. Last year he was President of the Baptist Union.]

## HAPPINESS AND DUTY.

WHILE I sought happiness beside  
Before me constantly,  
Weary, I turned to duty's path,  
And happiness sought me,  
Saying, "I walk this road to-day:  
I'll bear thee company."

## SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

BY ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.

I.—Among the Tailors.

IT is a truism that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." For the greatest men are they who take the first step on any new path to progress: they are to those who come after them as seeds are to towers and fruit. In our summer gardens seeds are not seen on the surface.

The best workers, too, often live among the people who do rather than the people who talk. "Fame" greatly depends upon whether he to whom it attaches dwells among or belongs to people whose habit it is to blow trumpet.

After all, any true worker cares chiefly for his work. So we desire, in a few brief papers, to show how much of the world's good work, work still living and growing, and of very varied kind, has been begun by quiet craftsmen, never dreaming of great things, but only following out personal tastes or the impulses of individual character.

We can but scratch the surface of the mine of treasure which may be unearthed in this direction. Our method is to call attention to one or two of the remarkable men who have pursued certain given trades.

To begin with. Do many tailors in London or elsewhere know much about John Stow, one of the earliest and most diligent collectors of English antiquarian lore, whose self-sacrificing and painstaking labours have preserved for us nearly all we know of London and the way of life there, as they existed earlier than the reign of James I.? There is no writer, scarcely even Shakespeare himself, who has been more constantly quoted; there is no man who has laid out so much interest and care in the study of London, under deeper debt. Yet we wonder how many Londoners know his very name, and, still more, how many could answer any question about him.

Now, John Stow was a London tailor and the son of a London tailor. He was born in 1525, in the parish of Cornhill, where his father was a small householder, putting up a shop and carrying on a trade of six shillings and sixpence. The value of money in those days was certainly different from what it is now, as may be seen from the fact that at the date of Stow's birth the whole carcass of a sheep could be bought in the city for two shillings and ten pence, pullets cost two pence halfpenny, and pigeons ten pence the dozen! Years after, when corn was sold at a shilling a quarter at three pence per pound, a goose for one shilling, and rabbits and chickens for three pence each! Yet those were not happy days for craftsmen, who were legally punished, even to the loss of their ears, if they attempted self-defence in the matter of wages or hours. This was in bonnie England, in the "good old times," scarcely 350 years ago!

Cornhill then lay with open fields about it, for the boy John Stow used to fetch the family milk "hot from the kine" from a neighbouring farm belonging to the nursery of the Minors. The Stows suffered



Photo by Heath.

Rev. S. Vincent.

(Plymouth.)



John Stow's Monument at St. Andrew Undershaft.

some wrong at the hands of that Thomas Cromwell half usurer, half lawyer, who stepped to fortune over the fall of his master Cardinal Wolsey, and who deprived the poor tailor Stow of half of his garden, leaving him still to pay his old rent.

In 1540, John Stow, the son, was "keeping house" himself near the well in Aldgate. But he presently removed to Lime Street, where he stayed for the remainder of his life. As to the awakening of his antiquarian tastes, certainly he had few precedents to follow and no help to encourage him. When about thirty-five years old, he took a pedestrian journey through England to examine the MSS. and records scattered about through the destruction of monastery libraries. He walked because he could not afford to ride, and from time to time the need for bread drove him back to his trade. His first publication was a "Summary of English Chronicles." Literary notions of his period proved him, but he received no practical help save from Archbishop Parker (the second Protestant archbishop, himself the son of a Norwich tradesman), from the Merchant Taylors' Company, and from one particular merchant tailor named Dowe, who was not only liberal to Stow during life, but when he died thoughtfully made further provision for him.

The bigoted spirit of those days could not under-

stand interest in old Roman Catholic records, apart from "papistical leanings." The gentry, and even certain of the learned men of Stow's own time, took priceless manuscripts "to scout their candlesticks and rub their boots," and "some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers." When they saw that the poor tailor set value on these things, and stored all which came within his reach, he was suspected as "a person with many dangerous and superstitious books in his possession," and in 1568, Grindal, Bishop of London, the Protestant successor of the Popish heretic-burning Bonner, caused Stow's house to be searched. The worthy man was, however, able to prove the innocence of his intentions. The pecuniary assistance given to Stow was small, especially in view of the expenses of his work and wanderings. At the close of his life, when he was well-nigh bedridden, he remarked that he "had made no gains by his travels." But he took his poverty in a cheerful spirit. Ben Jonson, the poet, tells us that once when he was walking, out with Stow, they met two licensed mendicant couples, and Stow playfully asked them "what they would have to take him into their order." "Many a true word," says the proverb, "is spoken in jest," and when Stow was well-nigh fourscore years old, the "bounty" of King James I. took the strange form of giving the old man "power, licence and authority to ask and gather the alms and charitable benevolence of his Majesty's loving subjects in thirty-six counties." Stow did not long survive this extraordinary favour. He died in 1605, and was buried in St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street, where his monument is still to be seen. It is said that in 1733 his bones were removed to make way for those of some "richer person."

Perhaps Stow's example and labours inspired another brother of his craft, also historian and antiquarian, JOHN SPEED, who was born a quarter of a century later than Stow, was also a London tailor, but fell on better days. Still, Speed was over sixty years of age ere, through the exertions of Philip Sidney's friend, Fulk Greville, his hand was, as he says, "set free from the

daily employment of a manual trade and given full liberty to express the inclination of his mind."

He produced a "History of England," and did much mapping and genealogical work. He lost his sight and was invalided long before his death at the age of seventy-seven. His monument is to be seen in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. He left behind twelve sons and six daughters, and several of his descendants did useful literary and antiquarian work.

We pass to brief reference to another tailor, who seems to have been one of the first to give impulse to far different work, to wit, the organised effort to save life imperilled at sea.

This man, THOMAS POWELL, lived 200 years ago, and he was a tailor at Deal. He seems to have been a well-considered man, and to have kept an "outfitter's" shop.

Deal is the nearest point to the destructive "Goodwin Sands," those shifting sand banks far out in the Channel, part of which are left dry when the tide recedes.

Since history begins these sands have been the scene of wrecks, but no methods of warning or of rescue seem to have been conceived before 1703. Then, during an awful November storm, thirteen "men-o-war" were lost on this spit. From two of these every soul perished, and, in all, Admiral Beaumont and twelve hundred men were drowned. As the tide went out, however, many of the storm-tossed sailors gained footing on the treacherous sands. The Deal townsfolk could actually see them, and to all their doom seemed inevitable. But not to this one man Thomas Powell, who was of those who feel that what ought to be done can be done and must be done. The only method at his command was to score the Custom-house boats, and call on any sympathisers to follow him to the rescue—for it seems that he went out himself. Further, though not rich, he offered five shillings a head for every man brought ashore alive—and five shillings was far more even but two centuries ago than it is to-day. Though they were Government boats,



Photo by H. Franklyn, Deal.

#### A Lost Ship's Ribs, Goodwin Sands.

and, in the main, Government servants whom he thus set to the rescue of Government men, Powell knew that he was likely to win more censure than commendation for such doings.

By the means he took, two hundred men were rescued who otherwise must have met the fate of their companions. Powell entertained them hospitably, and gave them such urgently-needed forbearance as was in his power. The Government eventually looked grudgingly on his work. It was with difficulty and delay that he was repaid his actual outlay, and in the end he remained a loser.

In the years following, there were many efforts to invent boats specially fitted to "ride upon the storm." Now the "Life Boat" is a popular institution.

So we see that pioneer work, both of head and heart, has come within reach of the quiet, home-keeping men whose tools are needle and thread.



Launching the Deal Lifeboat.

Photo by H. Franklyn.

## HOW BURGLARS HAVE STIMULATED INVENTION.

The Story of the Manufacture of Locks and Safes.

By F. M. HOLMES.



Iron Key of the 14th Century.

**A** LUCKY accident led to the first success of Chubb's locks. The owner was showing some of his productions to the captain of a King's ship at Portsmouth, when, he, who should unexpectedly come aboard but George IV, himself. He was not then actually George IV., but Prince Regent, for this was about the year 1818. But Charles Chubb began to pack up his locks very quickly, when Prince George stopped him and expressed a wish to see them.

It was just the opportunity Mr. Chubb desired. He and his brother, Mr. Jeremiah Chubb, were tumbler-mongers at Portsmouth, and they had introduced an improved lock made by Jeremiah Chubb, but they felt they wanted powerful patronage to make it successful. Here, then, was the chance. Mr. Chubb explained the intricate mechanism to the Prince, and not long afterwards the locks were brought before the public under royal patronage.

His success might have been the same without the interview with the Prince. The lock was thoroughly good, and supplied a need. Moreover, the brothers seem to have been men of energy and enterprise, who would, by some means, have forced their speciality forward; but the opportunity offered, and they took it.

The lock was patented in 1818. About ten years later the firm removed to London, taking up their position in St. Paul's Churchyard. They had found that Portsea was not the best centre from which to work an increasing business of that kind, and not long afterwards they started a little factory at Wolverhampton, which was the seat of the lock-making trade, and most of the locks came up to London by canal.

The lock had been greatly appreciated. It was regarded as better than anything which had previously been in use—in England at least; but the proprietors were not satisfied. Improvement has always been their aim—where improvement was necessary or advisable—and as early as 1824 Mr. Charles Chubb had patented an improvement in the "detector" of the lock. The detector had formed a feature of the original patent, and is still utilised in all Chubb's locks. The improvement of 1824 seems to have further increased the sale, and very soon, now, we find a large factory in existence at Wolverhampton, the firm employing many men to produce the improved patent.

Then rivalries and jealousies arose, also, apparently, a great dislike to the machinery used. A riot occurred. Mr. Chubb's windows were smashed, and a bold endeavour was made to damage the machinery. An attempt was also made to injure him personally, or even to take his life. But all to no purpose. His business, and he himself, survived, and the success of the lock was greater than ever. The depredators, however, were never found and justly punished.

The value of the locks was repeatedly proved. About the years 1833 and 1834 several instances of attempted burglary occurred, when Chubb's locks resisted most determined efforts. In the next year, 1835, the firm patented a thief-and-fire proof safe, and the number, variety, and strength of these safes and strong rooms now rival in interest those of the locks themselves. But, indeed, the two go hand-in-hand. The safe manufacture has always been carried on in London,

while, with a few exceptions, the locks are still made at Wolverhampton. Indeed, the firm are greatly extending the premises there.

Now, what is the principal feature of the Chubb lock? There are so many varieties that it is difficult to answer the question; but one feature is the "detector," which obstructs the lock if it is tampered with and shows immediately, by the use of the right key, if an attempt has been made to open it by any other means. The "detector" is, in principle, a spring, which fastens the bolt of the lock directly it has been raised in the slightest degree above its proper range and obstructs it, so that it cannot be opened even by its own key until it is first re-locked by the key.

Though the "detector" in some form or other remains a feature of all Chubb's locks, the variety is far greater than many persons suppose. But another feature is the great development of the "tumbler" principle which the lock exhibited. This principle was introduced into England—by a man named Barron, in 1778; but a tumbler lock seems to have long been known in China. Briefly, a tumbler is a piece of metal, working on a pivot and kept down by a spring pressing on the top. The end of the tumbler, away from the pivot, fits into a notch in the bolt and holds it fast. When the key is used the tumbler is



The Manufacture of Safes at Messrs. Chubb's London Works.

genous locks were made in Germany from about the years 1400 to 1700.

But the lock ordinarily used before the nineteenth century was a spring lock, still employed for ordinary uses, though we cannot tell exactly when such locks came into vogue. It consists essentially of a bolt held down by a spring. The bolt has two notches, one for use when the bolt is thrown forward, and one for holding it when it is thrown back, and the door is thus opened. The bolt is thrown backward and forward by means of the key, which works in a semi-circular opening in the bolt. The true key fits into certain pieces of metal called wards, generally placed in more or less circular shape beneath the bolt, and these wards prevent any other key but the true key from fitting the lock. Burglars and pick-locks, however, discovered the firm of the wards by inserting a skeleton key as it is called, coated with wax. An improvement was to add a tumbler, and Barron's lock shewed a development of the tumbler principle, which, with the notable addition of the detector, was still further developed by Mr. Chubb. Since then the manufacture has been remarkably developed by the firm, until now the variety is very great.

(To be concluded.)

"You must be broken of that bad habit of yours," said Johnny's father, when he gave him his third scolding about playing with fire.

Johnny looked at him thoughtfully.

"Father," he said, "hadn't I better be mended, 'stead of broken?"



## WOOD CARVING IN THE HOME.

BY MARK MALLET.

I.—A Tea Caddy.

Figure 1.

**P**ROUD as we properly are of being Englishmen, there are still some points on which we may learn from our Continental neighbours. There are European countries—Norway, for instance, and Switzerland—in which it is usual for those whose everyday work lies in quite other directions to give their leisure to wood carving. The practice is a good one. Carving is an agreeable and interesting occupation; it employs those hours pleasantly which might be less innocently spent; and often it is a means of increasing income.

But this last is only after skill has been acquired, and in our present lessons it will not be possible for us to go very deeply into the subject; we propose only to give some few designs which, when carried out, may serve to decorate the home; and as we may have but little money to spend on our hobby, the things we ornament will be such only as we can make for ourselves. The first of these will be the small box shown in Fig. 2, which may be fitted as a tea caddy, though it might be adapted to other purposes.

The wood to be carved should, for a beginner, be of smooth and even grain. This ordinary spruce deal, which has alternate hard and soft layers, is unsuitable, whilst pine, which is of uniform texture throughout, is good. It is soft, but, though practised carvers may prefer hard wood, its softness will make it all the better for our purpose. We will then choose pine board,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, except for the lid, of which the thickness must be  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. The following will be the sizes, in inches, of the pieces needed—two ends,  $4 \times \frac{1}{2}$ ; front and back,  $9 \times \frac{1}{2}$ ; bottom,  $8 \times \frac{1}{2}$ ; top,  $10 \times \frac{1}{2}$ , the edges of this last are bevelled off, as seen in Fig. 2; we shall also want four bits  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1$  for the feet.

We may make our caddy strong and handsome if merely screwed together, as shown in the section Fig. 1. The heads of ordinary screws, if neatly let in, are not unsightly, or we may use brass ones. We shall put the body of our box together before carving the front; the use of screws allowing us to take it to pieces again.

In Fig. 2 the design is drawn one-third the actual size; and we shall do well to enlarge it to the size required on a piece of paper. Through this paper we can prick holes with a pin along the principal lines, then stretching it over the board we can rub a little powdered black lead through the holes with a pad of rag; enough will pass to enable us to make out and draw the pattern on the wood.

Before we begin to carve, something should be said about tools. No carving may be done, and has been done ere now, with more beyond a sharp knife; but we will not restrict ourselves to such limited means. Proper carving tools are mostly of the nature of chisels, and cost about 6d. each. They may be had in many sizes and shapes, and later on as we find the need of more tools, and can afford to buy them, we may order our stock, but for the present about four will serve us—A chisel  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; a gouge, which is a curved chisel, of the same width; a dividing tool, sometimes called a V-chisel, of which the section is like the letter V,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep; and a veneer, which is much like the last, only smaller, and less sharp at the angle.

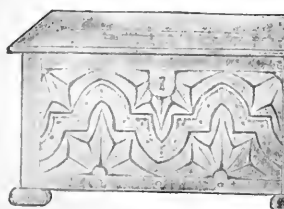


Figure 2.

Our board must be laid on a firm table, and held securely. As pencil lines are apt to get rubbed out, we shall do well first to trace out the leading ones with the veneer.

An ornamental band,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, will be seen to cross the pattern from side to side, and this is bounded above and below by a strong line. This line we cut with the dividing tool, which makes a V-shaped incision. The board being first held, we form this line by merely pushing the instrument through the soft wood. For in work like the present we shall not need a mallet to drive our tools, as we may do later on. At the beginning, and with soft wood, it is well to learn to work without. Having cut this line as regularly as we can, we proceed to hollow out the central part of the band with our gouge; leaving, however, a shoulder on each side, between the incision and the hollow.

This done, the conventional flowers above and below the band claim our attention. The outlines of their petals we strike out with the dividing tool, but not with hard, regular lines as before, for these must be fainter towards the points where we begin them, and stronger as they approach each other. The central boss of the band flowers, which we cut with our gouge. Afterwards we can run out the central line of the petals with a dividing tool, beginning lightly near the point, and cutting deeply near the boss. Then with our flat chisel we shave off the wood on each side the central line, so as to make the sides slope down towards it. This gives shadow. Round the boss the whole surface will be lowered so that those lines which separate the petals from each other will be below the original level. Our deepest cuttings will be round the bosses, and may be carried to a depth of nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch. The dots along the central band may be made with a Bradawl.

And now, all having been done as neatly and carefully as we can do it, we may again screw our caddy together; and add the four feet, which will be fixed by small screws, driven from beneath into the front and back pieces. We have also to attach the lid by a pair of brass hinges, and to fit it with a proper lock.

## USING MINNOWS TO CATCH SALMON.

**I** KNEW a dear old man of God in Cornwall who was troubled about the people around him in the little village where he dwelt. In vain he had tried to get up some special services; and at last resolved to begin himself. Many laughed at the simple man and predicted nothing but failure, and they certainly did not best to fulfil their own predictions. The first night there were only two or three little children. But he talked so simply and lovingly to them that they were brought to the Saviour. The next day one met the old man and said, "Well, you caught a couple of minnows in the net last night, I hear." "Yes, thank God," said the old labourer. "Hardly worth while to do so much if you catch so little, is it?" replied the old man, "that is only a beginning." The next night one of the children brought her father to the service, one of the worst men in the village, and he was soundly converted. Then came the old man's triumph. "The first night it was nothing but minnows; but we put up the minnows and caught a salmon." God often uses minnows to catch a salmon. It may be the consolation that He gives to the alien that they should be the means of bringing to Jesus the eminently useful. There is Ananias leading the blind Saul to the Saviour; and little Bilney leading sturdy Hugh Latimer; and John Bunyan drawn by the giddy gossip of the old women at Bedford; and John Wesley led by the simple slave. We think of Mr. Spurgeon going burdened to the Primitive Methodist, and of some plain man who murdered the Queen's English in the way of life everlasting. We think of Thomas Binney, led by a simple workman to the Methodist class-meeting, and there having the good seed sowed in the heart. Andrew did a good day's work when he brought Simon to Jesus. It is the sign of a genius when he can turn to the simple gifts of other people. Let us be geniuses of that sort if we cannot be of any other. And the best way to turn any man's gifts to good account is to bring him to Jesus.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

This month's *Family Friend* contains the beginning of a serial story by Mrs. E. R. Esler; an article by Dr. W. H. Fitchett, on "Will English become a Universal Language?" a sketch of Kang yu-Wei, the Chinese reformer, &c., &c.

## A SPEEDY ANSWER.

A TRUE STORY.

**T**HAT was Sunday evening, and two nurses were wending their way down the street when their attention was arrested by singing, and looking up they saw a little company of people, gathered in what seemed like the porch of a mission hall, and singing away heart and soul.

"What place is that, I wonder?" remarked Nurse Emma.

"Let us go in and see," returned her companion. "Anyhow, the people look happy." So in they went. Now, a prayer-meeting was going on in the vestry. One of the prayers offered that night was a very practical one; at least, so thought the grey-haired clergyman who had come as God's messenger to the little hall.

"Oh, God," prayed a man, "do bless that poor fellow who had that terrible accident this afternoon. Thou knowest all about him. Oh, bring him to Thyself, and don't let him die without hearing the gospel. Oh, Lord, do send him a Christian nurse." The prayer-meeting was over, and the little company went into the hall.

Our friends the two nurses were sitting there quietly, and presently the service began, and one of those to open in prayer was the man who had just prayed in the vestry.

Evidently the sick man was much laid on his heart, for once again he prayed for him—oh, so earnestly, and almost in the same words.

The nurses looked at one another, and seemed surprised. And then the service proceeded. Very faithfully, very lovingly was the message given, and our friends felt it good to be there. They were both Christians; but Christians need helping along quite as much as others, often, and here was a real life on the way.

The service over, they returned to the hospital, which was only one of the many in that large town.

"I wonder who that man who was prayed for," remarked Nurse Emma; "the poor fellow seemed badly hurt, to judge from the prayer."

"Yes," replied Nurse Maude, "and I did think it lovely, the way they prayed he might have a Christian nurse. Certainly, we do get opportunities other people don't."

Just then they reached their destination, and were met by the Matron in the hall. "Oh, Nurse Maude," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have returned, for I was wanting you very much. A man was brought in this afternoon very badly injured indeed. I don't think he will live through the night, and I want you to take up his case. It is Number 10, in Ward B."

"Very well, Matron," replied Nurse Maude; but she was considerably astonished, for *Ward B* was the women's ward, and never, all the time she had been in the hospital, had she been put in charge of a man. However, she did not stop to ask questions, but quietly went off to her new patient.

Yes, he was very ill, poor fellow, and death seemed stamped on his face. It did not take long for Nurse Maude to find out what she was the very man who had been so earnestly prayed for in the mission hall.

She did all she could for him, and by-and-by, when the pain was a little less, she began to speak to him about her Master. The patient's eyes were fixed upon her as she told of the Saviour's love, and he seemed to be drinking in all she had to say; and then, little by little, the light broke in on his soul, and presently he began to pray.

Yes, pray, and then praise, as he realised all Christ had done for him; how his debt was paid, and he was free. For—

"Jesus paid it all;

All to Him I owe.

Sin had left a crimson stain;

He washed it white as snow."

And so the night wore on and morning began to dawn, and then the nurse saw the change come over the face of her patient, which told of the arrival of "the beautiful angel, Death."

"Nurse," said the sick man feebly, "would you mind holding my hand? I know it's very dirty, but perhaps you won't mind." With tears in her eyes Nurse Maude took the toil-worn hand, and held it fast in her warm soft one. And then her patient slept, and as he slept Another entered the ward and hushing the poor body to rest took the soul home to God.

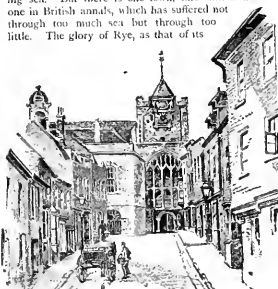
"And I say unto you, all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

LAURA A. BARTER SNOW.

## AN INLAND SEAPORT.

By "VIATOR."

FROM many parts of the world comes the history or the legend of some once famous and prosperous city submerged by the overwhelming sea. But there is one town, and that a notable one in British annals, which has suffered not through too much sea but through too little. The glory of Rye, as that of its



The Church and Town Hall, Rye.

neighbour Winchelsea, departed when the waters of the English Channel withdrew their greeting, and left it high and dry, isolated from the shore-line by an expanse of sandy meadows. It still wears the distinction of being numbered among the "Cinque Ports," but its inhabitants would be hardly put to it if they were now summoned, as many times they were in more stirring days, to provide and equip so many vessels for the Royal Navy.

More stirring days were those in truth, for the ancient citizens of these twin towns knew only too well the ravages of fire and sword. For instance, in 1359 8,000 Frenchmen landed at Winchelsea, burnt the town, and slew many of the people as they were attending Mass in the church. In 1377 Rye was destroyed in like manner. In 1380 and 1429 came a repetition of these invasions. And out in the Channel, in 1350, King Edward the Third and the Black Prince captured 26 Spanish galleons, taking "great spoil from them of French and Flemish goods." As this battle is reported to have been fought near the shore, we may infer that its actual scene is now part of the marsh lands, where there is now to be found nothing more bellicose than a sporting steam train, which takes the fishermen down in a quarter of an hour to their boats at Camber.

But while Rye has long since surrendered its naval fame to Devonport and Portsmouth, and is ignored in all plans of our national defences, it has not yet disappeared from the map, nor is it in much danger of disappearing. What it has lost in influence it has gained in charm. You cannot walk through any one of its streets without meeting an artist, but the wonder is that it is not more frequently visited by lovers of the picturesque, especially seeing that it can be reached by rail in a few minutes from Hastings, whence only a small fraction of the holiday-making multitude finds its way to this quaint old town.

A tumble through its streets is an experience not quickly to be forgotten. Their very names are



Rye from the River Rother.

unique—Wish Street, Watchbell Street, Cinque Ports Street, Landgate, Ferry Road, Mermaid Lane, Trade Passage. "One walks the streets," says Louis Jennings, "almost in a dream—medieval streets, round which Arthurian or other legends might cluster, but with difficulty to be thought of as the abode of men to-day. . . . They ramble devilously up and down, hither and thither, roughly paved, with many an old gabled house here and there, and strange ruins and nosing gates and towers. . . . Nothing more recent than the cavalier's cloak and hat ruffles should be seen at Rye."

The best preserved relic of ancient times is the Landgate, which we can reach in five minutes' walk from the railway station. It may probably be dated from 1569, the year when Rye obtained its licence to fortify. It was built to guard the approach from the London road, but it has been robbed of its terrors, and does not now deter even the cyclist, except by the steepness of its ascent.

An even older relic is Ypres Castle, corrupted in the speech of the neighbourhood into Highpress. It dates back to the reign of Stephen, when William of Ypres, Earl of Kent and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, built it to protect the citizens. It protects them still, but from lesser foes, for it now fulfils the function of a police station. When the sea came up to the town, it must have presented a formidable appearance to the invader. It is still one of the most distinct and impressive features of Rye as seen from the meadows below.



The Land Gate, Rye.

Only a few yards from Ypres Castle is the parish church, said to be one of the largest in the country. Its clock was a gift from Queen Elizabeth. Outside it bears the appropriate inscription, "For our time is a very shadow that passeth away." Its most striking peculiarity is the fact that its huge pendulum, instead of being hidden out of sight, swings to and fro openly in the church, over the head of the visitor as he passes along one of the aisles. The tablets on the walls of the church contain some inscriptions which it is well worth one's while to pause and read. We may infer from those that are erected in memory of municipal dignitaries that the Mayor of Rye has, or had, exceptional privileges in connection with a royal coronation. Our illustration of the church shows, also, a little to the left, a part of the Town Hall, where several relics of interest are carefully preserved.

There is a certain spot in the churchyard path whence there is to be obtained on a bright summer day one of the most delightful views in the south of England.

Far below stretch the meadows, through which winds the Rother, curving in and out all the way to its mouth at Camber. Here and there is a steam launch or a small sailing boat, while beyond is a cluster of masts at the harbour. It is as well to take



Ypres Castle, Rye.

advantage of the tram and go down to the shore, for though there is nothing to see but a breakwater, a lighthouse, a few pilot boats marked with RN and a air is a wholesome tonic. And while there is nothing here of the stir of a busy seaport, it is yet pleasant enough to be on the sand and watch the manœuvres of the pilot boats, and away in the distance the passing of larger vessels as they round Dungeness.

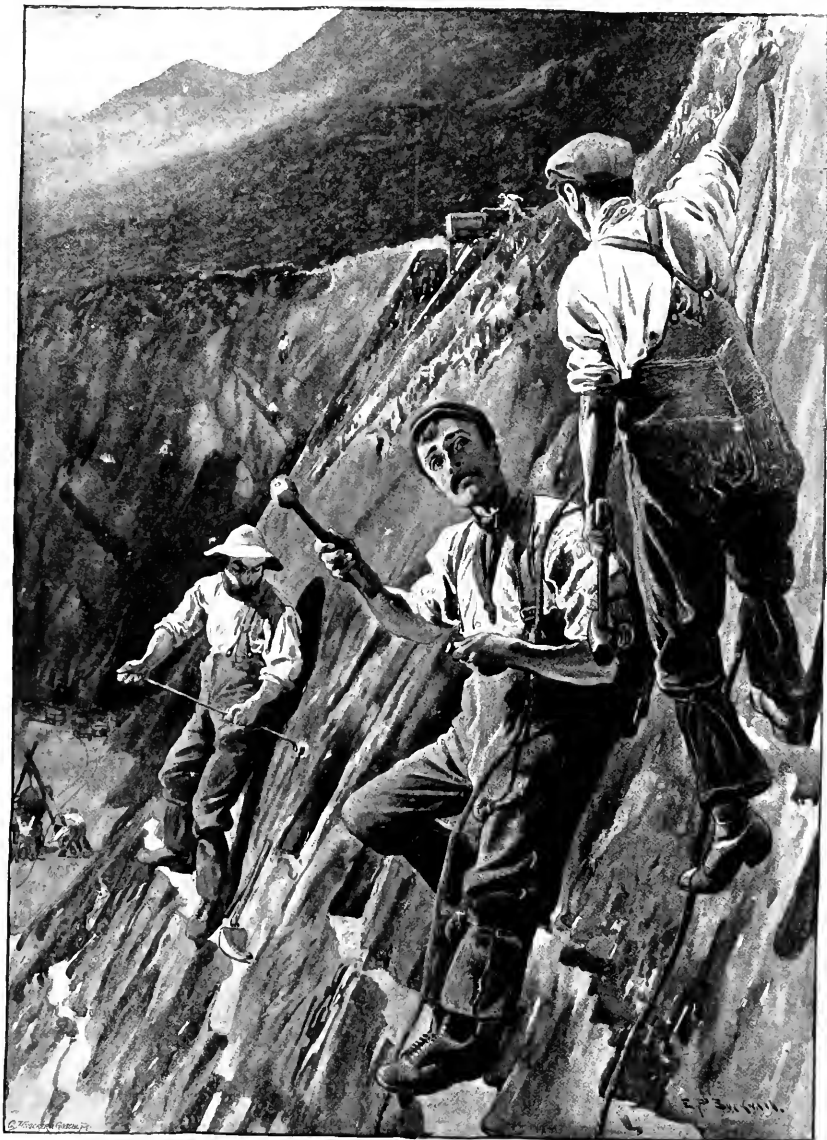
When we return, instead of climbing straight back into the town, let us take the gravelled walk by the meadows, alongside the wooden sheds and boat-builders' yards. It is from this path that we catch that view of the town which is likely to remain longest in the mind's eye. From the level where we stand we see the houses and streets of Rye in disorderly but graceful succession. Ypres Castle stands out boldly on our right, while the church crowns the hill further to the left. The red-tiled roofs of the houses, peeping out amid the green of the trees, help to make a picture of rare beauty.

Mention has already been made of the sister town of Winchelsea, which was also at one time in the foremost rank of British seaports, but now rests peacefully in the midst of her encircling meadows. She is even more out of the world than Rye, for she has no steam tram to Camber, and there is a stretch of country road between her and the train. In 1347 she sent twenty-one ships and nearly 600 men to the siege of Calais, but now her teeth are drawn and her claws pared.

"Up here," says a recent writer, "where the ancient city drows in the sunshine and men are hale at ninety, nothing ever happens. King Edward's church still dominates the little houses that nestle about her. Sheep graze in the churchyard. In the corner where stood the campanile, whose bells the French captured and carried away, a pointer sits. The sails of a windmill flap lazily on the site of the outlook castle. Nothing happens at Winchelsea now. It is a place people pass through. They call her sweet, and photograph her—that is all. She lingers, a veteran on the stage of history. But who would have her changed? Sedate, peaceful, beautiful is she in her old age. As day declines, and the setting sun touches the waterways, and the flocks of homing birds pick themselves out black against the luminous sky, a great peace falls on the old city, and on those who have chosen her—that peace which is the attribute of lands where the eye can roam from horizon to horizon."

Approach to the Land Gate, Rye.





*From a Drawing by E. P. BUCKNALL.*

IN A SLATE QUARRY.

[One Penny.

## HOW BURGLARS HAVE STIMULATED INVENTION.

The Story of the Manufacture of Locks and Safes.

By F. M. HOLMES.

(Continued from page 5.)



Key of Alexander House. A small key may then lock one and fasten all.

Here, again, is something even more wonderful. Here are a set of keys for a safe-deposit club, for a nest of safes, each belonging to a different individual; but each lock can be so placed that it cannot be opened, even by its own key, unless the person using the key knows the letter of the alphabet to which the lock has been set. The tumblers in such locks are generally represented by wheels, which can be moved independently in accordance with an idea without. So, also, there are time locks, which can be set so that even the holder of the key cannot open them until a certain hour be passed. Thus, when locking the safe at night, the lock can be set so that its own key will not open it until business is resumed next morning. These masterpieces of ingenuity seem to have not only come very near to clock work, but to have passed over into that domain.

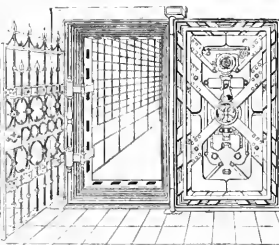
Such locks are generally used for safes; and the manufacture of safes and strong rooms has now increased enormously. Messrs. Chubb do a large export business. If they hear that a different pattern is required abroad they make it, and do not as it is said some English manufacturers do keep to their own pattern only. They endeavour to adapt their supplies to customers' demands. The productions of the firm have taken such high rank that in the Straits Settlements Chamber, speaking their opinion, they talk of a "Chubb's pan of tumblers" or a "Chubb's pot of pun," meaning, of course, that they are "velly good," and the best to be obtained. Fine, mild steel is generally used for the body of safes and strong rooms. This steel is, in some cases, covered with hard, high carbon steel, as armour plates. The mild steel is bent to the shape of the safe by powerful hydraulic machinery, with the tremendous pressure of about 2000 pounds to the square inch. The steel is frequently an inch thick, and it is bent to form the sides of the safe out of one piece, so as to prevent joints. The two ends are most cleverly joined at the bottom, but the joint is practically indistinguishable. The back is riveted in the safe, not outside it or on to the edges of the body-plates. The rivets consist of strands of very hard steel, which would rain any drill that might be employed to pierce a hole through them. Furthermore, when being squeezed and fixed in their places by powerful hydraulic presses, they bulge out in spaces provided between the plates, rendering the task of drilling out the whole rivet practically impossible. But all rivets are cleaned off quite level by means of solid emery wheels, some running 1200 or even 2000 revolutions to the minute, and throwing off quantities of spark by being rubbed. When finished, and painted, and varnished, it is again practically impossible to discover the spots where the rivets are placed.

Inside the body-plate of the safe are fixed the fire-

proof-spaces, filled with an incombustible composition, and on the door is also fixed a space for the elaborate mechanism of the locks and bolts, and called the lock chamber. The steel plates for these chambers are screwed on from the inside, the heads of the screws in the door fitting against a flange of steel bevelled out from the body-plate. The steel is hardened by being heated in an oven and then drawn red-hot over steel guides and plunged hissing into a bath of cold water. All kinds of elaborate machinery and machine tools are fitted up for cutting, slotting, rolling, planing, and shaping the steel plates, hydraulic power being largely employed. Thick steel plates are bent like tin, hard-stranded rivets are squeezed like butter, and tough metal pierced with holes like wood.

No alcoholic stimulant is allowed on the premises, which are over an acre in extent; but, recognising the nature of the work, the firm supply gratuitously any quantity of nourishing oatmeal drink that the men choose to consume. Still further, a well-equipped coffee tavern has been established on the premises, where excellent tea and coffee are supplied at a half penny per cup, and sandwiches in proportion. In fact, an appetising breakfast can be obtained for twopence-halfpenny, and dinners for small amounts. So useful, indeed, has the coffee tavern become that it is open to the public, and largely patronised by workers from other factories beside that of Messrs. Chubb.

There is, perhaps, no department of metal work showing more ingenuity than lock and safe making.



Chubb's Safe Deposit

You may have a series of 2000 locks, each with its own key, but yet so arranged as all to yield to one master-key. Further, this master-key will detect any attempt to open a lock, and must be used before the lock will again work properly; or, again, you may have a travelling safe with a trap top, into which bag after bag of money may be placed as by the various station-masters on a railway, but not one can be extracted until the manager at head-quarters produces his talisman in the shape of the rightful key. In fact, since 1818, when Mr. Chubb took out his first patent for the detector lock, the firm have protected no fewer than thirty-one inventions and patents in connection with locks, safes, and strong rooms. Such a record speaks for itself, and testifies to the great ingenuity so constantly at work.

## THE SECRET OF CULTURE.

NEVER whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God especially endowed you to know. It requires less to fuse the material of thinking no less than to melt the iron in the foundry. But remember this, however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow, and however sharp, intellectually, to recognise a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character, your moral nature; and of the rightful supremacy of this element a comprehensive expression is found in the right simple word love. On all projects, poets and philosophers are agreed.—PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

## OUR FRONT PAGE PICTURE.

## IN THE SLATE QUARRY.

OUR picture this month illustrates a scene which may often be observed in the slate quarries of North Wales.

The man who faces us is engaged in punching a hole, of a depth of about two feet, in which the blasting powder or dynamite is to be placed. He gives the chisel a turn in the hand with each blow of the great stick. The man a little further back is clearing chips out of his bore preparatory to charging it, his powder-lark lying at his feet on the ledge. These two lads are generally all the quarryman has to stand on, but each man has a rope to go up and down by. As all are brought up to the work from boyhood they are sure on the ground, and they are sure to run up and down like goats. When several holes are ready for charging and firing a signal whistle is blown, and the men quickly clear away. The masses of slate rock fall into one great excavation, whence they are brought up on trucks running up the inclined rail, which may be seen beyond, worked by the balance of a tank at the top, which runs down as it pulls the truck up. The blocks of slate are then run out to the sawing sheds, laid on tables, and cut by circular saws into pieces small enough to handle, and then split by hand. Two men work together at this last operation. One, with a knack only acquired with long practice, taps his chisel along the strata of the slate block, and divides it into the thin sheets with which we are all familiar, while his mate, with a rule and a level square, knocks off rough edges, so as to shape the slates to given sizes. The broken chips are run off, and form the immense mounds which may be seen here and there on the mountain sides in all parts of North Wales.

The greatest quarries are at Bethesda and Llanberis, where great trucks run far into the mountain; so far, indeed, that the two quarries almost join, though Bethesda and Llanberis are three miles apart. Steam engines run the trucks along these tunnels. The great quarry at Bethesda has the appearance exactly of the interior of the Roman Coliseum on a gigantic scale. About three thousand men are engaged at Llanberis alone.

Our artist gave his sketch at the Rhos Quarry, Capel Cwng. He wishes to express his obligation to the courtesy of the Manager, Mr. D. O. Evans.

## IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

JOSEPH LIVERSEY conducted all his controversies in such a friendly spirit that, although he was the founder of the total-abstinence movement, the blinds of the public-houses were drawn and the shutters closed, as his funeral procession passed through the streets of Preston.

THE public-house may appropriately be regarded as a bank. You deposit your money and lose it. Your character and lose it. Your health and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your moral independence—and lose it. Your home control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul and lose it.

If you wish to die in the odour of sanctity, don't live in the odour of the whisky-bottle.

SOME years ago, in the island of Jersey, the late Dr. Collette undertook to make a bottle of port that should not cost more than threepence, which the best judges should be unable to distinguish from the highest priced wine that could be obtained in the island. The preparation was compounded openly before a large assembly, and then competent judges were selected to test the product. The basis of this compound was cider, coloured with an infusion of logwood. To this he added a few grams of tartaric acid to give a rough taste and a mellowed appearance. When three glasses of this compound and three glasses of recognised port were presented to the judges to taste and pass their verdict, without being told which was which, they unanimously pronounced in favour of the doctor's cheap preparation and rejected the genuine port.

THE Accident, Ocean, Scottish Employers, Scottish Temperance, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Insurance Companies each give a reduction of 10 per cent. on the premium to those who abstain, while several others give smaller reductions. The secretary of one of the above officers says, "We do not find the advantage to be so much in the greater immunity from accidents enjoyed by teetotalists as in their more rapid recovery when stricken down by accident"—an indication that the blood of the abstainer is purer, and thus effects their repair more speedily.



## "AFTERWARD."

BY REV. F. J. HORSEFIELD.

**H**AVE you ever noticed in reading the 12th chapter of Hebrews the repetition of the word "afterward," and considered the contrast suggested by the two texts in which it occurs? We have it first bringing to us a message of hope and consolation in verse 11. "All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit," &c., and then in verse 17 it conveys one of solemn warning—"I had almost said of condemnation"—when, speaking of Esau, "who for one mess of meat sold his own birthright," the writer proceeds, "for ye know that even when he *afterward* desired to inherit the blessing he was rejected (for he found no place of repentance), though he sought it diligently with tears." (Rev. V.)

Looking at these two passages, we are struck with the evident desire of the Apostle to show that "afterward" ought always to enter into our calculation, sweetening the bitter cup of sorrow or suffering, and putting in a right light the value of present possessions.

The Christian may be in very real pain, either physical or mental, and if it be the latter it may be intensified by our shortsightedness, our natural despondency, our ready yielding to doubts and fears as to the wisdom, love or power of our Father in heaven. But breaking in upon our present grief as a ray of glorious sunshine bursting through a thick bank of cloud, or like a distant lighthouse shining across the tempestuous deep, and speaking to the weary, anxious mariner of rest and peace, there comes the reminder of an "afterward." A gracious purpose is unfolded to the troubled soul. All these trials and perplexities, all these sorrows and anxieties, so far as they are God's "chastisements," and not merely the result of our foolish fears, have as their issue "peaceable fruit of righteousness."

"I am so thankful," a young fellow said to me, "that immediately after my conversion I had to spend some time in camp with the volunteer regiment to which I belonged. It was desperately hard to begin to confess Christ amongst the companions who had shared my sinful pleasures, and from whom I might have given me spiritual help and loving sympathy; but 'afterward'—why, it proved the greatest possible blessing, for it taught me to lean hard on Christ, and on Him alone."

Let the prospect of the fulfilment of the Divine Will in us cheer us in all our adversity. The Hill Difficulty may be both rough and steep, but it leads to the House Beautiful. The Valley of Humiliation may be dark and desolate in the extreme, but "afterward" we shall find it lay in the direct road to the Celestial City. It should be always "afterward" with the Christian, for even the things that "seem" to be most grievous are being worked out for us "according to the counsel of His own Will" (Eph. i. 11), and in the end we shall "bless the Lord that guided and bless the Heart that planned."

"The altar," says many who must have their good things now, like "Fosco's," instead of waiting for them like "Patience," and so far the sake of present gratification and a transient satisfaction they barter away their inheritance—the inheritance purchased for them at such tremendous cost. They covet, and obtain, but, hark! there comes the sound of the warning bell from the hidden rock "afterward." Poor Esau—what an object lesson he is for the eager, grasping, pleasure-seeking world of to-day! And what a knell of hope-

lessness there is in that expression in the Authorised Version, that he found no place of repentance though he sought it "carefully" with his aching heart "full of care"—as he realised the enormity of his loss and endeavoured "with tears," but all in vain, to obtain one more his forfeited birthright. We may build our barns larger, and rejoice in our accumulated store of good, but woe, woe, if we have not considered the "afterward!"

Let us turn to another passage where the word occurs. In Matthew xvi. we have the parable of the two sons, and read of one who refused to obey his father's command, "but *afterward* he repented and went" (verse 29). Perhaps there has come to you a loving call to forsake sin, or to enter upon some special work for Christ, to make an open acknowledgment of Him as your Lord and Master, or to give up some cherished idol, and you, too, have said, "I will not." But there has also come to you, as, perhaps, there came to the disobedient son, the vision of the tear-stained

Face of One whom you have long and sorely grieved by your wilfulness, and that has melted your heart so that "afterward" you have repented. Is it so? Oh, if not if you are still disobedient—I pray you, pause and think. Think of the mighty love you are spurning. Think of the pain you are inflicting. Think of the grace you are despising. Think of the blood upon which you are trampling; and, looking up to the pleading eyes of the Crucified, lay down your rebellious heart at His feet. Let the "afterward" of a consecrated life begin now.

One moment more. Turn to the "afterward" in John xiii. 36. "Whether I go thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow *afterwards*." The crowning day is coming, when we shall follow Him into His rest. His glory, His joy. When free from sin we shall serve Him perfectly; and when free from sorrow we shall share in all His everlasting joy. Oh, what can matter the present weariness and darkness when such a glorious promise as this is ours. Wipe away the tears, lift up your heads—"your redemption draweth nigh," the Master is coming, and soon shall we who know Him and love Him find a place in that glorious throng that shall follow the Lamb, and rest eternally in the fulness of His love for us.

[Mr. Horsefield, who has been Vicar of St. Silas, Bristol, since 1895, has taken a prominent part in the Christian Endeavour movement. He was formerly Rector of the Albert Memorial Church, Manchester.]

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

WHEN General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to a place in the Grand Stated to witness the great races which are held in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the Republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant, in a polite note, declined the honour, and said to the French President, "It is in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that distinguished man found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshippers.

## -PICTURE, NOT PAINT.

AN art patron one day came into Turner's studio when the artist was already famous. He looked at a picture, and asked what was the price. The artist named the sum he had set upon it.

"What?" exclaimed the buyer, "all those golden sovereigns for so much paint?"

"Oh," replied Turner, "it's not paint you are buying? I thought it was pictures. Here," producing a half-used tube of colour, "I'll let you have that cheap; make your own terms," and turning his back on the astonished patron, he went on painting.

## FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

The Story of a National Struggle.

BY ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.

**H**EW pages of history bear more heroic records than those which tell of the struggles of the Dutch provinces to free themselves from the alien tyrant and repugnant super-stition of Spain.

In the sixteenth century, Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, and indeed autocrat of half the world, was lord also of the Netherlands, by no right of conquest, but in virtue of several political "marriages" of which he was the descendant. He was a Netherlander himself; he spoke the Flemish language; he fostered the arts and industries of the Low Countries. All this greatly disgusted from his Dutch and Flemish subjects, that the Emperor was planting among them such alien evils as the Spanish Inquisition, by which, under the guise of religion, he was really forging a deadly weapon against political and spiritual freedom.

Charles V. enacted really dramatic scenes to delude his people, and dazzled them by his military genius. He actually moved the Netherlands to tears when, resolving to retire to a monastery, he came to bid them farewell, and to present to them as their new sovereign his son Philip, the same who married our Queen Mary Tudor, of heretic-burning memory.

Amid that finely dramatised farewell scene stood a handsome, thoughtful lad of twenty-two. This was he, "whose name," in Mr. Motley's words, "from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been, and will be more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders,"—William the Silent, Prince of Orange.

Philip, the Emperor's son and successor, was ill-omened from the first. He lacked his father's capacities, while having all his worst tendencies. His sympathies were wholly Spanish. He regarded with antipathy the characteristics and aspirations of the Netherlanders. Though vicious in habits, he was a bigot and a fanatic, of taciturn and forbidding manners. He had been an ungrateful son, as he proved a sullen and callous husband. He was of the very type to fan into flames of fury the smouldering embers of distrust and indignation.

He attempted to unify the government of the Netherlands by slumping the various provincial constitutions into one, by giving one ecclesiastical court (that of the Inquisition) to the whole country, and by insisting that the Netherlands should bear the support of Spanish garrisons. Then, after four years' residence in the Low Countries, Philip left them to return to Spain and never revisited them.

Philip, on his departure, had foresight enough to perceive that the character and aspirations of William of Orange merited the maintenance of the Spanish tyranny.

William of Orange, belonging to a French family long settled in the Netherlands, had been a favourite of the Emperor Charles, and had gained experience in his court. He knew much which he did not divulge. He earned his name of William the Silent,—but says Mr. Tieseman, he had vowed "to devote his fortune, his best powers, and his life to the cause of the weak against the strong, of the free against crushing despotism."

It is impossible to follow in detail the varying fortunes of a struggle which lasted from 1560 to 1648.

To begin with, the Spanish General Alva occupied Brussels with a garrison of 10,000 Spanish troops, and established there the Council of Troubles, under which 20,000 "burghers" sawfully received capital sentences. For about twelve years, things in the Netherlands were at the darkest. In 1568 the "Inquisition" condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics! It can scarcely have been the purpose of the Spanish rulers to carry out this sentence, but it gave them liberty to pounce down on whom they liked. How



Photo. 151

Rev. F. J. Horsefield.

[Lancaster.

this was carried out is proved, when a single letter from Alva to King Philip, estimates the number of executions to come off at the end of "Holy Week" at "800 heads!"

Meanwhile, oppression was "driving men mad." Some Netherlanders, calling themselves the "Beggars of the Sea," arose, ready in misery and wrath to commit any crime. But the Prince of Orange succeeded in disciplining them. They agreed to expel criminals from their numbers, to carry on their ships men prepared to preach and teach God's word, and to direct their arms only against the Spanish power. These "Beggars of the Sea" were ferocious men, but at least they were not fighting for mere greed of gold nor in the interests of religious or racial arrogance.

Their brilliant seizure of the town of Brill at the very time when the despairing burghers of Brussels were refusing to supply food and goods to the Spanish garrison, was perhaps the first picturesque incident of a combat which abounds with such. This happened on the 1st of April, 1574, a date gracefully remembered

post till he fell dead. The women and children supplied the ammunition. A Spanish officer, taking a survey, reported that he saw "only some plain-looking people, generally dressed like fishermen." Yet the result of that day was that "the plain-looking fishermen" defeated the veterans of Alva. The Prince of Orange sent the besieged city a command to raise the dykes and flood the country rather than surrender. The hearken of this message succeeded in crossing the enemy's lines, but lost the stick in which the message was enclosed, and it got taken to the Spanish commander. Convinced that he was dealing with those who would do anything but yield, and that his army ran risk of being suddenly submerged in the ocean, he raised the siege, and Alkmaar was triumphant!

The next siege, that of Haarlem, was protracted for eight months. The Spanish general himself wearied of it, saying, "These citizens do as much as the best soldiers in the world could do." He was kept at last just only by strongest representations from head quarters, yet his army comprised 30,000 fighting men,

meet them at dawn. On that fateful night they saw endless lights moving on the plains outside—then there came a great crash of a falling city wall. They thought the Spaniards were upon them! But morning revealed that the Spaniards had fled panic-stricken by a sound which they guessed to mean a desperate sortie of despairing men.

The first act of the saved city was a solemn thanksgiving service, and a few days later the Prince of Orange himself was in the town, joining in the grave rejoicing of the burghers.

Not even the treacherous assassination of William the Silent could check the rising fortunes of the little country for whom he had dared so much. In the first decade of 1600 the Spanish power was forced into "armistices," which practically gave the Dutch then freedom and self-governing powers. But in 1648, the Spaniards were finally compelled, by the Treaty of Münster, to recognise the Dutch as an independent nation.

Thus the little Netherlands, the land of farmers and artisans and fishermen, reasserted its individuality



Duke Alva presiding at the Council.

in Holland to-day. When Alva sought to regain possession of Brill, a carpenter of the town dashed into the water, hacked the sluice open and let in the sea, as a protection against the land forces of the Spaniards on one side. Others rowed out among the moored vessels of the enemy and set them on fire, or cut them adrift. After the Spaniards' hasty retreat, the inhabitants of Brill gathered together and took the oath of allegiance to William of Orange.

The little city of Naarden, on the Zuyder Zee, venturing to declare the same allegiance, was put to fire and sword, and torture and outrage unutterable. The Spaniards would not allow even the dead to be buried, and forbade the country side to harbour any fugitives. Duke Alva thought that it was by "a permission of God" that so weak a city had fallen into his hands, through daring to assert its independence.

But the terrible fate of Naarden did not deter others from following its example of resistance. When 16,000 Spanish veterans encompassed Alkmaar, it had but a little garrison of 800 soldiers and about 1,300 burghers capable of bearing arms, yet on the first day of the siege the storming parties were received with every conceivable weapon. Not one defender left his

while the garrison consisted of only 4,000 men (though women were ready to help), and had to endure famine as well as warfare.

One Dutchman, standing on a dyke, held a thousand Spaniards in check, and in the end succeeded in escaping! Yet so "unmilitary" was the spirit of these brave people, that one of the most remarkable of their officers, after each successful adventure, used to retire to his bed and weep over the victims he had slain. Love of freedom and courage are not synonymous with a love of bloodshed, and a lust to "carpet the earth with corpses."

When Haarlem was finally entered and sacked, murder and rapine again ran riot, yet the great and beautiful city of Leyden next solemnly prepared itself for siege. At the beginning, the citizens raised the dykes around. "Better a drowned land than a lost land!" they cried. The "Sea Beggars" came to the rescue, and though they forced their vessels far up the shallow waters, still they could not speedily relieve the beleaguered town. They did it at last, however, some of them dashing into the waves and putting their shoulders to their vessels' sides. They got so near, that the heart-sick garrison resolved to dare all and go out to

against all "the Chivalry of Spain," and even exhausted the Spanish funds, long as they were through the cruel exploitation of the recently discovered Americas. The burghers fought, not in insolence and greed of aggression, but for faith and freedom and fatherland. Their struggle stands for ever as a symbol of the supremacy of true manhood over greed, materialism, and a brahminical cant, merely masking rank atheistic materialism. For the historian Motley points out repeatedly that those "Catholic monarchs" of Spain could be always induced to tolerate men of other faiths, save when they wished to enslave and defraud them! War is ever a heinous thing, but it is one thing to go out to plunder other countries and to impose on other peoples laws and customs alien and hateful to them, and it is quite another matter when a race rises in its own place to defend its own hearths from invasion.

Every race of the earth owes thanks to those who have shown that this can be done, because it has been done! Whoever wants to know more of this glorious story should read Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic"—a book which should be in every well-selected library, however small.



A Dam-Sinking Party, S. Australia.

## THE CAMEL IN AUSTRALIA.

BY OCTAVIUS LAKE.

THE camel introduced to Australia is the Arabian, or dromedary. He finds himself in complete accordance with his environment when he reaches this island-continent of sun and sand. He is specially built for hot countries, for negotiating "great and terrible wildernesses," wide waterless spaces. We have plenty of that sort of country, and now we have the beast. The camel was introduced to Australia somewhere in the sixties by Sir Thomas Elder, an enterprising Scot, who made a great fortune out here, and not only, like most Scots, knew how to make money, but, like some of his countrymen, was splendidly liberal. The grotesque and ungainly-looking animal is now a familiar acquaintance in the northern and central parts of our province, and is one of the best servants of man. About 1,500 have been shipped into Port Augusta and many more at Port Adelaide, while numbers beyond count have been bred in the colony.

The camel is a carrier, and for our roadless, infertile, magnificent districts he is unrivalled. He will draw,

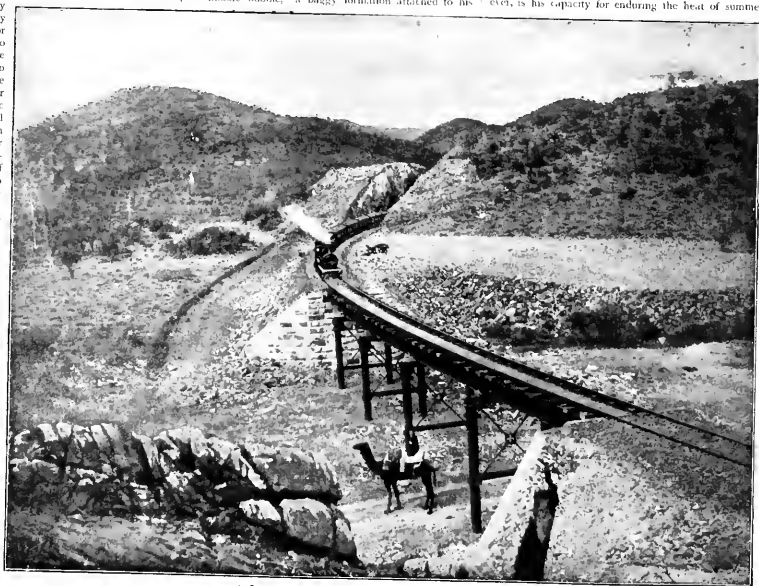
day is a good spell. Sometimes half-a-ton is put on his back, but he is not put to carry that weight more than 15 or 20 miles, and there are three or four strong camels in the string which take turn about with the big load. Every kind of thing needed on a sheep or cattle station, or on a mine, is put on this beast: corrugated roofing iron, iron tanks, chaff, &c., for the trip out; and on the return to the depots—skins, wool, oils, and all such produce. The camel is trained to be down to receive his burden, and when it is remembered that the summit of his hump is some eight feet from his pads it will be believed that readiness to be down is the rudimentary and important part of his education.

The camel has a temper of his own, but this peculiarity is not more striking than with horses, or even with humans. He impresses a stranger unpleasantly when in his blend of fear and anger he snorts maliciously, and when he makes for the intruder, and spels from his mouth, what the driver calls his "hubbie bubble," a baggy formation attached to his

palate, and if near enough spatters the object of his antipathy with his cud. But these demonstrations are mostly with cows or young camels, or occasionally with bulls at certain seasons of the year. His principal weapons of attack or defence are his teeth, and when maddened he is a vicious biter. A case in point happened on the west side of this town a little while ago. A couple of men were dispatched from the Government yards with a string of camels, and all went well until they reached the first "pub" on the track. The camels were tied up, and the men went inside to fill themselves with drink. They soon reached the braggart stage in their drunkenness, and their boasting aroused them, and the lances were as clay in the hands of the potter. Nothing would do but the crowd must go outside to put these vaunted powers to the proof. But the camel did not agree with the unusual familiarity, and he seized the drunken driver by the hand and gave him a swing that was not in the programme. His mate came to the rescue, and the angry brute loosed the first man and laid hold of number two by the same member, and not only he created his hand and nearly tore his arm from the socket, but so crushed one of his fingers that it had to be taken off by the surgeon. One of the two had a good long furlough, and had ample opportunities for telling lies about camels beneath the shadow of the pepper-trees in the hospital yard. The bulls need watching at one season of the year, and will fight savagely with each other at those times, and they are entirely destitute of that civility that sometimes impels some of their strong fellow creatures to help the weak. If two bulls are fighting, the others watch the fray with eager interest, but if one falls in the battle the bystanders rush in to bite and maul the one that is down. The tactics displayed by the Powers of Europe towards China might have been copied from belligerent camels.

The most remarkable thing about this animal, however, is his capacity for enduring the heat of summer

and occasionally you meet the buggy pair, or eight or ten harnessed to a wagon. The Afghan objects to putting him to those uses, but whether it is that the Asiatic objects to wheeled vehicles on his own account, or whether he faithfully interprets the feeling of the camel, I do not know. The "pads" of the camel do not grip the road like the hoof of the horse, and he cannot heave and pull like the bullock; so his experience has pretty well settled it that the best way is to put his load on his back. For the pack, the horse is not in it with the camel. I have before me a "Bible Dictionary" which says he can "carry a burden weighing 2,000 lbs., and travel 100 miles a day." The encyclopaedist in that case was "stuffed" by an imaginative traveller. Six hundredweight is a good load if he is to carry it, say a thousand miles, and 30 miles a



A Scene on the Trans-Continental Railway, S. Australia.

and doing his work without water. This feature puts upon him his great value. If by some meteorological readjustment the interior of Australia should become "a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills," the dromedary would find his occupation gone. I was talking yesterday with an explorer who was out for 22 days, and during all that time the camels did not get a drink. When in camp by water the camel drinks every day, and more than once some days, and then without any training can enter on a toilsome journey of 20 days' duration without moistening his lips. He is not a dainty feeder, and when nothing more toothsome than peregrine grass and mallee leaves are obtainable, he will make a meal of them. But the leaves of the prickly pear, sandal-wood, she-salt, salt-bush and blue-bush make a crested feast for him; while for a small prickly bush that grows on most of our plains he shows the same preference that an English donkey shows for a thistle or the tops of gorse bushes.

The Afghan is the common camel-driver, but when the European equals the Asiatic in abstinence from intoxicating drinks he surpasses him in his management of the camel. Many of the Afghans who come to Australia to take charge of camels know no more about the animal than does an Irish immigrant. The European is pluckier and more merciful than the Asiatic, and the camel, like other animals, soon comes to recognise the

similar journey on horseback. You have chances of position, which with feet in stirrups straddled over a horse are not possible. The Hon. F. W. Holder, the Treasurer of our Colony, told me that he did the journey to the McDonnell ranges, travelling from Oodnadatta, five hundred miles into the centre of Australia, on camels, and that when you know how, it is a delightful ride.

These useful beasts are the principal members of our great trunk line. To the mines of the interior, and to the sheep and cattle stations, they are indispensable. Long strings of them are seen coming out and leaving the railway stations north of Quorn, going out laden with stores, or every description required by civilised man, and returning with the produce of the interior. It can be imagined how welcome those visitors are at the telegraph-stations and the stockruns that so infrequently dot the solemn stretches of this great silent land. Two men are sent with a string as small as ten, while more than two are not required for twenty. In the illustration appearing below a string of 150 camels is just coming into view. The surveyor, whose tent may be seen just off the track, is not far from a snapshot. But the Afghans have slipped off, and are hiding in the acacia. They have a superstitious dread of being photographed, there is something unamiable to them in the whole business, and no new arrival among them will face the camera if he knows it.

## WHERE WAS HE?

"Is your father at home?" I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

"No," he said; "he's away."

"Where do you think he could find him?"

"Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

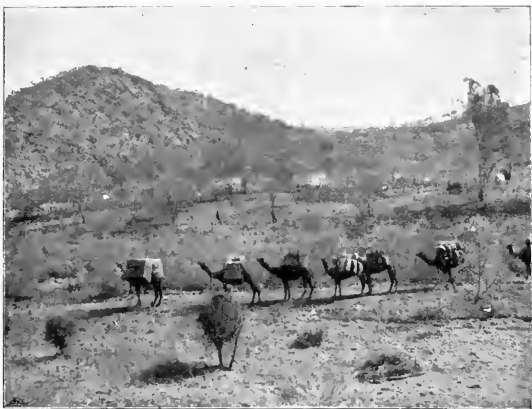
And I turned away with this little sermon in my heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus you've got to set out on a path of helping, somewhere, or lifting somebody's burden, and by considering one like the Son of Man will be found at your side.

We cannot always find Him Whom our soul loveth in worship, or in ordinances, or in sacraments, or in still meditation; we can never find Him in selfish idleness, or in worldliness, or in self-indulgence; but, on the contrary, like the little one's father, He is sure to be found "helping somewhere."

## THE BITTER CRY OF A MILLIONAIRE.

The late Mr. G. M. Piffman, whose skill in making travel luxurious brought him a fortune, once confessed his dolorous state to the *New York World*. "I am not one iota happier now," he said, "than I was in the days when I had not a dollar that I could not use to my advantage."

Now that I worked from sunny morn to dewy eve. Now that my circumstances have improved I can only wear one suit of clothes at a time, and that suit is no better than the one I wore then. I ate three square meals daily at that time, and cannot eat any more now. Then I had no responsibility and no cares. I only had to be at my post and do my duty, and when my hours of work were over my mind and body were free like those of a bird. I could go to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and sleep soundly till morning. Now that I have the weight of vast interests and business cares constantly resting upon me, both in a matter of working hours, I do not sleep so well as then. All things considered, I believe I was quite as happy, if not much happier, when I was poor. Therefore, with all the great advantages and privileges which wealth confers, I do not believe it brings happiness."



Snap Shot of a Camel String, S. Australia.

One blushes for the practical adhesion of our countrymen, who make the name of our Lord to be blasphemed among the heathen. If I came into this part in search of a religion, and judged it by its fruits, and looked on a group of sheeters, or lumpers, or English sailors, and then on a company of sober, industrious, praying Afghans, and was hidden to declare my preference, I should say unhesitatingly, "The Afghans' faith." And the me thing that makes this shameful and shameful, brutalising and demoralising differentiation is the drink.

It is a far primary education to know how to mount and ride a camel. Of course it is not difficult to mount, because your steel legs show for that purpose. It is when he is getting up that the fun begins. The camel gets up in sections. First on his hocks, and you think nothing can save you from being precipitated over his head; then he raises the front part of his anatomy, and restores the level of his body by getting on his knees; then there is another young earthquake when he gets on his hind feet, while the next spring puts him on his feet. Now he is up and away; but the motion is the new chum a new thing under the sun. The camel strides off—right, left; right, left—but it is with both legs at one on the right side, and then the both on the left. The gait is very disconcerting to anyone trained to horseback exercise. If you make thirty or forty miles the first day of your nocturnal, the feeling when you camp is that all the padding has been stripped off your nerves, and that you are bruised and wounded from crown to sole. But after a few days of it you learn to adapt yourself to the idiosyncrasies of the animal's carriage, and you find the mode of locomotion restful as compared to a

Great numbers of our camels have been sold for West Australia, and they are a familiar figure throughout the mining districts of the Golden West.

Port Augusta, S.A.

## THE CARPENTER'S LITTLE BILL.

ONE day, the late Sir Andrew Clark, taking as his custom was "a constitutional" in the park, after going his rounds in the hospital, saw an old man sitting on one of the seats, in the garb of a pauper; and as he always liked to study the different phases of human life, he sat down and entered into conversation with the old man, alluding to his old age, which was over eighty, and asked him how it was he came to wear the garb of charity, and what occupation he had followed. He said he had been a carpenter. "And a very good trade too," remarked the doctor. "But what was it that brought you down so low?" queried the doctor; "had drink anything to do with it?" At this the old man was quite indignant, and exclaimed, "No! I never took more than my three pence a day regular." "And how many years do you suppose you took your three pence regular?" asked the doctor. "Well, I suppose you may say fifty years," was the reply. "Well," said the doctor, taking out his pocket book, "I will just make a little sum of that;" and, upon finishing the calculation at sixpence per day, or £2 2s. per year, said, "Now I find, with compound interest, in fifty years this amounts to £1,040, which, at five per cent. interest would, say, at sixty-five years of age, have given you an income about £1 10s. per week, and the principal still for your relations, and you would have had as much comfort and better health."

## A QUAINTE TESTOTAL PLEDGE.

The following is a copy of a quaint Testotal Pledge taken by a preacher of the gospel 263 years ago. The Rev. Clarence Chambers met with it in the report of Rushden Temperance Society, Northants.

"The pledge of good old Robert Bolton, B.D., and preacher of God's Word at Uxbridge.

"From this day forward to the end of my life, I will never pledge nor bear to drink a whole carouse in a glass, cup, bowl, or other drinking instrument whatsoever, whosoever it be, and from whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature do require it.

"Not my own most gracious king, nor any the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth, nor my dearest friend, nor all the gould in the world, shall ever enforce or allure me, nor any man from heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade me, nor Satan with his subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall ever betray me. By this very sinne, for a sinne it is, and not a little one, I do plainly find that I have more offended and dishonoured my great and glorious Me, and most merciful Saviour than by all other sinnes; that I am subject unto, and do this very sinne it is that God hath often been strange unto mee, and for that cause and no other respect I have this vowel, and I heartily beg my goodly Father in Heaven, of His great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and be favourable unto me for what is past. Amen.

"R. BOLTON, Brougton,

"April 10, 1637."



Fig. 1.

FOR our second attempt we propose to carve a bread trencher. Those that we generally see have more or less turned-work about them. Turning is beyond our powers; we shall, however, find means of making a useful and handsome trencher without it.

It is of some one of our native soft, white woods that these things are usually made. Sycamore, lime, poplar, willow, are all proper for the purpose, our oak is breech unsuitable, though less good in colour. What we require is a smooth-grained wood which will not easily split under the washings and scrubblings, and dryings to which as a trencher it will be exposed; pine will therefore scarcely be desirable if any of the above are to be had—apart from the fact that it has a slightly resinous smell.

We shall want a piece of three-quarter inch board 10½ or 11 inches square, well planed; and this we must bring to an octagon by sawing off its corners. We have our octagon in fig. 1, and an easy way of setting it out is shown in fig. 2. With the compasses we draw a circle of the required size. Supposing our board to be 10½ inches square, the radius of our circle must be 4½ inches. We draw a line *ab* through the middle of this circle, and a second line, *c, d*, cutting the first at right angles; then two other lines, *e, f*, at equal distances between these, and connect the points where these lines cut the circle, as at *a, a'; e, e'; d, d'*; etc. The connecting lines are the sides of our octagon.

Within these lines we set out our border, 1 inch wide, and bound it with a V-shaped groove, a good eighth of an inch deep, cut with our dividing-tool. The space outside of this groove we now have to shape into what is called an "ogee moulding," of which we have a section in fig. 3. The hollow outer half we run out with our gouge, from the convex part we trim and round away the edges with our chisel, and smooth the whole down with glass-paper. By wrapping a piece of glass-paper round a tack we can make it cut more evenly and fit into the hollow. We shall find glass-paper to be a very useful appliance for work like the present, and indeed for all carving in which there are rounded surfaces. Yet a word of warning should be given against the abuse of it—too much glass-papering is apt to take the life and spirit out of carving, and to give it the dull effect of cast metal ornament.

Having shaped our border, we may carve it—the carving in this case being simply "gouge-work." Our half-inch gouge will be our chief and almost our only

tool. At each angle is a round, raised boss. This we make by pressing the gouge into the wood on both sides of the boss, almost at a right angle to the surface, yet inclining a little outwards, and then completing the cut with a sloping stroke upwards; after which we shall round off the boss by trimming its edges with the chisel, and glass-papering it. At the middle of each side is a round hollow; this, too, we sink with the gouge. It will also be seen that the intermediate strokes are entirely gouge-cut.

This gouge-work is a kind of carving which needs but little skill, and gives much effect with small labour. In our Old English carver it is a fairly novel. It should be done with a steady hand and a sharp tool. And here it may be remarked that in all carving it is necessary to keep a keen edge on the tools, and especially when soft wood has to be worked. The carver should always have a slip of oil-stone at hand on which to whet, and a stop or piece of pump-leather on which to give a finishing touch to his tools.

On each sunken round will be noticed a small cross; this is made with a "grounding punch," struck by a mallet or a hammer. As we advance farther, and get to "relief carving," that is to carving in which the pattern stands up from a sunken background, we shall find such punches of value for giving roughness to the ground, and thus saving the pattern to stand out in stronger contrast. They are to be bought in considerable variety—we may have them with a cross, a star, a dot, a group of dots, &c.; but with some stout iron wire and a hand-saw file a handy man may make his own punches.

We finish our trencher by nailing it on four small feet. These we can cut from the scraps saved from the corners, and having neatly rounded them off with the chisel and glass-paper, we screw them in their places, as seen in the section fig. 3. The screw holes should of course be deeply countersunk, that there may be no danger of the heads projecting and scratching the table.



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER.

AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME RULERS," "KING BABY," ETC.

#### I.—Concerning Ventilation.

A CERTAIN friend of mine, a Doctor of Medicine, as well as of Divinity, always says to me, "I do know that in theory Dr. V. \* \* \* is perfectly right. We can never expect health and happiness to be found in our homes, unless there be first found these plenty of God's pure air.

Many working men's wives are, perforce of circumstances, obliged to live in small flats or houses. In taking even temporary rooms a wise woman will look first to the possibilities of ventilation in them. Windows that open properly are of far more consequence than Queen Anne casements. Doors that do not stick are more important than pretty porchies. Every window in every house should be open, at least, twelve out of the twenty-four hours. If you are afraid of draught, fix a slit of wood to the bottom of the window frame. Let the lower sash be lifted just far enough to reach this, and a current of air (without possibility of draught) is secured. Many delicate people are afraid of catching cold. Let me assure such, that no one ever died from too large a dose of fresh air. It keeps the strong in health, and cures the sick. In the Critchman War the hospitals were so crowded with sufferers, that when an outbreak of smallpox occurred, the patients were removed to temporary sheds run up in a night. These sheds were made of warped wood, and let in air at every joint. Every one looked for the speedy

collapse of those fever-stricken men. A quick recovery (in most cases) followed instead. The very thing the surgeons of that day thought must hasten the end, promoted perfect recovery. So, ever since the days of Florence Nightingale, we have treated disease in quite a different manner.

In scarlet and every other kind of fever, see that the windows of the sick-room are always open. Instead of brooding up a bronchitis patient, let him have plenty of air. It is not possible for you to wheel out baby all day. See to it, then, that she never sleeps or sleeps in a badly ventilated room. Never stop up the nursery, even on the most blustering night. If draught is felt between fire and door (remember draughts are to be as much avoided as fresh air is to be courted) rig up a screen and place it in front of the opening. An old towel-horse with a blanket or rug hung over it will make as effective a screen as the most costly upholstered affair. Let your first care in the morning be, to throw wide open every window and door in the flat. By this means only can you get rid of injurious vapours. And let your last care at night be that all windows possible are open. I have underlined "possible," as there are certain conditions of wind and fog that must be gauged against. An east wind must not be allowed to blow over a delicate infant's cradle. A pea-soup fog, also, is wise to discourage. Otherwise, do not be afraid of night air. Ventilated air is the only thing to fear. In very inclement weather, leave the door of your bedroom ajar. Some lobby window can usually be open to allow of the free current of air necessary to healthful and peaceful slumber. A restless child may often be quieted by trying a "twenty winks" in the nursery. Try it the next time Tommy and Angelina are tossing about unable to sleep. It will be far more efficacious than smothering their heads under the blankets, or slapping them!

A fire in a room is too often looked upon as a luxury in a working man's house. It is one of the finest methods of ventilating it that exists. A small fire in a grate not only burns up the poisonous exhalations from our bodies, but also acts as a fan, drawing up a current of air as it burns. Whenever you are unfortunate enough to be in a state of health which seems to you to necessitate closed windows, be sure that a fire is kept burning on the hearth. With his help, you will do away with many of the ill effects of a closed-up room.

I will close this article by calling your attention to the fact that much of our insular child mortality is due to the lack of fresh air. Annually, hundreds of infants are literally "poisoned by their own breath." If a canary were hung inside the curtains of an old-fashioned bed in which two persons were breathing, the bird would be found dead in the morning. Yet many women smother their babies' heads in a dannel, draw thick curtains round the tiny cradle, and leave infant therein for hours. Do away with a cradle head altogether, I advise you. Baby may not be asphyxiated into as deadly a slumber, but he will wake as bright as a bee, and thrive at an alarming rate.

Do not scold the elder members of your households for rising late, unless you see that the window in the girls' room is large enough to ventilate it properly. Let them sleep in the open air, and you will find that things are far more likely to rise with the lark than be shed with the sluggish, if scientifically treated. Carbonic acid gas is a deadly poison, yet we let our children inhale it to a frightful extent unless we see to the ventilation of our homes. Air, Air, and more Air is the modern cry of the learned in these matters. Let it be the watchword of every working man's wife who reads this article. It is fortunately as much within her reach, as within that of her more wealthy sister.

#### "AFTER YOUR BOY."

ONE of the delegates to a state convention of Christian Endeavourers, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough-and-ready suit, every movement alert and eager, and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unceremoniously, the latter said:

"What are you fellows trying to do down at the meetings? You are hot temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?"

"No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, "we evidently couldn't do much for you, but we are after your boy."

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone, and said, seriously: "Well, you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day."

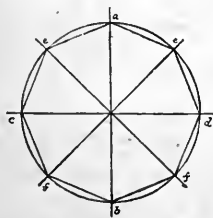


Fig. 2.

## A LETTER FROM JACK.

BY C. N. BARIAM.

ABEL HARDING was working in the garden, when he saw the postman coming down the village street. There was a flutter at his heart, but he remembered that Lisbeth, his wife, would be watching from the window. If there were a letter from their boy, Jack, she must have the first handling of it. So he smoothed his face into an expression of impassivity, and bent over the spade as if to delve were his only occupation, and how to do it thoroughly, his one object in life.

The postman came nearer. Abel saw him stop at one cottage after another, and longer than usual at Widow Smith's. Perhaps there was a registered letter, which the old lady must sign for. It was well known that Susan Smith, who was in service with gentle-folks, some where up London way, often helped her mother.

Abel wiped his brow. Anticipation brought the colour into his face, as work had not been able to do. Still he plodded on at his toil. The garden had been Jack's boyish hobby. It was he who had set the bushes, and planted the old-fashioned flowers which were so carefully preserved. What a bright boy Jack had been! how devoted this lessons and to the faith, whenever a holiday allowed him to roam in them.

But Jack was not intended by nature for a ploughman or a gardener; the salt of the ocean was in his blood. Old Abel himself had been a sailor; and when the boy expressed his desire to join the navy, although Lisbeth cried—mothers always cry at the first intimation that their sons intend to shape out a course for themselves, and very salt tears they shed where that course leads down to deep waters and is followed in ships.—Abel himself could not repress a feeling of pride. Jack would serve his country as he had done.

Abel had no fear for Jack's moral safety. The lad was well trained, he said his prayers every night, and his name was inscribed in bold boyish characters on a pledge card which hung over the mantel-piece. What the boy was at home, he would be at sea; there was no doubt of that, for he was loyal and truthful—as an English boy should be. As for the dangers of the sea, Abel had faced and tested them. The Father, who had preserved him from peril, would watch as carefully over his son. To let all plans sailing to the old man, but it was more difficult to persuade Lisbeth that a bright son shone behind the clouds.

Jack had his own way, and went to sea. On the day that he left home, Lisbeth took a small schooner which Abel had made as a plaything for the boy, and placed it on a shelf in the kitchen, where she could always see it. It was upon that childish toy that her eyes rested while Abel read the morning and evening

chapter. Often when kneeling she would glance there at, and her prayers became more earnest for those upon the sea, for that Jack was one of them.

That was years ago. Jack had grown up into a broad handsome fellow, light-hearted, venturesome; but he had never broken his early promise. During his sojourn at sea he had visited many foreign lands, and was now, if he were living, on the China station.

The postman reached the gate, poured, glanced through his bundle of letters, and then came stolidly up the path. He walked slowly, for he carried a weight of years, and the daily weary round had taken all elasticity out of his limbs. There had been a time when he used to wonder what might be in the letters he delivered, whether gladness or sorrow; but he had

exclaimed: "Abel went on reading. Presently he paused. 'Listen, wife. There's an American ship here, that's going to Manila to fight the rattled Spaniards. We gave her such a cheer.' Aye, the Yankees are our kin, Jack was in the right to cheer men who fight for freedom and righteousness; though I hate war." Again he read, 'I tell mother I am still in the service, and that my pledge holds good. Our captain is an aboriginal, and the chaplain is a man of the right stamp.' Thank God, the lad hasn't the temptations that were common when I was alist. Think of this, wife, I hope the flowers are all ablowing and agrowing!' Aye, Jack, I was at work among them when this came to hand."

So, with interjections, Abel read on to the end,

Lisbeth wiping her eyes, and listening. Then he read it all again without comment, and at the close said, "Well, wife."

"Abel, the boy is well; that is sufficient for me. The Lord be good, His mercy endureth for ever."

They opened the Bible, read Jack's letter, across its pages, and knelt side by side in devout thankfulness.

## FACTS FOR WORKERS.

At the Clarendon Press, Oxford, there are still in use the ancient oak composing frames, with round legs and panelled backs, which came from the Theatre (where the printing was once done). They prove conclusively that the compositor has not degenerated, whoever has, for it has been found necessary to add to their height to prevent the men from stooping. The craftsman who stood at them must have been at least six inches shorter than those of the present day.

SAND will be used to extinguish fire, if there should be one, in the New Telephone Company's exchange at Indianapolis. It is used because it is less injurious to the electrical apparatus than water or chemicals would be. The

sand is stored in a large tank above the exchange room, and is sifted automatically to any or all parts of the building in such a manner as to smother fire very effectively.

BETWEEN 700 and 800 tons of molten iron are transported by rail every day from the Duquesne furnaces to the Homestead Steel Works in Western Pennsylvania. The molten iron, as it is tapped from the furnaces, runs into an immense running ladle having a capacity of 250 tons; from this it is poured into the twenty-ton ladle cars, the ladles being made of sheet steel or iron with a lining of refractory material. The cars are then hauled by a locomotive to the steel works, where direct conversion of the molten iron into open-hearth steel is made. This avoids all the expense of casting the iron into pigs and cooling, handling, reheating, reheating and remelting the pig metal.



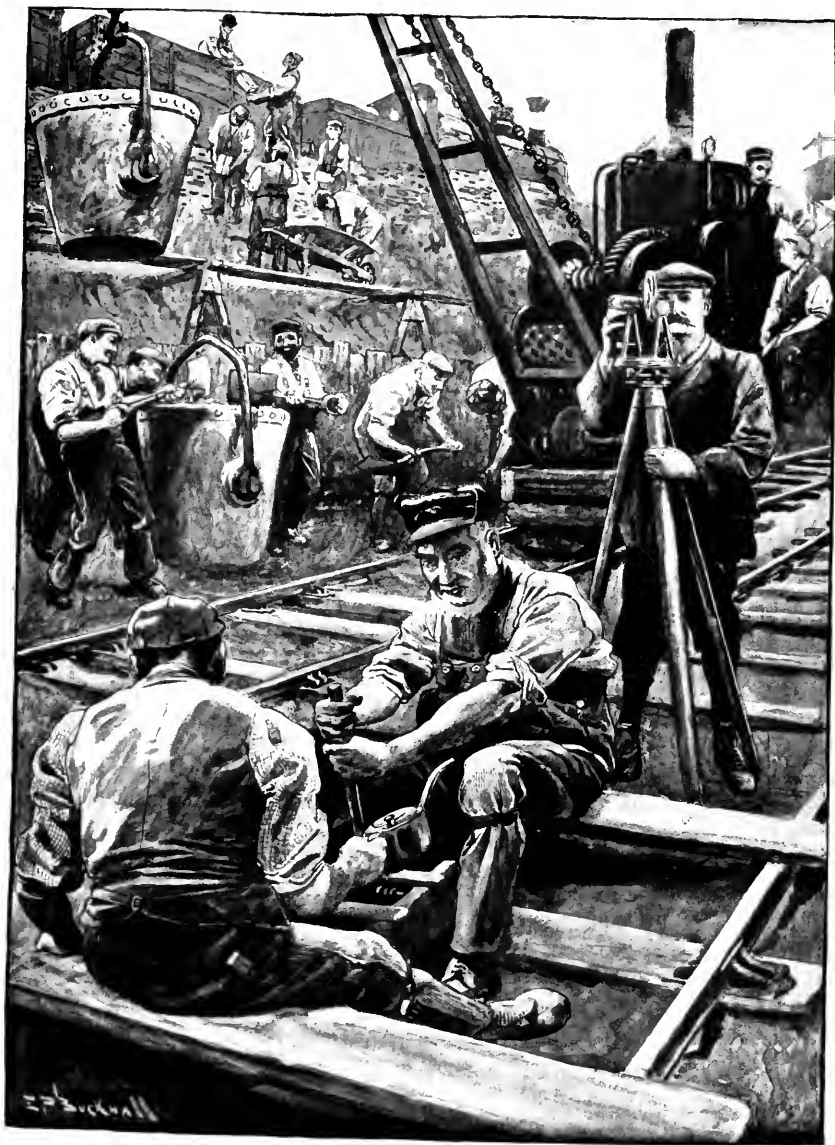
long since ceased to trouble his head. It was enough that he could cover the ground, and earn his wages.

Abel had known the postman all his life. They worshipped in the same chapel; as boys, had sung together in the choir; and now they were going down the hill of life in company.

"A letter for you, Abel; from foreign!" the old man called out, as if he had only just seen his crony.

"Aye," will be from the boy, was the reply. Abel spoke calmly, but he walked rapidly towards the door, passed Lisbeth, who had already taken the welcome letter, and went straight upstairs. There he knelt down, burying his face in his hands: then rose, and put on his Sunday coat. News from Jack, who was not only his son, but a servant of the Queen, must be received with all the respect that it deserved.

When he came down, Lisbeth gave him the letter, and hung over him as he read it. "Dear father and mother,"—the Lord bless the lad!—Lisbeth



From a Drawing by E. P. BUCKNALL.]

MAKING THE NEW LINE.

## THE FIGHT FOR THE NEW LINE.

BY HERBERT C. MIEL.

**B**EFORE any new railway can be made in this country the promoters must obtain a special Act of Parliament authorising its construction, and giving them certain necessary powers, including the right of making charges for the conveyance of traffic; and similar authority must be obtained if the company desire further powers at any future time. Hence there are at the present day more than 4,000 such special Acts upon the Statute Book, shared between the 300 or more railway companies in the United Kingdom.

It is scarcely possible for a railway of any importance to be projected without interference with some private or public interests, which have to be either conciliated or opposed, and if the promoters fail to conciliate these interests they frequently find themselves involved in a long and expensive Parliamentary fight with the prospect of a serious addition to the initial cost of the undertaking.

So great is the cost of these contests that it has been estimated to amount to not less than an average of £2,000 for every mile of railway constructed and open for traffic. It is difficult to say whether the average, at the present time, is so high as this, but the cost is without doubt enormous, and is safe to say, is to a great extent answerable for the high railway rates and charges of which complaints are so frequently heard.

It is certain that in the last ten years alone the railway companies in the United Kingdom have spent not less than £2,887,627 in legal and Parliamentary expenses, or an average sum equal to about £240 for every mile of railway in use. Probably something like two and a-half million pounds out of that sum was spent in Parliamentary warfare.

The cost of some of the individual fights is known to be very large. Two great railways have been constructed in recent years; one, the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway, a line running across England from east to west, and the other, the Great Central Railway, forming a new trunk line from the Metropolis to the Midlands and the North. The expenditure incurred in getting each of these schemes through Parliament was at least £100,000, and these figures, large though they are, have been paralleled in other cases.

Authoritative figures are not available for a later period than the year 1895, from 1880 to 1894, but during that time the railway companies spent in this barren and unprofitable way nearly one and three-quarter million pounds. It is evident, therefore, that nearly £300,000 is thus expended every year by the railway companies; and the burden of paying falls, as we have seen, upon the trader and the passenger whose money provides dividends upon this unproductive capital, equal on the average to 3½ per cent. per annum. Finally, indeed, the burden comes upon the general body of the public, who are the purchasers and consumers of the goods conveyed upon the railways.

Parliamentary warfare is, accordingly, seen to be no exception to the general rule which governs wars of other kinds, in that the cost is borne by those who get none of the glory, and that those who pay the piper do not have the privilege of calling the tune.

Of course, a great deal of this vast expense is quite legitimate and unavoidable. Payments for the work of the engineers and surveyors who lay out the route and prepare the plans, of the lawyers who conduct the negotiations, and of the printers and others who are necessarily employed, are inevitable and proper. What costs, however, the prolongation of a fight before a Parliamentary Committee for days and weeks. It is such costs as those of last year over the Bills for amalgamating the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways, and over the Bills for amalgamating certain Irish railways, that bring a fat harvest to all concerned.

The committee rooms of the Houses of Lords and Commons, in this warfare is carried on, present during the early months of the session an extraordinary scene of bustling crowds, among whom one easily recognises the faces of most of the managers of the important railway companies, and the well-known figures of the many-briefed members of the Parliamentary bar, whose dexterity in carrying on the various cases in which they are simultaneously employed is almost as great as the fees they receive.

Just as the wars of the Middle Ages were often fought by mercenaries who changed sides when their paymasters were changed, so the exigencies of the applicants for Parliamentary powers have brought into

existence special classes of skilled advocates and advisers who dispense their services on similar principles. A curious instance occurred last year in one of the committee rooms, when perhaps the most notable of the Parliamentary counsel appeared both for and against a bill. He had been retained in the first place by the London and North-Western Railway Company in opposition to the Bill, and had obtained a concession which satisfied his clients, and, having thus discharged his obligation to oppose the scheme, at once took his seat as the leading counsel in support of the Bill.

Besides counsel, there is a special class of Parliamentary agents through whom all the business connected with getting a Bill through Parliament is transacted. Then, too, there are the expert witnesses, whose nicely-balanced evidence forms a part of every properly-conducted contest.

The various stages through which a railway Bill passes before it is placed upon the Statute Book seem at first sight almost unnecessarily complicated. It will be seen, however, that the underlying principles are clear. The endeavor of Parliament is to fix in the first place, that all persons whose property or interests may be affected by any scheme shall be duly notified; that an adequate inquiry shall take place into the merits of the scheme; and that all persons properly entitled to appear in opposition may be heard, the House itself, as the guardian of the public interest, retaining the power to review the work of the committees to which it entrusts the examination of the measure.

Before a Bill can be proceeded with, the House must be satisfied that its standing orders have been complied with in respect of giving proper notices, &c. The good faith of the promoters has also to be proved by the deposit with the Treasury of a sum equal to one-tenth of the estimated cost of construction of the new line.

The promoters, having complied with the standing orders, or rules, of Parliament, and the Bill having been read a first and second time by the House, it is referred to a small Select Committee, whose duty it is to hear all opponents who are entitled to appear and to report whether the Bill should be allowed to proceed, and, if so, with what amendments. If the Bill successfully passes this ordeal, it is read a third time in the House itself, and is then passed on to the other House, where it has to go through practically an identical series of steps. A Bill may be originated either in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, and when the successive stages in the two Houses are passed, it receives the Royal Assent and thereupon becomes law. It is questionable whether the double examination of a scheme by committees of each House is necessary in the public interest.

The committees give their decisions, but not the reasons for them. These decisions are, it is generally recognised, substantially just and right, and the honesty and integrity of the committees are unchallenged. Any attempts on the part of unscrupulous promoters to "get at" the members of a committee would be likely to end disastrously. A story is told which well illustrates the case. A few years ago in the case of a railway Bill which was before a Lords' Committee, the promoters, who appear to have had a bad case, brought down to the committee upon a lady who was interested in the scheme, and who happened to be connected with one of the members of the committee, in the hope that his vote might be gained, but, to the chagrin of the intriguer, the young lord, upon discovering that his relative was an interested party, at once resigned his seat upon the committee. It is almost needless to add that the Bill was thrown out by the committee upon its merits.

Perhaps the greatest fights of recent years, besides those already referred to, have been those over the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, the extraordinary contests between the Taff Vale, the Barry, and the Rute Docks in South Wales, and the duel between the Caledonian and North British Companies in Scotland, in all of which enormous sums of money have been expended.

One day, when about to take a ride, Henry Ward Beecher glanced at the horse and remarked: "That is a fine-looking animal; is he as good as he looks?" The man replied: "Mr. Beecher, that is the best horse in our stable. He will work in any place you wish to employ him, and he will outstep any horse on the track." The preacher gazed admiringly at the horse, and then said, as if in soliloquy: "I wish to goodness he was a member of our church."

## THE SENTINEL.

III. "beat to quarters" of the drum throughout the camp had rolled;  
The watch was set, the midnight hour from many a turret rolled;  
And in a flood of silver light the moon's bright rays fell down

Upon the scarps and bastions of the beleaguered town.

IV. With measured tread the sentinels paced slowly to and fro  
Upon the ramparts that overlooked the hostile camp below;  
And one there was, with thoughts of home within his youthful breast—  
What if to-morrow's sun should light that stippling to his rest?

V. He was a gallant soldier-had, just in his spring-tide flower,  
His dreams were all of home and fame, at that still midnight hour:  
He recked not what the morrow's dawn for him might bring  
Nor thought that he should slumber see the moon's white beams no more.

VI. He mused how ears at home would hear his valour in the fight,  
How the clear eyes he loved so well would glow with pride more bright;  
Of how a mother's heart would long her hero to caress,  
A father proud and happy join his soldier-boy to bless.

VII. The sun rose glorious on the scene upon the battle-day,  
And hearts beat high, and swords flashed bright, as fiercer grew the fray;  
But victory was dearly bought, for many a martial soul From earth had fled, to answer not again the muster-roll.

VIII. Slowly and sadly in its course the night came on again,  
Once more the moonbeams fell alike upon the town and plain;  
And with their glory falling down upon his fair young head,  
Shot across his brave and noble heart the sentinel lay dead!

ANTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## DO YOU EVER PURR?

In my opinion the great charm of cats has never been properly noticed. It is their purring. What can be more restful than to listen to the loud purring of a cat? What can be more instructive? There you see pessimistic theories rebuked. Here is one creature in the world heartily and thoroughly content. You know that there are hundreds of thousands like him, and begin to suspect, if you are in the dumps, that you are disquieting yourself in vain, or at least, that things will go better yet. I am persuaded that it is this pleasing habit that has made cats so popular. I wish it were more common in superior beings. What misery is made in human life by the detestable habit of grumbling. No wonder that the early books of the Bible should denounce so bitterly the murmuring of the Israelites. Murmuring just means grumbling. The evil that cursed the first ages of the world curses the last. One should at least be able to refrain from giving himself tongue. If he does, he makes his trouble far worse, and he loads the life of other people, who are just able to go on and no more. On the other hand, there are plenty of people who do not grumble, but who never purr. Purring is not bragging. Purring is an expression of gratitude and content. There are many hard-working folk, wives and mothers especially, who keep tolling all the time and never get a word of thanks. How different their lives would be, if their husbands would purr when they came home. And why should wives not purr also, when it is possible to do so? Perhaps if they purred at a kind word they would bear more.

"CLAUDIUS CLEAR."

THIS month's *Family Friend* contains an article on "Mr. Moody at Northfield," by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan; a biographical sketch of Mr. Louis Wain; hints on "How to Choose a Piano," etc., etc.



### DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

THE complaint is made of many preachers who attempt to reach the masses that they have no inside knowledge of the life of working people, and are therefore out of touch with their real needs and ideas. There could be no such limitation to the usefulness of Mr. Moody, who knew well enough even in boyhood the pinch of narrow means and the strain of constant toil. When he was only four years of age his father, a working mason, died, leaving the widow with nine children, a small house on a mountain side, and one or two acres of land encumbered with debt. The creditors came and swept away everything, even to the firewood. But the mother was a woman of courage and resource, and managed to keep the home together, though in much privation. It was afterwards known that the first year after her husband's death she wept herself to sleep every night, yet she always kept bright and cheerful in the presence of her children. Young Dwight had to go to work early. His first occupation was tending a neighbour's cows on Strawberry Mountain. At seventeen he was off to Boston, where an uncle gave him a place in a boot shop. Later he found a similar situation in Chicago, which city was much better suited to his active temperament.

But God had in waiting for Moody a wider sphere than any boot shop could give him. He had been converted during his Boston days though he was kept back from Church membership for six months through failing to satisfy the deacons that he had a sufficient knowledge of doctrine. As soon as the Church had received him, he began to wake it up. When he reached Chicago he repeated the same process. For one thing, he hired four preachers in the Church of which he was a member, and kept them filled with young men. Then he made expeditions into the slums to capture recruits for the Sunday School. The first Sunday he startled the superintendant by bringing in eighteen lively young urchins, all ragged and dirt, but, as he explained, "every one of them with a soul to be saved." In open-air work in the lowest districts of Chicago he acquired the arts of plain and pointed speech and of dealing with difficult spiritual material, which were afterwards to stand him in such good stead.

Outside this city he first made his mark by his evangelistic work in the Civil War—his boot business having

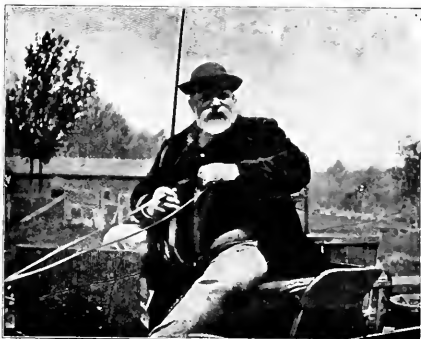
When they landed in Liverpool, Mr. Moody was about thirty-seven years of age and Mr. Sankey about forty. "They came to England," says Prof. South, "with no fame and hardly any credentials. Their methods were strange and aggressive, the season of the year unsuitable, and in their attempt upon Liverpool they failed. They moved to York and found as little sympathy there. So they went on to Newcastle and Sunderland, where at last, after a few weeks, large meetings were gathered and thoroughly roused." They next visited Edinburgh, where by Christmas the fire was well ablaze. In a few months it had spread over all Scotland. Similar results followed in the big towns of Ireland and England. The mission culminated in the monster meetings held in the Agricultural Hall, Finsbury. The features of the movement were the same everywhere. There was little eloquence and no sensationalism; the addresses given were without any graces of eloquence and were distinguished by bad grammar and uncouth pronunciation; but and it is a very great "but" they brought thousands of men and women to the foot of

### THE CHURCH AS A BEE-HIVE.

MANY well-meaning people, who have not the slightest idea of church work or Christian responsibility, attach themselves to a certain church simply because they take a fancy to the preacher. Such a mild brother once approached Dr. John Hall, for many years the pastor of the famous Fifth Avenue (New York) Presbyterian church, at the close of a preaching service, and gushingly said, "Dr. Hall, I very greatly admire your preaching, and I think I'd like to join your church." Dr. Hall assured him he should be pleased to add him to their fold, and asked him what line of church activity he preferred. He explained to



Round Top, where Mr. Moody is Buried.



Mr. D. L. Moody.

the candidate that theirs was a working church, and that everybody in their church was assigned to some definite department of activity, such as benevolence, the sick, charity, finance, missions, etc. The gentleman listened in astonishment. He was evidently embarrassed. A new idea had struck him. He had never thought of a church as a beehive, but as a sort of mutual admiration society, and a place in which to have a pleasant time. Turning to the doctor, in a timid, half-hesitant sort of way, he stammered out: "I—I can't say I care for any special sort of work. I simply want to belong to your church and hear you preach." Dr. Hall turned to him in a benignant manner and soothingly replied: "Brother, you've struck the wrong church. The church you are looking for is further down Fifth Avenue. It is the 'Church of Heavenly Rest.' And the brother departed.

### HOW LIQUOR DEALERS LOVE THE TRUTH.

SOME interesting correspondence has passed between Mr. George Blaiklock, barister, King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, and Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Limited, distillers, Perth. Mr. Blaiklock drew the attention of the firm to a whisky advertisement issued by it, containing the well-known figures taken from the London *Daily Telegraph*, purporting to show that total abstainers are shorter lived than drinkers. In his letter to the firm Mr. Blaiklock said:—"I must point out to you that those figures were compiled many years ago by Dr. Isambard Owen, and Dr. Owen has repeatedly denied that the figures in any way show the relative longevity of total abstainers and drinkers, the figures being compiled for a different purpose altogether, and the data upon which they were based will not for a moment support your theory. I have to ask you in common fairness to withdraw your advertisement, or, if you continue to use it, to prove the truth of the inference you seek to draw from it. If abstainers use any unfair argument, or make any untrue statement, it is very properly objected to, and I have no doubt that on your side, having drawn your attention to this matter, you will withdraw your card from circulation." Despite repeated applications, the only answer vouchsafed by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Limited, is to assert that which is not denied—that the figures were correctly quoted from the *Daily Telegraph*. But the firm abstained from explaining the obviously unfair and misleading use made of them.



Mr. Moody's Residence.

the Cross. Among these converts were many who today are doing splendid work in almost every town in the country, and there are many others, both ministers and laymen, whose religion was made a much more real and powerful thing by their contact with this mission.

The by-products of the movement—if we may borrow an illustration from manufacturing processes—were in many cases very remarkable. Missions to lodging-houses, Young Men's Christian Association, industrial schools, orphanages, and many kinds of social enterprise sprang up almost in the footsteps of the Evangelists, and are still in vigorous operation. It could not be said of Mr. Moody that he limited his interest to one phase of Christian service, however important it might be. In his own town of Northfield he established schools for boys and girls, and in Chicago he founded a Bible Institute for the training of Christian workers. He also founded a Colportage Association which sells nearly 100,000 books a month, and has been a helper of innumerable other undertakings in all parts of the world.

It would take much space to discuss the secrets of Mr. Moody's success, and to set forth and illustrate the leading features of his character, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his common sense, his generosity, his insight, his tolerance. May his example stimulate all who read these lines to strive with equal diligence and consecration to follow in their own lives, however humble their sphere may be, the plan of the Divine Will!

by this time been abandoned—and by his grip of large audiences at Sunday School conventions. He was not known in this country until 1871, when, in company with Mr. Sankey, he began the great evangelistic movement which will always be especially associated with his name. Professor G. Adam Smith truly says that the present generation do not know how large this movement was, and what results it had upon the life of our nation.

## COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

BY THE LATE REV. P. H. POWER, M.A.

COVENT GARDEN, of which we give a sketch herewith, is associated in the minds of those who have visited it with much that is beautiful and much that is ornamental, with vegetables and fruit which may be cooked or eaten raw; and with flowers, which under no circumstances go that way. The first are for the month, the second for the eye. The Mouth and the Eye! The second God that made each of these made also food for them.

Our scene represents Covent Garden in the very early morning, when shopkeepers and flower women supply themselves with their stock for the day. All now is bustle and noise, and the market wears a very different aspect from what it will do a few hours later. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables are being sold by auction and soon they will be scattered all over London.

The flower market is the part of Covent Garden of which the artist gives us a sketch—a market in which much money is laid out for what cannot be eaten, or drunk, or worn, except by a few as “buttonholes,” and concerning which many a hard man might say:—“What good are they?”

But God thinks flowers good, or He would not have made them. They are soon to fade; they must soon be thrown away; but during their short life they have their use, and many a flower has a wonderful history.

How much they would have to tell of “love.” There is that faded flower, squeezed out of all shape, between the leaves of a treasured book—its colour gone—its perfume gone. Ah! it is nothing to you, but it is ever so much to the person who owns that book—it was a love token. Why should I say “it was”? It is. When it was given, and how it was given, all remains fixed in the memory of the one to whom it belongs; you may be rich, but you have not money enough to buy that withered flower; you might purchase all that you see in the picture, fresh in their colour and their scent but that scented, withered flower you could not buy.

Did I say scentless? Ah! I should not have used that word. For one at least it has a fragrance of its own—there is such a thing as the perfume of memory, and that perfume is in that flower.

And in truth in matters of love, whether the married or the unmarried, flowers sometimes play an important part.

It is not considered right for a young gentleman to give a young lady anything of value unless he be engaged to her, but flowers are an exception; and they sometimes come in very handsomely and helpfully, and if only he give his flower in the proper way, and make with the gift a suitable little speech—ah! well, I shan’t say what I think will come of it.

But married folk have something to do with flowers—at least they may have; and, indeed, I had almost caught myself saying “they ought to have.” For as I have been saying, flowers are excellent love tokens; and I never could hold with the idea of some people that love was all very well for courting days, but that it was never intended that it should keep fresh in have any life in it as life went on. I believe in the flower state all through; what was promised by the bud, I think should be fulfilled in the blossom.

I wonder how many of these flowers which I see in

the pot will find their way to humble homes—how many Jacks will take a bunch home to their Jills—how many as they look at them will think of the little room at home with, perhaps, but little to calve it in—and not only of the room but of the person in the room. I say “the person, because there is but one to whom the word “the” can apply, and that is the wife. They may be children and, no doubt, they are persons, but there should be one above them all, and that is the dear wife.

Alas! there are many homes to which no flowers are taken, neither garden flowers, nor heart flowers. For the heart grows flowers as well as the ground.

robbery with violence is the only thing for which we give “the cat,” that won’t do; but I wish there were something which one might call “the kitten”—a little kind of cat, which would in some way or other follow the example of its father or mother; then “new, new,” would come, but not from the kit but from—Dear friend, never bring nettles or thistles home to the faithful wife!

Ah! Mary Anne, you think that’s very nice; but I must say something that’s very nice for your husband too.

There are many homes in which he is to be seen, not only some flowers, of a humble kind I grant you, but one or two real living plants. They live and thrive wonderfully, and thus, though surrounding circumstances seem against them. It is all because of care.

They are put in the sunniest spot in the room; they are watered, and even their leaves are washed like babies, to free them from dust and let them breathe for plants breathe as well as people.

Now, Mary Anne, see whether you cannot have some living home flowers. Don’t you have home thistles and nettles, and nasty prickly things of any kind for your Jack or Tom when he comes home. ‘Tis not for me to tell you how to show wife-love. If you are a woman—as I suppose you must be to be a wife—your woman’s heart will tell you how to do this, much better than I can, for I am only a man.

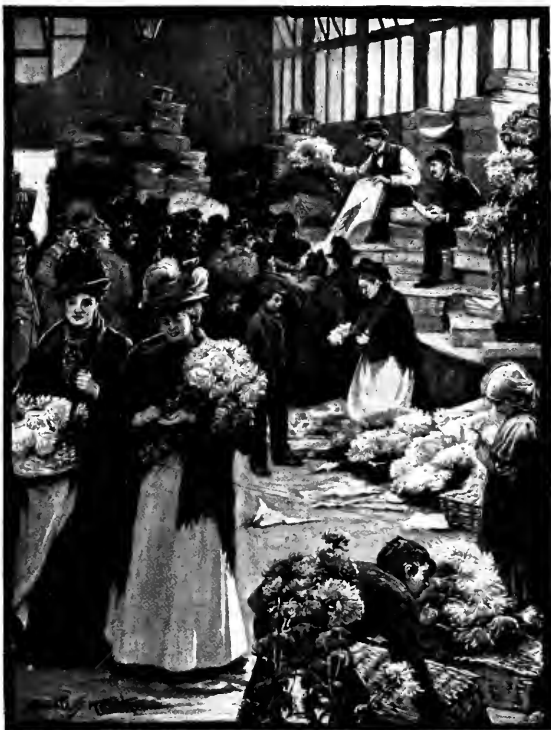
Some of these flowers which you see in the picture will go into buttonholes, and the wearers will carry them about all day. Buttonhole your dear man with the blessed love flower, and let him carry it about with him all day. A wife’s love carried about all day will be truer ornament to a man, and a more precious possession, than a chain of gold.

[This paper possesses a unusual interest as being one of an end a long series of contributions to THE BRITISH WORKMAN extending over many years. It was probably one of the latest articles written by Mr. Power, as it reached our office only a few days before his death. In the homes of the working classes no author’s name was more popular than that of Mr. Power, of whom it could truly be said that every line he wrote had for its object the uplifting and ennobling of his readers. He was especially known as a writer of short stories and tracts, some of which had an immense circulation. It should also be said that his great literary gifts were by no means used for personal gain. Some of our charities owe thousands of pounds to his generosity. By his lauded friend, every reader of this magazine has lost a true friend.—ED.]

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### “THE BRITISH WORKMAN” AT A COAL-PIT.

WE were recently informed, by a gentleman now on a visit to England after spending several years in the Orange Free State, of a curious incident he recently observed in a mining village in his own country. As the mine came up from the coal-pit there was waiting for them a pile of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, which was supplied to them by the managers of the colliery at half-price. It was evident, he says, that the papers were much prized by the men. This custom had been followed for many years, for our informant mentioned having seen similar piles of this paper at the pit-mouth before he left England.



## WHY NOT TRY AMERICA?

Suggestions for a Working Man's Holiday.

By F. M. HOLMES.

**T**O visit America seems, no doubt, an impossibility to the average British working-man. It appears impossible because of the expense and the distance. But if the virtues of going steerage can be considered, and the plan of saving a small amount weekly throughout the year be adopted, the apparent impossibility may be overcome.

The "Teutonic" at Spithead.

For instance, the return steerage fare, including food on board ship, by the excellent White Star steamer *Teutonic* has been only £4, which also flanked the journey to Liverpool. On the other hand, we must remember that rates vary and are sometimes much higher. But a person has been boarded and lodged and taken across the sea for £4 for about a fortnight. The vessel would wait perhaps a week at New York, refitting and taking on board cargo and stores for the return journey, so that the whole time occupied by the round trip from London was about three weeks. Allowing the visitor another £5 or £7 for his week in New York we get a total cost of £6 or £7 for his three weeks' trip, which is certainly very cheap. The requisite money could be obtained by saving a few shillings a week. Perhaps, if the actual facts were known, many a working-man could easily do this, and more, by abstaining from his beer.

But you will say, "It cannot be done now; it is daily well very well in theory, but practice is very different." Well, let us examine the subject further. In the *Daily News*, during the summer of 1899, appeared a letter, signed E. A. James, giving a record of his experience. He said that a few seasons previously, "after waiting for the right time," he went by the *Teutonic* to New York, and back the following week, including rail to Liverpool, for £4, with really splendid accommodation. The three weeks' trip, including several local journeys from New York, cost him, he says, £6 2s., which might be counted almost a record. During the last five years, he adds, "I have been 12,000 miles for a little less than £20."

This low price will not surprise anyone who has studied the history of steamship enterprise. Steamship managers have always catered for the many,

men and early autumn. It is impossible, therefore, to state with accuracy what the exact cost will be. The Allan and State line from Glasgow offer lower steerage rates than the Cunard from Liverpool, while the fares vary by different steamers, belonging even to the same Companies. On the principle, however, of preparing for the worst, it will, perhaps, be safe for a passenger to put down £9 in £10 as the probable cost of his ocean return ticket. This week in America will, of course, cost him anything he may like to spend, from £2 or £3 upward. According to the journal already quoted, there appear to be numbers of restaurants in New York where one can live comfortably on three shillings a day, and "hall" bedrooms that is little bed-sitting rooms without any service for meals, can be hired at sums ranging from eight to ten shillings a week. According, then, to prices ruling in the summer of 1899, anyone could travel comfortably by steerage to New York, Philadelphia, Boston or back in about three weeks or, perhaps, a day or two more, according to exact length of voyage, and spend a few days across the Atlantic, for about twelve guineas. This sum would mean a deposit of about five shillings weekly in the Post Office Savings Bank for 12 months. Rates have evidently risen considerably since Mr. E. A. James made his record trip.

But what sort of accommodation is furnished for persons travelling steerage? By many vessels it is excellent. In the first-class White Star steamer *Teutonic*, the steerage is a great affair. All the space on the upper deck is reserved for third-class passengers, and under the bulwarks on either side runs a sheltered seat where they can rest in peace. Easy steps, instead of steep ladders, lead down to the steerage berths and to the dining quarters, which are spacious and lofty.

Single women travelling steerage are placed in the after part of the huge vessel, under charge of a matron, while the single men's quarters and then smoke-room are situated forward. For families there are separate rooms, containing two and four berths; while there is also a comfortable pantry, providing a constant supply of hot water. Separate rooms for families are, indeed, old institutions on the White Star boats. The *Teutonic* can easily and comfortably accommodate 850 steerage passengers.

Then, again, the steerage on the *Lancania* and the *Campania*, which are crack vessels of the Cunard line, is reputed to be very good. Third-class passengers are placed on the lower deck, and portable iron berths are provided. These passengers have also the privilege of promenading on the upper deck, which gives

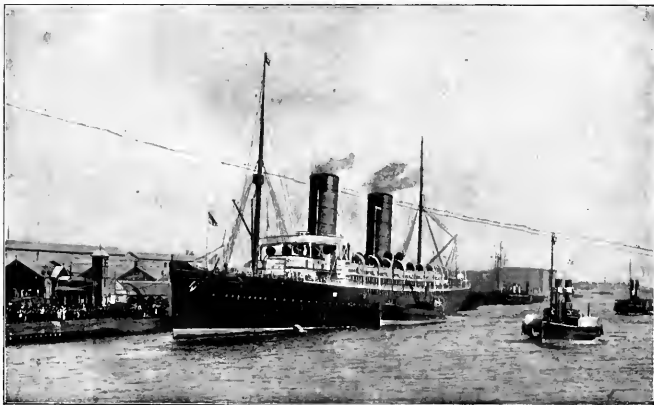


The Departure.

ample space for exercise, the circuit being no less than a furlong of a mile. From 600 to 1,000 steerage passengers can be accommodated on these mammoth ships, and each steerage compartment has a pantry for the particular use of its passengers. As to the speed of these vessels, they are among the fastest in the world, their average ranging from 21 to something over 22 knots.

The Cunard and White Star steerage rates ruling in the summer of 1899 were £5 5s. and £5 10s., according to ship. These vessels are, of course, among the fastest and the finest on the Atlantic. The finer and faster vessels of the American line, the *St. Louis*, *New York* and *St. Paul*, were charging £5 10s. rates from Southampton, while by the somewhat slower boats of the same line £5 was being charged, via Liverpool and Philadelphia. This fee included railway from London to Liverpool and from Philadelphia to New York, also nine or ten days' food on board ship. But, in fact, almost all of the numerous Atlantic liners sailing from Britain carry the three classes of passengers—saloon, second cabin or intermediate, and steerage—the fares ruling somewhat higher for the finer and faster vessels, but cheaper for the slower boats.

Chose sleeping accommodation near to clean and decent British folk or American. You may find several Polish or other foreign Jews on board, and indeed people, most likely, from all parts of the world. It is astonishing how soon people settle down together on a voyage. In a day almost everybody feels pretty much at home, and the passengers generally develop a sociable and helpful disposition. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and the feeling that they are literally all in the same boat may, no doubt,



R.M.S. "Campania" (Cunard Line).

conduce to sociability. Unless rough weather be continuously experienced, the voyage, after perhaps the first few hours, is usually enjoyed.

Some lucky individuals can sleep anywhere, and several do, no doubt, soon fast asleep in the first night aloft. Others doze lightly, or lie broad awake listening to the wash of the water on the ship's side, to the noise of the propeller, the thud of the engines, or they are thinking of home, or of the future in the new land, should they intend to stay in America. The women and children have, of course, disappeared long ago down the stairs, to their respective compartments, and Mrs. Rumpelstiltskin, who did not perhaps at first quite like her quarters—so different from her cottage home or town residence—has now quite settled down with her little family, and is snoring the snore of the just. That good man the steward has perhaps given her a little packet of tea of her own, so that she could indulge in a soothing cup when she chose, with her children round her; and some excellent beef tea which was distributed when she and the little flock felt quilty had also a very comforting effect.

Beef tea seems a great institution on board ship, and no wonder, when the beneficial effects on headachy and sea-sick subjects are considered. On board the huge disaster *Comptona*, for instance, it reckoned that 400 pounds of beef tea were used daily for ten days.

When stopping at Queenstown, you may probably have a very lively half-hour. Another hundred or so passengers come aboard, and those already on the ship watch the scene with interest, having recently passed through that experience themselves. Then a score of Irish girls may appear, selling oranges and lemons, and hats and travelling caps, and wearing all the trappings of bag work, but they are both agile and voluble are these Irish maidens—some of them, by the bye, a few years past girlhood's bright day. With the help of a boat-hook, they are aboard almost before the steamer has stopped.

Merry is their talk, too, in real Irish brogue, and they soon begin to dispose of their wares. When it is time for them to leave, their markets are heavier and their loads are lighter than when they came aboard.

And now the vessel is off indeed. The Atlantic journey is generally dated from Ireland, and with the object of avoiding collision certain steamers, such as the *Conaners*, take specified courses according to the time of year. The *Cananders*' outward journey from Liverpool to New York is given at 10 a.m. Should the sea be rough and the wind contrary, suffering from sea-sickness may be sadly prevalent. The steerage passengers must go on deck, and this regulation, though it may sound cruel, is really beneficial, for the fresh air and sun will be found very health giving, and perhaps the best remedy. Under the order "Full steam ahead," the good ship is driven "all she knows" across the ocean. On some of the vessels there is a playroom for children—an excellent arrangement, since it relieves parents' minds from anxiety, and also gives some amount of quiet to other passengers.

Should you think of Quebec as a point of arrival instead of New York, you will find fares much the same as to New York. There are facilities at Quebec for an immense amount of shipping.

Whether the holiday maker voyage to New York, or Quebec, or Montreal, he is likely to find plenty to interest him and afford him a good time. And if he cultivate friendliness and sociability—without necessarily keeping his heart on his sleeve, or loving his little all in gambling with strangers—he is likely to find much agreeable geniality, whether among our fellow subjects in Canada, or our American cousins in the States.

## GUARDING AND INVADING.

THERE are two ways of defending a castle; one by shutting yourself up in it and guarding every loophole; the other by making it an open centre of operations from which all the surrounding country may be subdued. Is not the last the truest safety? Jews was never guarding Himself, but always invading the lives of others with His holiness.

There never was such an open life as His; and yet the force with which His character and love flowed out upon the world kept back, more strongly than any granite wall of prudent caution could have done, the world from pressing against Him. His was like an open stream which keeps the sea from flowing up into it by the eager force with which it flows down into the sea. He was so anxious that the world should be saved that therein was His salvation from the world. He laboured so to make the world pure that He never even had to try to be pure Himself.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## SOME COMMON MISTAKES ABOUT LAW.

BY G. G. DESMOND, B.A., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

**F**ORGET how many years it is (only some seven or eight, since Mansfield House "Poor Man's Friend and Lawyer" was founded). Suffice it to say that this was the first organised "Poor Man's Lawyer" in England. There are now some six in London, one in Glasgow, and doubtless one or two in large towns south of the Tweed. However many there may be, I am convinced that there are not nearly enough. In Canning Town we receive over a hundred a week, some of whom come from remote districts quite capable of employing each of them a staff similar to ours.

All our advice is given free, though it is all skilled advice, and presumably worth from six and eighteen pence to one pound three and sixpence, according as we are solicitors or barristers. Afterwards, in many suitable cases, our secretary writes letters or arranges interviews of mediation, which result in the cheapest and pleasantest law known to mankind. Where nothing but litigation will fit the case we retire, since professional etiquette permits us to go no further. The client, armed with our opinion, can either go elsewhere to hire expert assistance, or quietly lament the fact that for the penniless those things for which one has to pay are as if they were not.

There are many facts of vast interest that any one of us could cite from his experience at this work, but, for the purposes of the present article, I am asked to confine myself to the misapprehensions of law that exist in the minds of people unacquainted with the mysteries of our cult.

### LAW AND COMMON SENSE.

There is a general belief that the law is a network of technicalities wherein reason and common sense are useless as guides, "a codeless myriad of precedent, a wilderness of single instances."

A hundred, or even fifty, years ago such a belief would have been justified by facts, for then the law was indeed ridiculously, or, shall I say, shamefully—technical. Nowadays it moves more or less along the lines of common sense, and here and there actually coincides with sound ethical dogmas.

### LANDLORD AND TENANT.

There is, for instance, nothing but common sense about the law relating to notice to quit between landlord and tenant, yet few of our poor clients but cherish fallacies concerning it. The landlord can take all the rent due at the date on which the notice expires without vitiating the notice. But the next week if he does so his notice becomes void. The reason should be obvious. Since the old contract is ended, no rent is due. On the other hand, by beginning to take rent again he creates a new tenancy, and must terminate it in the ordinary way. He must treat his old tenant as nearly as may be as a trespasser, and when he has got him out make him pay for using the house against the owner's will.

Some landlords threaten to charge double rent for as long as the tenant holds over. There is a statute on this, but only applies to agricultural leases. If, however, the landlord, when giving notice to quit, adds, "and if you do not I shall charge you hereafter, a rent of 10s. a week" (or any sum he likes to name), there will arise a new tenancy at the larger sum, for which, of course, he may detain or sue. He must not, however, fall into the common error of supposing that the law can help him to extract money from an impudently deaf tenant.

One more fallacy to which tenants are prone I will mention. They very often think that if the house falls in on them, or if defective drains poison the family, the landlord can be made to pay. They have warrant for this belief, for an Act of Parliament says so in set terms. It says:—

"In any contract for letting for habitation by persons of the working classes a house or part of a house, there shall be implied a condition that the house is at the commencement of the holding in all respects reasonably fit for habitation."

But it goes on to say that a workman's house is one that is let in London for £20, in Liverpool for £15, in Manchester or Birmingham for £10, in any other part of England for £8, in Scotland or Ireland for £4 per annum! I surmise that according to this definition there are not many working men's houses in England. I should be surprised if there was one in Canning Town.

### POOR MEN'S LAWYERS.

It is popularly believed that a poor man can get his case conducted for nothing, or in *forma pauperis*.

This is true, without being a valuable truth. If he can find a barrister and a solicitor willing to act for nothing, the court fees, save the cost of him. But how easily a poor man can achieve these preliminaries, I leave my readers to judge. In Scotland there are several lawyers annually appointed to the honourable task of representing poor litigants. It is a pity that the same steps to make the benefits of *in forma pauperis* real have not yet been taken in England. In cases of crime, which are the exception, public officers, I should think, would be only too glad to have barristers taking much like to some solicitors or barristers looking themselves out as poor men's lawyers in the full sense of the term. They would incur considerable professional odium, but they could console themselves with the reflection that they were following in the steps of Cicero, and many other famous lawyers of his time, and that they were doing a work of great benefit to that section of humanity that most needed it.

### HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Many wives think that when their husbands have committed bigamy they can marry again with impunity. This is to take an altogether wrong view of crime, which is an offence against the individual but against the State.

Others believe that seven years' desertion is as good as a divorce. This misapprehension has two sources. In the first place, it is the law in some of the Australian colonies that three years' desertion entitles the wife to a divorce. Secondly, it is true in this country that if one of the parties to a marriage is absent for seven years, which has been heard of, and there is a *bona fide* belief that he or she is dead, the other cannot be convicted of bigamy if a second marriage is contracted. If, however, the former husband or wife is shown to be alive, the issue of the second marriage will be illegitimate.

It is not true, though it is very generally believed, that a husband, as right of access to his wife wherever she may be. He has no such right to enter another person's house by reason of the fact that his wife is within, whether temporarily or permanently.

### THE LIABILITY OF PARENTS FOR CHILDREN.

When Tommy, while playing cricket in the back-yard, carelessly or officially swipes a ball through a neighbour's window, father is liable to enter his hand in his pocket and pay for the damage. He is not, however, liable in law, though it does nobody harm to let him think so. If Tommy is told by father to mend the roof, and in the course of that employment allows a slate to slide off and damage a neighbour's property, then father is liable for the negligence of his "servant." These two cases will serve as types to show when we are liable and when not for the acts of our children.

### ACTIONS FOR SLANDER.

Often and often we hear to hear of the most cruelly defamatory stories told of our clients by spiteful enemies. We are assured that there is not the slightest truth in these slanders, that they cause acute pain, and that a vindictive action at law is imperatively necessary. Yet we are only able to tell our clients that the sole cause for a writ man is for them out of the question, namely, a writ in the High Court. They go away declaring that a poor man's name is as valuable as that of the highest in the land, and that it does seem very hard, &c., &c. But if the county court would take notice of such evidence, and if cases of slander they would quickly be choked in the cradle, so that litigants would have to wait as long for their rights as the claimant in the celebrated case of *Jarnyde v. Jarnyde*.

My allotted space has been filled, and still the reader is uninstructed in the whole law of the land. Let him soothe himself with the reflection that the Constitution regards him as knowing quite as much law as all the Chancellors that ever were, rolled into one, for it is a fundamental axiom that "everyone is presumed to know the law."

"I suppose that John Atkins is one of your best weavers?" remarked a minister who was being shown through a great mill by the foreman. "Not much he isn't," replied the foreman. "The trouble with John is that he stands around talking about his religion when he ought to be attending to his loom. He is a good looking fellow, and has the making of a fine weaver in him, but he hasn't learnt to weave yet, while he is in this weaving shed his religion ought to come out of his fingers, and not out of his mouth."

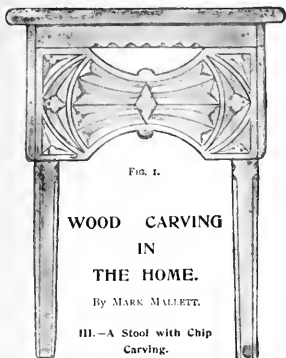


FIG. 1.

## WOOD CARVING IN THE HOME.

By MARK MAULETT.

### III.—A Stool with Chip Carving.

WE are now about to try our hands on what is known as chip carving. This is mere surface ornament. It gives us no bold effects, no strong lights and shadows, such as we have in some other kinds of carving. Yet it is pretty and pleasing, it is easily learned, and needs few tools or appliances. The chip carver does not commonly use a mallet; and in the design before us the only tools needed will be the chisel and the veneer.

But before we begin to carve, we have first to make our stool. The wood may again be pine. The four legs will be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. square; they are, however, so planned as to taper to 1 in. square only at bottom.

Fig. 1 is an elevation of one of the sides of our stool; fig. 2 shows construction. This last is supposed to be the under side of the top. It is a piece of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch board 15 in. long by 12 wide; in the centre is a hole cut for convenience in lifting; and the corners are neatly rounded and glass-papered off. At *a, a, a, a*, we see where it rests on the legs, and it must be borne in mind that the two outer sides of each leg will be set at right-angles with the top, and that the slant will be on the two inner sides; thus every pair of legs will be an inch wider apart at bottom than at top. In their lower parts the corners of these legs are chamfered off as shown. It will be well to set out the actual top board with the lines drawn in fig. 2, and temporarily to fix the legs to it by a small screw driven into each.

That done, it will be easy to arrange round them the four narrow strips, *b, b, b, b*; these are of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wood  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, those for the sides 12 in. long, those for the ends 9 in. long; they are screwed to the legs.

It is upon the wider pieces which come below that we shall place our ornament. These are of the same thickness and length as those above, but 6 in. deep. The drawing being merely mechanical, Fig. 2 is drawn to scale, one-fifth of the actual size. The end pieces will differ from this side piece only in having

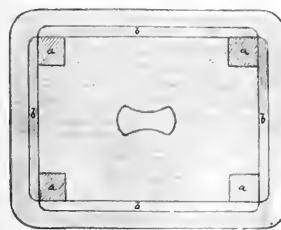


FIG. 2.

the middle portion—that between the curved lines—made shorter by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

And now a word about chip carving generally. As we may see in this very simple example, it consists in an arrangement of shallow triangular hollows—known as pockets—cut between ridges which rise to the original level of the board; and these pockets frequently end at diamond or half-diamond shaped pieces which have a flat surface, also a part of the original level of the board. In each side of these diamonds a nick is usually cut with the veneer to give variety, as may be seen in fig. 1. All chip carving may be said to be merely a repetition of these pockets and diamonds, differently shaped and arranged upon some geometrical plan; and anyone with a pair of compasses and a pencil can readily strike out such a pattern for himself as will please him when carved.

In working, we first trace the pencil lines, which are liable to get rubbed out, with the veneer. To begin a pocket we make a cut with the chisel at the edge of one of the diamonds; a straight-down cut, with the tool held at right-angles to the surface, but in pressing it down we bear most heavily towards that side which comes to the bottom of the hollow. Then, holding the chisel almost horizontally, and with the first fingers of the left hand upon it to steady it, we shave down first one, then the second side of the pocket, bringing out a triangular chip. This we repeat with the other pockets, bringing out the chips with as much truth and neatness as we can. A sharp chisel is necessary for this work, and one ground thin does best. After the pockets have been cleared, the nicks have to be cut in the sides of the diamonds, which is a very simple matter.

It will thus be seen that there is not much to learn in chip carving. Neatness is the main thing. It is not a difficult art, yet the result is so pretty as to make it very interesting. Sometimes the level cut made by the chisel is varied by a curved cut made with a gouge; but in chip carving the gouge preferred is one only very slightly curved—a tool, in fact intermediate between the chisel and the ordinary gouge. Such a tool, it may be observed, is useful in other kinds of carving also.

Although we have used glass-paper on the joiner's work of our stool, we should not use it on the carving. It would injury its sharpness, and we should learn to make clean work with the chisel.

The carved pieces will be screwed to the legs, and the top screwed down to the legs and to the strips. As a finish, we can stain the wood to ebony or any lighter shade, and varnish it.



By LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME REFUGES," "A KING BABY," ETC.

### II. Sunshine.

NEXT to a need for fresh air in our homes comes the importance of sunlight therein.

An old proverb says, "Where the sun never comes the doctor comes." It is a very true one. One cannot over-estimate the power sunlight has on all spores and germs and microbes of disease. And every decrease in doctor's accounts means a corresponding lessening in care and worry. Think of the moments of keen anxiety which precede the sending for a medical man (especially if we possess only a limited income). Think of the hours of anguished watching which follow his visit. Think of the chemist's bills which shadow an illness as surely as night follows day. Then calculate what you may save by choosing a house with an easterly or southerly aspect!

The windows of a room in which we have to pass the most of our time should never be darkened with blinds. The ordinary roller blind is a most expensive, useless thing. Vell your casements decently, if needs be, with soft art muslin curtains. These will not keep out God's sunlight, and yet will look neat and natty

outside. In order to secure privacy at night all that is necessary is a pair of serge or heavy sheeting curtains. These will only cost a couple of shillings (not half what the roller blind would) and must depend from a narrow rod. This rod in brass can be purchased for 4d. a foot, in iron it costs even less. The curtains can, nay, must be sewn to rings large enough to allow of easy running. In the day-time these curtains will, of course, hang straight folds as far from the casement as possible. Thus no rays of sun will be prevented from coming in with their burden of health and happiness. Do not value carpets or pictures more than the flood of brightness which King Sol always brings with him. Our children's fair, rosy cheeks are far more beautiful than any picture painted by the hand of man. Such can only be secured by exposing them to sunlight, and certainly that plants of all kinds bleach, and cease to grow when placed in a dark cellar, where the sun never enters. As surely, our children will be stunted in growth, and blanched in colour, if we studiously exclude sunlight from the living-rooms.

We often see what the solar rays can do to preserve us and ours in health. Let us note their power in the sick room. In almost every illness direct contact with sunlight is conducive to recovery. This is so well recognised nowadays that the sun-bath is often resorted to in cases of seemingly hopeless illness, with the result that symptoms are ameliorated, even when a lasting cure cannot be effected. Close to this is a National Hospital for consumptives. These poor folk are kept out of doors in all weathers. When snow lies thick on the ground, gloves and coats of fur are provided, and they are sent out to see the smallest beam of sunshine. If treatment of such a deadly disease as consumption includes the use of sunshine, surely we neglect one of our most powerful allies, in the cure of other less serious ailments, if we do not allow the sun to do his share. In all contagious diseases sunlight is the greatest preventive and the strongest disinfectant we have.

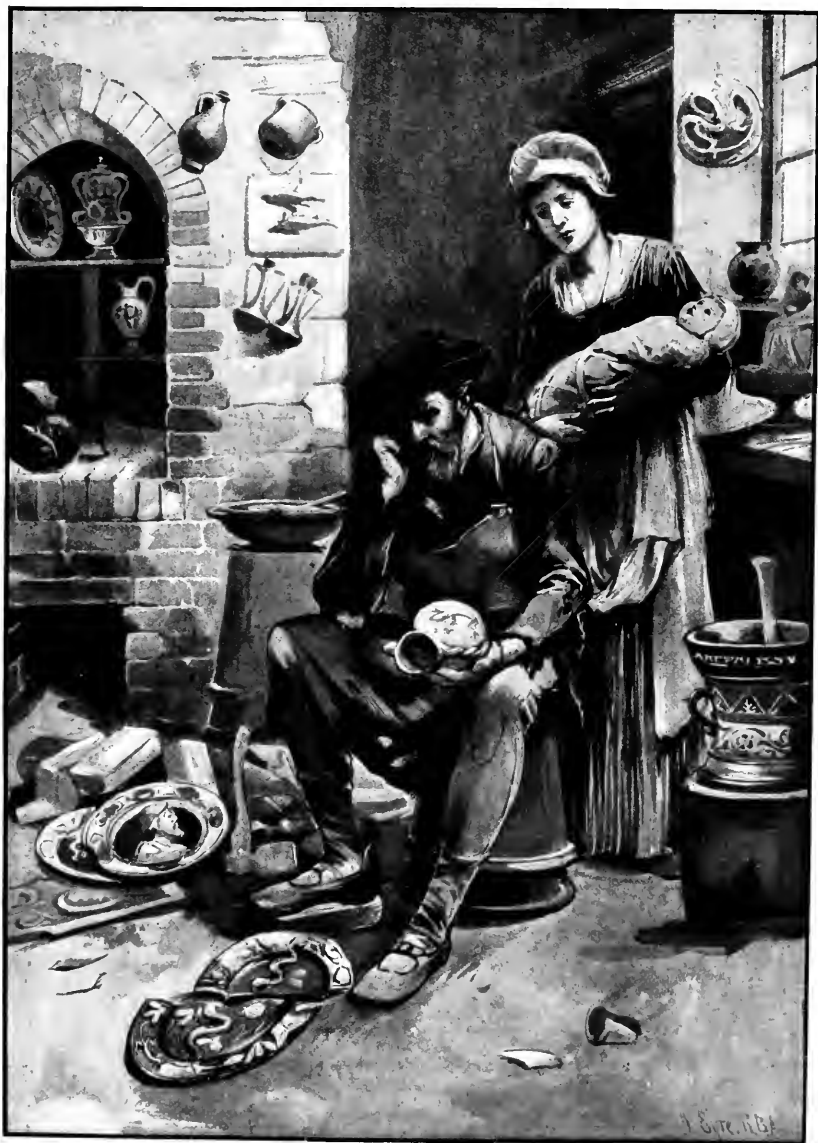
When eye weakness (such as in measles) calls for semi-darkness, you can secure such for the poor eyes of themselves without excluding sunlight from the rest of the room. Make a screen (such as I advised in a chapter on fresh air last month) out of an ordinary clothes-horse or towel-rail, then place it between the patient and the window. If put close to the foot of the bed no light will fall on the eyes, even if the whole apartment be flooded with sunshine. It is, however, an important point in this connection, that a sick person's wish must always be humoured. I have heard of partial blindness following disregard of the craving for shelter in a seemingly mild case of measles. In both this disease and also in small-pox, the mucous membrane is in such a delicate state all over the body, that a delicate organ like the eye can easily be irretrievably damaged.

In every such case is invaluable. If, unfortunately, a child contracts scarlet fever, see that those not already attacked spend all their time out of doors. That treatment will be almost as efficacious as isolation would be. I know how almost impossible it is to isolate a sick person in a flat or tiny house. If, therefore, you cannot send the fever-stricken child to hospital, send the well children out into the sunshine all day and night, and have called to your aid the mightiest natural force there is.

Digestion is largely influenced by sunshine. We assimilate food better when we partake of it in a bright room. So do not think that any hole is good enough to "mess" in. If I had my way, that monotony in a working-man's house, "the parlour," would be conspicuous by its absence. As its name implies, it is a chamber given up to *idleness*. The idling is mostly done by visitors! That parlour is generally the best room in the house. It is there the sunshine comes in the afternoon, and in the morning too! At least so one must conclude, because its rugs are always covered with brown paper to prevent fading. Take the best rooms in your house, dear friends, for your own use. Let the parlour be the children have the pleasantest, brightest apartments. And, you will find that John will less often go outside his own home if he finds plenty of sunlight therein. Your own temper and nerves will sweeten and strengthen also, and the children will grow like olive branches round about your table!

An ounce of carbolic acid in paste will check the ravages of vermin which infest papered walls. A little carbolic acid used in cellar whitewash will prevent the unpleasant flavour which is apt to impregnate milk, meat and other edibles when kept in a close, underground room.





*From a Drawing by J. EYRE, R.B.A.]*

PALISSY THE POTTER.

## JIM BRODERICK'S SECRET.

By J. J. FARKINSON.

**J**IM BRODERICK was the victim of banter, some of it good-natured and some otherwise. A few of his neighbours, who were also his mates in the mine, used to call him "Sentimental Jim." If his tormentors' intention was to provoke Jim to utter angry words and do angry deeds they were disappointed, for he always received their banter with a smile.

Now Jim had a garden, which adjoined his cottage, and in the garden was a crudely made hower in which he used to sit when the days or evenings were warm. Then he would take out of his pocket a small package, at the contents of which he would gaze meditatively for quite a long while; occasionally, with tender touch, he would finger the contents, while he smiled and sighed alternately. Jim never paraded this indulgence in sentiment. It was a secret habit of his; at least, he intended it to be secret. But prying eyes detected him, curiosity was aroused, and loose tongues began to wag. Gossip does not respect privacy. The eyes that had invaded the seclusion of his hower were directed upon him even in the mine also, when the exigencies of that lonesome and darkness kind of toil would permit.

The hidden watcher's curiosity was satisfied, but in a small measure only. Faint though the light of Jim's candle was, it revealed him in the act of looking at his little package; but in the bowels of the earth Jim's preps were short, for he must live by the sweat of his brow—not by sentiment.

"Jim Broderick is a queer un," said one pitman to another.

"Aye," was the reply. "Aw wonder what's in that crumpled bit o' paper he carries about with him everywhere, and is always lookin' at when he thinks nobody is watchin' him?"

"Aw wonder," repeated the other. "And how serious he is when lookin' at it!"

"Say; aw hev seen him smile."

"What is his secret?"

"As him."

"Bah! Aw shan't mak' myself a meddler, let alone a fool!"

Then aw'll ax him, and if he winnot tell, it will do him no good."

The name of the last speaker was Dick Kemp.

"Gimme a pipe o' harcy, Jim," said Dick Kemp.

The two men were sitting together in the pit having a rest. Jim produced his tobacco box and handed it to his mate.

"Aw want rayther hevy a pipe o' that fancy harcy thou carries in thy packet lapped in paper, Jim," said Dick.

"Aw hev no fancy harcy; who said aw had?" said Jim.

"Nebdoy. But what thou keep in that paper, Jim?"

"What paper?"

"Thou kens. Why, man, thou's not as sly as thou thinks thyself. I've seen many folks hev seen thou spooin' over summat in a little bit o' paper; and they've called thou Sentimental Jim."

"Ah! aw understand," said Jim.

"Is't very big secret?" persisted Dick.

Jim said it was only a small matter, and did not concern anyone but himself.

"But thou'll tell me?"

"No, nor anyone else."

Dick's prurient curiosity had received a check. He was not satisfied. He would solve the riddle, regardless of consequences. Had he not boasted that he would do so? He waited for a suitable opportunity, and it came.

Jim sometimes carried the package in the inside pocket of his pit flannel jacket, of which he divested himself before beginning to toil. One day Dick, screened by the Egyptian darkness that pervades a coal mine, and with his heavy shoes off, stole into Jim's working place. His hand went into Jim's jacket pocket, and he found the little package. But at that moment he was gripped from behind by a pair of strong hands. Jim had caught the thief.

The two men struggled, one to retain the mysterious package, and the other to take it from him. But Dick stuck tenaciously to it. The more they struggled the nearer they came to Jim's candle, while Jim was affixed to a prop by means of a piece of clay.

Then Dick saw a chance of defeating his adversary by a bold, bad trick. Dick saw how he might destroy the package unknown to Jim, and this he decided to do, though the carrying out of the manoeuvre would deprive him of his hope of unravelling Jim's secret.

Jim sharpened his hold of Dick to regain his breath.

Dick's face was turned to the candle, but Jim's back was opposite it. The hand of Dick which held the package was extended beyond Jim's back, and in a line with the flame of the candle. Dick made a slight movement, and then there was a momentary increase of light, followed by a smell of burning.

Jim released his hold of Dick.

"Oh, Dick! What's that done?" said he.

Dick laughed and said, "Burnt thy paper and its contents. No tell me what was in it?"

"Ask the candle," said Jim, who was too sorrowful, as well as angry, to say more.

Two young children, one the daughter of Jim Broderick, the other Dick Kemp's, were playing together the Colliery Row, during a pause in their game, little Susie Kemp said:—

"Bella, aw heerd my da tellin' my ma that he had had a fight with thy da in the pit to-day, and oh, my! didn't he laugh! It was all about some paper o' thy da's that he da burnt, 'cos he wouldn't let her see it."

"Thy da shouldn't be so stupid, Bella."

A meditative look came over the little face of Bella Broderick when she heard these words. After awhile, she replied in a perfunctory voice:—

"My da stupid? Dmnot be so silly, Susie; he's not stupid! He's the very best da on the colliery."

Susie pointed her lips in a disparaging and contemptuous manner, but, of course, this did not alter Bella's opinion.

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lock of hair, but aw insist on bein' allowed to pay at least half the cost of a tombstone."

Dick was glad when Jim acquiesced in his proposal, but the memory of his rash deed ever remained with him, causing him many a miserable hour. These two men became close friends. Jim's secret is still a secret so far as the rest of the villagers are concerned. People wonder what made Jim and Dick so friendly, but of course the bond of their friendship is also a secret.

## OUR FRONT-PAGE PICTURE.

## PALISSY THE POTTER.

ONE of the most picturesque figures in the history of art was Bernard Palissy, the French potter. He was a man of some education, and worked as a surveyor and also as a painter on glass. He found soon after his marriage in 1538, when he was about twenty-nine years old, that the art of glass painting did not afford much prospect of supporting a wife and family. "It was at this time," he says, "there was shown to me an earthenware cup of Italian manufacture, turned and enamelled with so much beauty that from that time I entered into counterfeits with my thoughts, recollecting several suggestions that some people had made to me when I was painting portraits. Finding that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was little patronised, I began to think that I should discover how to make enamels. I could make earthen vessels and other things, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing."

He made many trials upon fragments of pottery, firing them in the furnaces of the glass-makers, as he says, without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. About this time he was commissioned by Francis I. to survey the salt marshes of his neighbourhood; this gave him some money, which he devoted to pursuing the track of the enamels. He tells us his composition was of tin, lead, antimony, etc., and his colouring pigments the oxides of copper, iron, manganese, etc. He had but little knowledge to guide him in building a kiln, or of the degree of heat requisite to melt his enamels, for he had fed his trials in the glass furnaces, and the results were much hotter than those of pottery. When he had exhausted his stock of firewood and the enamels did not melt, "I was forced," he says, "to burn the palings of my garden and then the tables and flooring of my house." Still the enamel did not melt, and the vessels which his wife had seen him spend seven months making, lay before her, spoilt. On another occasion the mortar which he had used in building his kiln contained fragments of flint which, when the enamels melted, were scattered by the heat and stuck to the ware. "I broke in pieces the entire batch from the salt burning rather than sell them at a low price." Our sympathy may be with the poor wife who saw her poverty increasing and was unable to comprehend why he pursued this unprofitable phantom. At last, however, his experiments were crowned with success.

Palissy was an ardent follower of the doctrines of the Reformation, and suffered imprisonment in consequence of his freedom of speech and thought. The mob wrecked his workshop and broke his pottery. It is certain that had he not acquired his secret as a potter—his death would have meant the extinction of an ornamental art of which the nobles had need—he would have paid the penalty of his convictions upon the gallows. The religious struggle culminated in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when Palissy, now an old man, was imprisoned for his faith in the Bastille, where he died in 1585.

## BRIDGE BEFORE PICTURE.

DURING "Stonewall" Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, it became necessary that a bridge over a small creek should be built in great haste. One evening Jackson sent for his old pioneer captain, Myers by name, and pointed out to him the urgency of the occasion, saying that he would send him the plan of his colonel of engineers as soon as it was done. Next morning Jackson rode down to Myers' quarters and, saluting him warmly, said, "Captain, did you get the plan of the bridge from Colonel?" "Well," said the captain, "the bridge, General, is built, but I don't know whether the picture is done or not!"

See *The Family Friend* for an illustrated article by F. M. Holmes on "Strange Craft."

## WOOD CARVING IN THE HOME.

BY MARK MALLET.

#### IV.—A Small Bracket Cupboard with Chip Carving.

**S**UPPOSE that we now apply the knowledge we have gained of chip carving to something more elaborate; we shall find a good subject in the bracket cupboard before us. In this we shall have a useful as well as an ornamental scrap of furniture; for it will make a handy receptacle in which to stow away any small articles in frequent use—the man who draws might occupy it with his pencils and similar gear; a lady might utilise it for her scissors, thimble, &c.— whilst it will decorate the wall not less than a picture.

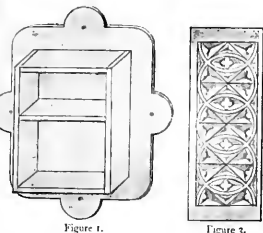


Figure 1.

Figure 2.

The cupboard proper will project 6 in. from the wall; it will be 1 ft. high and 9 in. in width; its ornamental backboard will measure in its greatest extent 20 in. x 17 in.

We will make it of half-inch board throughout, and we can, if we like, use pine, as before. The dimensions of the backboard have already been mentioned; the measurements of the other six pieces will be in inches: door, 12 x 9; sides, 12 x  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; top, bottom, and shelf, 8 x  $\frac{1}{2}$ . The construction may be as simple as possible (see diagram), and the door may be of solid fixed wood, or of a material with a wood-grain effect, or even together with screw. One-and-a-quarter inch square driven through the backboard into the door fixed pieces come in contact with it, will be sufficient to support the weight of the cupboard and its contents; whilst smaller screws, driven through the sides into the cross-pieces, will hold it together. The attachment to the wall may be made by means of round-headed brass screws, driven through the holes in the top and bottom boards, and placed in the joints of the brickwork figure three times.

In fig. 1 we have a perspective view of the cupboard as temporarily put together before carving, and before the door has been hinged on. This shows construction; the scale is about  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Fig. 2 is an elevation of the front as it will look when carved and finally put together, and it is thus drawn that the pattern of the carving may be fully shown. Its scale is just a sixth of the actual size. The method of carving will be exactly the same as that described in our last paper; nor will any more tools be absolutely necessary, though the addition of a quarter-inch chisel might be an advantage.

Fig. 3 gives the pattern of the sides; the top and bottom, of course, will not be carved



Figure 2.

Before nailing on the door, it will be well to screw two narrow strips of thin board across its back as ledgers, to prevent splitting or warping. They may be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and should be placed about an inch from top and bottom. Their ends must not come nearer either edge of the door than half an inch.

Supposing that we have worked in pine, we shall doubtless wish to darken the colour of our cupboard. Wood stains are sold by which we may tone it to any depth; and, after using any of these, we shall probably finish by varnishing. Varnish, it should be remembered, must always be laid on very lightly; if one thin coat is not sufficient, a second thin one may be given, but never a heavy one.

If, however, we propose to regularly cleanse our work, we shall do better without the brought stains or varnish. We should boil logwood chips in water, and brush the hot decoction over the wood—this will turn it to a deep orange colour. We should then brush a solution of iron over it, which we may make by putting iron tacks in a bottle with vinegar for a few days—this will turn the orange wood to a jet black. We should then polish with beeswax and turpentine melted together, and well rubbed on with a brush. A fine polish is gained by giving very little of the mixture, and a great deal of rubbing.

But we may prefer to use such a work as the present in some wood which has a rich and pleasing colour naturally. Apart from appearance, there is another reason which may incline us to this—it is only occasionally that we find pine of sufficient width to make our bar-board without joining, and to make a good joint is no easy matter for the amateur workman; whereas, in the darker and harder woods the required breadth may readily be found. Nor need this superior wood be a costly matter. Many East Indian tea-chests are cut from timbers which have smooth and regular grain, fine colour when polished, and ample width; and such may be bought at from sixpence to a shilling each. The writer has worked up many of these.

## MY LAST DRINK

BY S. H. HADLEY

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE OLD JERRY MCAULEY  
MISSION, NEW YORK.

**O**N Tuesday evening, on April 18, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, lying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days. I was suffering from the cold and suffered with delirium tremens from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for, when that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the bay and go to London." So I ordered it that when the time did come I would not be able to get out of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's Friend. I walked up to the bar and told the waiter to get me a glass of water. He rattled. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, "If I am to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up." So I went to the nearest police station, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord; that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said—“Pray!” I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and found my way to my brother’s house, where every care was given me. While I was lying in bed, the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning I felt that day would decide my fate.

Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected ; and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence, told his experience, that simple story that I had heard so many hundred times afternward, but which was ever new ; how he had been a " thief," an outcast, a drunkard,

4 but I gave my heart to God, and he saved me from everything that's wicked and bad.<sup>29</sup> There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me?" I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from ruin, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there.

When the invitation was given, I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved; if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: "Dear Father, don't you look down in pity on these poor sinners. They are poor, but they are not yet lost, are they? Along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do for Jesus' sake—Amen!" Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said: "Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for you." He spoke to one after another, as he knelt his knees, and said: "Pray for me."

to do for you. Oh! Their heads, saying, "Brother, you pray for us, tell us how to pray." I began to do for you. How I trembled as he approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. "The devil knelt by my side, and whispered in my ear crimes that I never committed, and that are you going to do about such and such matters if you are a Christian to-night?" Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had not you better think this matter over awhile and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start 2<sup>nd</sup>. Oh, what a conflict was going on in my heart! "A blessed whisper said, 'Can't you pray for me?' The devil said, 'Can't Jerry's hand was on my head.' He said, 'Brother, pray for me.' Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said, "Yes Jesus, can you help me?" "Yes," he said, "never again will I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on the power of Jesus Christ! His glorious brightness and power, had come into my life, had become a thing that passed away, and all things had become new.

From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1872. I have now been here thirteen years, and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man. Pray for us.

## WHAT LIQUOR WILL DO.

THE following verses are taken from an Australian paper. We are afraid that similar effects result from the same causes in England also—

Old Jabez Jones was proud to think  
That he could take a sea of drink,  
Yet be as sober and as staid  
As if the drink were lemonade.

He told his friends he'd pack his trunk,  
And go to town and not get drunk.  
Alas! one glass in Sydney town  
He found soon fixed him:— — — — —

And so he went to Melbourne then,  
And tackled liquor once again ;  
But much to his disgust, he found  
One glass would start him ————

to Brisbane then he went, but there  
he found he could no better fare—  
his sober aim he seemed to miss,  
for one glass made him \_\_\_\_\_

he various trials make him sad,  
 so he condemned *all drinks as bad*,  
 'til liquor now he calls a snare,  
 and now he's acting on the square.

## ANIMALS, WISE, ROGUISH, AND CRIMINAL.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF  
"WONDERLAND WONDERS," &c.

"CHILDREN are not like they were when I was young," said an old woman to me once: "they grow up and get wicked." "Wise and wicked." This phrase might well be applied to animals as well as to children; for it is certain that many animals are wise, and I am afraid it must be admitted that some of them are wicked. Sometimes the wickedness is mere roguery, and productive of no great harm; but often it is downright cruelties, being the result of cruelty done for the mere pleasure of giving pain and taking away life.

Often animals are blamed for doing that which is perfectly natural. In the fourteenth century a lob-tailed wolf kept the city of Paris in terror for ten years, by snatching away men, women, and children, in what might be termed a "raging" manner. It was natural for the Parisians to hate and fear the lob-tailed wolf, but it was also natural for the wolf to kill and eat its prey, and mankind had in its eyes no special exemption. The wolf was cunning and fierce, but it was not wicked. So the Indian tiger, which on account of failing teeth becomes a man-eater, and, leaving its accustomed prey, prowls about the villages, seizing unwary peasants and women going out to draw water, cannot fairly be described as wicked. It must, of course, expect that man will retaliate and kill it in turn, but there is nothing immoral in its conduct. The wolf and the tiger are simply following the law of their nature in seeking flesh for food, and are wise rather than wicked. So, again, with the New Mexican pack of wolves which killed, it is said, a cow every day for five years, and with the grizzly bear which, in spite of its lameness, ruined all the pig farms in the Sacramento Valley.

Mr. E. Seton Thompson, in *Wild Animals of the New World*, gives a graphic description of the extraordinarily clever way in which the leader of the band frustrated all schemes for his destruction. This gentleman was a big gray wolf, whose track was easily recognised by the large size of his footprints. Inspired by a reward of one thousand dollars put upon his head, many hunters, proscriptions, and otherwise, attempted his capture, or death, only to meet with dismal failure. He declined to eat poison, and could not be induced to walk into a trap. Strychnine encased in odour-proof capsules was put into lumps of fat and melted cheese, the operator, during his manipulation of the bait, wearing gloves steeped in cow's blood. The wary old wolf simply picked up the pieces, laid them all together, and scattered dirt over them. Then traps were tried, a hundred and thirty being buried in different parts of the rancho. The gray wolf held back his followers while he carefully dug up the traps. Once he got into the midst of a whole network of traps, where any other wolf would literally have put his foot into it. The veteran simply stepped out backwards, placing his feet exactly in his former footprints; and then, as if in derision, set off some of the traps by flinging earth and stones at them with his hind feet. But at last the body of a female wolf was dragged over the traps, and the infuriated old fellow, following the scent, was captured and slain.

The above, however unpleasant to man, are really examples of animal sagacity.

Mischievousness among animals is common enough. A wasp, for instance, will seize and carry about a housefly with apparently no other object than to terrify the fly, for when the wasp is tired it sets it free. The hornet, on the contrary, seizes the wasp for business purposes, and, snipping it through the neck and waist, crushes it with its strong jaws and sucks out the honey the wasp has swallowed.

Rooks often fight and pull each other's nests to pieces when in a bad temper; but they also persecute some unhappy couples out of sheer love of mischief. These unfortunate individuals are not allowed to proceed with their building operations until their neighbours have quite finished. As soon as they get a few sticks together a party comes and demolishes the whole.

It is not an unusual thing for a donkey drawing a cart full of people to lie down in the road, utterly regardless of the comfort and safety of his burden.

This undesirable proceeding is ascribed to laziness and stupidity, but the twinkle in the donkey's eye shows that it is enjoying the situation, and is getting some rest and fun at the same time.

An old cat belonging to my grandmother delighted in making all the neighbouring dogs look ridiculous. She was a fierce animal, and no dog, however big, had the courage to face her claws a second time. Even when the dogs were quite peaceable, and simply wished to pass the house on their lawful business, puss, out of pure "gashness," as a Cornishman would say, would walk out and stand in the road and look at them. This was quite enough. Big dogs and small, mastiffs, bulldogs and pugs, spaniels, terriers and greyhounds—they came, they saw, they put their tails between their legs, and, looking reproachfully at the spiteful old cat, went back the way they had come.

A pony named "George," which I used to ride when a boy, loved to tease and frighten me. The first thing was to get me off his back. If I stuck on, in



The Wolf and his Victims.

spite of rearing and capering, "George" effected his purpose by rolling on the ground. This was humiliating, but "George" was not content with putting me to shame. He wished to make my flesh creep, and, therefore, dived around me so that I could not escape, reared on his hind legs, pretended to bite, and altogether behaved so outrageously as thoroughly to frighten me. When he tired of his little joke, he graciously permitted me to resume my place on his back. Poor old "George!" He was a good pony, but he was also a great rogue.

As there are animals which are cunning in their natural pursuits and deserve no blame, and others full of mischief at whose pranks we can only laugh, so are there creatures guilty of actions which cannot be excused, either by man's code of morals or by that of animals. They are criminals which do wicked deeds knowing that they are wicked.

The old gray wolf and his band, spoked of above, cannot be blamed for killing the cows they needed for dinner, but what excuse can be made for the slaughter by two of the wolves of two hundred and fifty sheep in one night? The butchers did not even taste the mutton.

Perhaps dogs are the worst offenders in the matter of killing out of mere wickedness, for, except in the



His dog rushed at the spring chickens.

case of untrained puppies, they know quite well they are doing wrong.

As I drove up to a Kentish station with a friend some time ago, his dog rushed at the station-master's brood of spring chickens, and, in a moment, one met a violent death. The owner looked quite pallid as he held up the bird by the legs, and the dog, who had dropped his tail. The station-master got his shilling, and the dog his thrashing. A dog in the Isle of Wight last winter killed forty fowls in a week and got no thrashing, for he never identified. But even he was at an angle compared with the animal which went about at night and murdered all the little dogs it could catch.

As a rule the dog's killing propensity is shown in the destruction of sheep. Greatunning is often displayed. A Devonshire dog, a mastiff, after the murder of a

sheep was shrewd enough to wash off the traces of the blood shed by bathing in a pond. Another animal used to get through the kitchen window, proceed to neigh-boring farms, kill the sheep, return the way it came, and he found peacefully sleeping in the morning. It was at length tracked from a farm where it had killed twenty sheep, by its footprints in the snow, and made to pay the penalty of its misdeeds. But, after all, these instances of wickedness on the part of dogs are only isolated ones, and against them are to be set numerous acts of self-sacrifice, fidelity, and love.

## THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BIBLE.

THERE exists in the British Museum a small tract, dated 1643, which has the following for its complete title: "The Soldiers Pocket Bible: Containing the Most (if not all) those places contained in holy Scripture, which do shew the qualifications of a true inner man, that is a fit Soldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight; which Scriptures are reduced to several heads, and fitly applied to the Soldiers several occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible; which a Soldier cannot conveniently carry about him: And may be also useful for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre." An account of this book has recently appeared in the official organ of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which points out that this slim little tract, bound perhaps in tough corners of flexible leather, and sold for a few pence, was just the book for a soldier to carry buttoned under his coat. It was this volume that was used by Cromwell's Ironsides in the Great Civil War.

The verses it contains are grouped under suitable headings, with references in the margin. Among the most interesting are the following:—"A Soldier must not do wickedly. . . must be valiant for Gods Cause. . . must denie his owne weakness, his owne strength, & all provision for war. . . must put his confidence in Gods Wisdome and strength. . . must pray before he goe to fight. . . must consider and believe Gods gracious promises. . . must not feare his enemies. . . must love his enemies as they are his enemies, and hate them as they are Gods enemies. . . must cry unto God in his heart in the very instant of the battell. . . must consider that sometimes Gods people have the worst in battell as well as Gods enemies. . . it cometh of the Lord. . . for the iniquities of Gods people. . . Therefore both Soldiers and all Gods people upon such occasions must search out their sinnes. . . whether we have not put too little confidence in the Arme of the Lord, and too much in the arme of flesh. . . The Lord hath ever been accounted to give the victory to a few. . . the very uncke of time that God hath promised us helpe in when we see no helpe in man. . . if we obtaine any victory over our enemies, it is our duty to give all the glory to the Lord."



[Photo by]

Keswick School of Industrial Art, from near Greta Hall

[Mr. Abraham, Keswick.]

## THE CRAFTSMEN OF KESWICK.

How Working-Men may turn their Leisure to Good Account.

By ALICE WAYTE.

JUST outside Keswick there stands a low many-windowed building of grey native stone; very unpretentious, yet with a pleasant individuality, and a charm that is all its own. The eye is caught first by the quiet bastion at one end that is walled in starry crenellations, and presently you find this looks an outside winding stair leading to the gallery that runs across the front. And while you are feeling that this is something out of the common, these words come into view along the central beam. "The loving eye and patient hand shall work with joy and bless the land."

Yes, here is truly something quite out of the common, for this is the School of Industrial Arts, and the words represent the keynote of its existence.

A fitting home for beautiful things, for if "Art is the expression of man's delight in the works of God," then it is well that a treasure-house of Art should stand thus among the finest scenes that God has made. Its casements on the one side look across the Derwent valley to hills that rise peak behind peak over wooded Soliside—at Cussey Pike and Catbells, Grasmere, and sunny Newlands Vale; on the other to Skiddaw lifting mighty slopes into the cloud, to splendour of outline and grave tenderness of purple shadowing; or turn yet again, and by Bassenthwaite's broad water see the savage wilderness of Barf tread into the verdure of the distant Wythop Woods.



Brazier at Work

From the picturesque covered gallery a door opens to a large room, and immediately there is a gleam and shimmer of metal, of sunlight streaming upon bright surfaces of silver, brass, copper, and on carved wood. Here, placed for sale, are the things wrought in the work-rooms below, and well for England when her sons can make treasures such as these!

There are countless trays and bowls of beautiful shape, domes, plates and handles, screens and sconces, service-book boxes and picture frames, drinking-cups, lamp-stands, and many other specimens of skilled craft, each with the source of its workmanship attested by the letters "K.S.I.A." Nothing may be offered to purchasers until it has been inspected and judged worthy to receive the impress of the school stamp. The beauty of the outer world penetrates among the rare handiworks too, for vases of pale iris, wreathing sprays of woodbine, and tall glasses filled with foam of cherry-blossom stand in between; while ever and anon the wonder of hills and waters meets one from the windows, and just across the river rocks are caving in the trees round Greta Hall, the old home of Coleridge and Southey.

Greta Hall

Surely the dwellers in these lovely dales must be imbued with a peculiar sense of beauty, and have the very instinct of appreciation? True; the love of the scenes among which they were born is very strong in Cumbrians, but patient training was needed before there was *perception*—the power of seeing, of realising, and of consciously assimilating. The skill and the inborn spirit of art were in these men, but they lay dormant till an awakening energy called them forth and roused them into action.

And who are they, then, that have produced these beautiful things and filled the room with goodly specimens of their handiwork? Wait till the red sun dips behind Greta-dale Pike and the long northern night comes bustling down, and you shall see our Keswick craftsmen turning in at your gate. Miners and boatmen, drivers, and labourers, shepherds, gardeners, and many pencil-makers, painters, and shipmen—most of the ordinary trades are represented. Into the workshops of the ground floor they go, the long room with its many tables round the walls where the hammerers sit to beat out brass and copper into noble themes that shall pass down the ages; or the wood-carving room where beginners are first taught to use their tools, and adepts are cheered by friendly praise as the teacher moves among them and watches leaf-plant or bud of flower, Greek border, or fantastic arabesque, growing beneath the touch.

In the smith's shop the noise and clang is even greater than among the hammerers, ring of anvil and echo of brass almost deafening one at first. The forge room is fitted with contrivances for heating the metal, for note, all the bowls made here are hammered and shaped out of the flat sheet of metal. It is barely fifteen years since these winter classes were begun, and the excellence to which the pupils have attained is proved by their success in many exhibitions, and the ready sale of their work.

At the Home Arts Exhibition in London last year, the K.S.I.A. alone won the gold cross, given for very special excellence; and awards have again, and again come to encourage the little brotherhood.

Now, other men, taking up these employments in their leisure hours can achieve the like results, with like efforts; for our workers are just ordinary folk, with no special gifts or skill. The only unusual

advantage (though truly a great one) which they possess is this: generous help in the matter of design. For the most striking feature of the output is the safety and homeliness of the designs; no false ornament or unworthy pattern is to be found. The best principles of applied art and the faithful following of nature are alone employed. From Egypt and Japan, from some ancient Indian tracery, or an old Roman urn, these beautiful figurings are drawn; original designs, adaptations of every age and country, the finest examples of various styles of work at the best periods, these all have part and place in the Keswick work; and the men know well that this, added to the patience that has taught them, is a chief cause of their position to-day. Here one beats his salver to a copy of a gold dish which belonged to the Egyptian King, Thothmes III.; his neighbour works the twining English rose around a cup; yonder a lad is carving an early Spanish pattern on the panels of a screen, and the next adorns his mirror-back with a fine Renaissance scroll. To the goodness and artistic fitness of their models they owe much of their well-earned success—and all this, as well as the very existence of the School, is due to one woman. We will see next how she began her work, and made the Keswick School of Industrial Arts what it has come to be.



Jeremiah Richardson at Work in Tin-room Workshop.

## A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

AN excellent gentleman, accustomed to indulge, entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get round again."



Exhibition Trophy from Keswick School.



## THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT.

BY THE REV. W. A. GRAY, B.D.

**T**HE God of all comfort, that is to say, the God who has all comfort in His possession and all comfort in His gift, who presides at its sources, administers its supplies, and guides its influences, by a right which is indivisibly His own. To be "the God of all comfort" there are certain qualifications necessary. What, let us ask, are some of them?

There is needed, for one thing, *all power*. We have friends that are pitiful and humane, and in the simple assurance that they feel for us, there is something that soothes and supports. And yet, if their dealings and relations begin and end with pity, they fail and come short; the consolation that they yield is partial, the aid that they furnish is scant. It is only when we know that behind the pity there is strength, and that the heart that compassions is seconded by the arm that saves, that the comfort is comfort indeed. But the God who pities is the God who rules. In His keeping are our circumstances. In His hands are our times. All the manifold threads in the skein of our tangled lives He holds and arranges. There is not a trial that assails us, there is not a need that oppresses us, there is not a change that befalls us, that is not ordered and controlled by Him.

What more do we need in one who is to be the God of all comfort? We need *all knowledge*. There are many whose thoughts are kindly and whose friendship is faithful and true, whom we would hesitate to choose as comforters. And we would hesitate for this reason, that with all their desire for our welfare, and with all their loyalty to our interests, they fail, necessarily fail, foul from the limitations of their own experience, to comprehend and sympathize. What are trials to you are no trials to them. You keep them far from the inner places of your heart and life. Their gaze would be unavailing. Their touch would be rude. But the God who pities is the God who *knows*. You can freely by the soul leave to Him in its guilt, grief, and its struggles alike. For in order to comprehend and compassionate He became man such as we are, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and is able to soothe the sorrowing because He Himself has sorrowed, is able to succour the tempted because He Himself has been tempted. "Wherefore let us come boldly to a throne of grace, seeking mercy to pardon and grace to help."

There is another qualification needed in one who is to be the God of all comfort, and that is *all nearness*. It matters not what a friend's strength be, nor does it matter what his pity be, if he is far away, beyond the news of our sorrow, beyond the reach of our call. But it is near. He is so near that groanings that cannot be uttered are caught by His benedict ear, so near that the touch of faith's outstretched finger can fetch virtue from His flowing river. He is near in the Person of His Son. And that Son is closer now than He was in the days of His sojourn upon earth, nearer than when He moved in the streets and taught in the fields and visited in the homes. He is nearer to believing men and women now who seek Him in faith and in prayer than to John when he lay on His bosom, and to Thomas when he placed his fingers in the nail-prints. Well says St. Paul to the Philippians, "The Lord is at hand, be careful for nothing." Truly we need be careful for nothing when we remember that the Lord is at hand, as our shelter in time of danger, our provider in time of want. "For behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade on thy right hand."

Such are some of the qualifications of the God of all comfort, power, knowledge, nearness. And now take some practical illustrations.

I. If God is the God of all comfort, we are encouraged to seek comfort from Him in all need. And this regards not merely the great necessities of the soul but also the lesser necessities of life. There is not an embarrassment in our daily business, there is

not an anxiety in our household life, there is not a perplexity in our personal experience that we are not welcome to impart to His ear, casting all our care on Him seeing He careth for us. And just as the rolling tide of the sea stems the current of some shallow brook, overlying its restlessness, hindering its bubble, till the waters that were once all tumult and foam are stilled to a waveless expanse and a great calm, so when the anxious, fidgety heart is thrown open to the flood that streams into it from a God of exhaustless comfort and infinite love, its peace shall be even as a river and its righteousness as the waves of the sea.

2. Again, if God be the God of all comfort, let us see that we own and acknowledge Him in every comfort we enjoy. Though they come through man,



Photo by

Rev. W. A. Gray.

[R. H. May]

they come from God. Suppose a human affection were to wind itself into your life, reawakening interest and trust just at a time you thought hardly of men and of circumstances around. Is it less really a comfort from God that human conditions have shaped it, and that human facts have conspired to it? Or, suppose a letter is put into your hand with a message of good cheer, relieving anxiety about others or yourself. Is it less a comfort from God that human events have produced it, and human care has conveyed it? The healing and refreshing influences of nature, in a brief holiday, during which the man of business may forget his worries, and the invalid recover his health, are they not just as really ordained and arranged for by God as the offers and communications of His grace? Thus felt St. Paul when he declared that the coming of Titus was a consolation bestowed by God, and made it the occasion of the name he here applies to Him, "Father of mercy, and God of all comfort." And matters more slight than the visit of a Christian friend have been harked and appropriated by suffering believers as the pledges of God's mindful loving kindness. His care for those who are doing His work, His consideration for those who are suffering in His cause. When Livingstone was lying in forlornness and fever in Africa, feeling as if friends at home had ceased to care or to think about him, his eye fell on an old piece of newspaper that had wrapped a parcel. It was not much the scrap contained—only a few lines of refer-

ence to himself and his mission, penned in a spirit of kindness and expressive of an interest in his work. But he marked those lines and kept them, and they were found in his diary after death with a pencilling on the margin, "A comfort in the time of my illness." Though the occasion was slight the comfort was real, and the gift was traced to the God of comfort who sends by such messengers as He wills.

3. Since God is the God of all comfort let us quietly submit to Him when at any time He sees fit to subject us to trial. If He that wounds is He that heals, if the hand that smites is the hand that raises, we may surely accept whatsoever is sent to us. For the promise is that, though the trial may abound, much more shall the consolation. And there are those who have reason to bless the day when an earthly or a spiritual sorrow broke up the fountains of the deep within them, when their grief was too deeply for the sake of the consolation they experienced when the God of all comfort came near to support and enrich.

Back then, you may have sought satisfaction at the broken cisterns of earth, back to the fountain of all living waters! Do you say, "But the cause of my depression is not a spiritual one. I neither sorrow as I ought for sin, nor long as I ought for holiness." Yet return all the same, the God of all comfort will never upbraid you in returning, be the cause what it may. "Come unto me," He says, "all ye that labour," in whatever way, from whatever reason, and "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Many a time does it happen that when men pray for ease to the aching head He binds the broken heart. When they crave the restoration of earthly friends He shows the exceeding riches of His grace, and proves Himself a brother born for adversity, making the worldly trial the means of a spiritual blessing to our deeper comfort, to His greater glory.

Mr. Gray, who is now Free Church minister at Elgin, formerly held a pastorate at Logiealmond (Dumfriesshire), where he was the immediate predecessor of "Ian MacLaren." He is the author of "Laws and Landmarks of the Spiritual Life" and "The Shadow of the Hand."

## A PRAYERLESS HOME.

I SHALL never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I visited. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears as he said: "You remember that girl, sir? She was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God; but if so, she can tell Him, what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, or from her father's lips! Oh, that she were with me but for one day again!"—  
Norman McLeod.

## FOR ME.

Three crosses stood grimly side by side,  
On the hill of Calvary;  
On each a suffering man had died:  
Two for their crimes, the other for me.

Like a lamb they led Him out to die  
From shades of Gethsemane;  
He uttered no moan, no bitter cry:  
'Twas love that moved Him to die for me.

On the central cross they nailed my Friend,  
To languish in agony;  
He bore it all to the bitter end—  
O wonderful love, He died for me.

"If thou art the Christ, they, taunting, said,  
'Come down from the cursed tree.'  
He heeded no jeering word they said,  
But, bowing His head, He died for me.

Like a wandering sheep I had gone astray,  
But all my inquiry  
My God laid on Him that awful day,  
When, bearing my sins, He died for me.

O, thanks for the love that brought Him down,  
Love, fathomless, like the sea,  
His name was pierced by a bloody crown,  
That a crown of life might be given me.

My brother, behold Him, crucified,  
On the cross of Calvary;  
Thy ransom see in that crimson tide;  
O, freely it flowed for you and me.

## SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

By ISABELLA FVVE MAYO.

## II.—With the Barbers.



THE barber's craft has been often made the subject of ridicule, perhaps because it involves "personal attendance;" yet so long as men seem unable to shave themselves, the calling is as servicable as that of a sick nurse. It has certainly been followed by men of rare gifts and influence, some of them among earth's best specimens of "God Almighty's gentlemen."

Little is known of an Italian poet Burchiello, who flourished in Florence in the middle of the fifteenth century. But he wrote with vigour and purpose—was a strong literary light, and was not ashamed of his calling, for he frankly avowed—

"The Muses with the razor were at strife."

Certain old German poets followed the same means of earning a livelihood. But we must not linger over these, having so much to say of others whose lives lie nearer our present-day interests.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, one of the greatest ornaments of the English Church, was the son of a "barber surgeon," and two of our greatest lawyers came from barbers' shops. The father of Lord St. Leonards kept what was probably a "fashionable" establishment in Burlington Street; but Lord Chief Justice Tenterden's early home was in a little shop facing Canterbury Cathedral. He took his son there, says Mr. Smiles, and told the boy that "there his grandfather used to shave for a penny." But Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, had it still closer connection with a barber's block. He, too, was a barber's son, but when in after years some ignoble lord twitted him with this, he returned the scathing remark, "Yes, I am a barber's son, but more than that: I have been a barber myself. I have worked at the calling, and all I can say is that if my noble friend had ever been a barber, I feel certain he would be one still."

Allan Ramsay, "whose very name is an impersonation of Scottish scenery and manners," was born in 1686, and in his fifteenth year was apprenticed to a "wig-maker" in Edinburgh. When he was twenty-five years of age, he began to write "small light pieces," still sticking to his trade, and so, as he says, in his quaint dialect:

"To seek the out and line the inside  
Of my a dower and wily pair,  
And haid ways gathered in the case."

At thirty he gave up wig-making, and took to book-selling. He next established a circulating library, the first ever started in Scotland, and his shop became a sort of lounge for the *literati* of the city. While thus always diligent and enterprising in his callings, he was also producing poetry which will live as long as the Scottish tongue. Though successful as a poet, it was mainly by his industry and ventures that he both made and lost money, retaining enough, however, to retire to a quiet house which he built to command beautiful scenery. There he died after a cheery life of more than three score years and ten.

His greatest work is his "Gentle Shepherd," which has been called "the finest pastoral drama in the world." One exquisite dialogue between two country maidens concerning domestic life ends with words which we believe describe Allan Ramsay's own happy experience:

"We'll grow auld together, an' ae're find  
The loss of youth when love grows on the mind."

Ramsay has left a humorous rhyming description of himself, which seems a true portrait, especially in the lines:

"For the fabric of my mind,  
'Tis noit to north than grief inclind;  
I rather chose to laugh at folly,  
Than show dislike by melancholy."

Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton-spinning machinery, was born in 1732, the youngest child of very poor parents, and he was never sent to school. Mr. Smiles tells us that Arkwright was apprenticed to a barber, and then set up for himself "in an underground cellar, over which he put the sign 'Come to the subterranean barber: he shaves for a penny.'" This was "trutting" under the usual charge, and when he got away the other barbers' customers, they had to reduce their price to his level, whereupon in the worst spirit of competition, Arkwright announced, "A clean shave for a halfpenny." Then he set about buying hair for wigs, and is said to have drawn "good bargains." Yet with all this "push," he did not succeed in "getting on" at his trade. His wife thought he gave too much attention to mechanical pursuits, and in her wrath she destroyed his first model machine. But he persevered, got out parents, and started a mill. His efforts were very unpopular, as they disturbed existing industrial methods. Once, some of his opponents called him "the old shaver," to which he returned the saturnine reply: "I have a razor that will shave you all yet." The energy of his character was shown when at fifty years of age and wealthy, he set himself to learn English grammar! He died in 1792.

Different in career and character was another famous barber, Jacques Jasmin, the French poet, best known to British readers by Longfellow's translation of his exquisite "Blind Girl of Castel Culle." Jasmin was born in 1798, in Agen, a little town on the banks of the Garonne. His father was a hump-backed tailor, who composed doggerel verses for street-singing; they were singing some outside at the time of the poet's birth. His mother was a cripple; and his grandfather, an old soldier, begged from door to door, till, his strength utterly failing, he asked to be taken to the public refuge, "where," said he, "all the Jasmins die." He died there four days afterwards. "Then first," wrote Jasmin, long afterwards, "I understood that we were poor."

His kind woman freely taught him reading and writing. When he went to the university, but was dismissed for playing truant. Finally he became a barber because that calling required little capital. He married Marie Barrière, taking a house which proved their home for fifty years. Diligent in business, he would say to his customers, "You can see me with a comb in my hand and a verse in my head." My memory recites while my hand works." His wife did not like his scribbling on curl-papers, being alarmed, probably, by reading in the local paper that "Pegasus is a beast that often carries poets to the hospitals." But when a distinguished literary man visited Jasmin by this time aged thirty-four—and told his wife that his rhymes would probably "bring good luck and happiness to the house," she no longer reasoned, and got on her feet, saying, "Each verse that you write is another life to the poor!"

The recognition of Jasmin's genius never carried him off his head. He said, wisely, "The Muses are most capricious—to-day they give gold; to-morrow they refuse reward. My razor secures me soup. My salin is a little literary circle, where all the young people of the town assemble." He shrewdly recognised that there are many advantages to an author who needs, as best known by his immediate neighbours. When people wanted Jasmin to remove to Paris, he refused, writing in reply:

"Is money the only thing for a man to seek who feels in his heart the least spark of poetry? In my town, where every one works, leave me as I am. . . . Everything suits me; I can sleep, and all that is necessary for my comfort. To sing of painful poverty, one must be puffy and poor!"

He presently showed a great gift in the recitation of his own poems. At first he did this only among neighbours, but soon he refused to visit rich men's houses, where he knew that he was received, not as a poet, but as a beggar. He recalled a wise counsel once given him "not to appear often at the feasts of the lay."

One happy day he discovered that this gift could serve charity. Henceforth, wherever any good work was going forward, Jasmin would go, and by his

recitations gather in large sums to help. Dickens and Thackeray made fortunes by their "readings," but this barber's gift was put wholly at the service of the needy. He walked long distances to give these recitations, partly because he loved walking and partly to save money, so that he might hand over everything that he received. His coming made a fête day. The folks went out to meet him, and received him with acclamations. He sometimes gave as many as 300 recitations in one year. Once, in the course of fifty days, he collected 26,000 francs, from which less than 150 francs had to be deducted for expenses.

Sometimes, when he arrived at a town he would help the mayor to finish his toilet. But he would not shave rich people, "ready to offer him anything," that they might boast of receiving this service at his hands!

When at last, at forty-four, he paid a brief visit to Paris, "all the great world" came to call at the hotel where he stayed. The host, therefore, was sorely puzzled as Jasmin himself was delighted—when the barbers of Paris gave the poet a banquet. Jasmin went home, saying, "Paris makes me proud, but Agen makes me happy."

While he was laden with literary honours of all sorts, his common-sense steadfastness brought the pleasant, homely prosperity which best pleased him. He bought his house; he bought a little vineyard, "where he had once pilfered when a boy." He was a thoroughly domestic man, who as a son was most dutiful, sheltering his parents under his roof, his mother dying there on the day of his greatest triumph. He loved to meet old acquaintances, especially poor old women, who, said he, "had always been his best friends."

Jasmin never missed in politics. When invited to stand as member of the National Assembly he was shelling peas; he listened to the deputation, declined its proposal, and went on shelling peas! In his interviews with the great, his one thought was to bring forward the name of somebody who needed help or furtherance.

Three months before his death he walked several miles to deliver a recitation. He died at sixty-six.

Dr. Smiles' "Life of Jasmin" lingers in the memory like a rare flower. We close that paper with a quotation from a greeting once given to the poet:—

"For him, elect of heaven, life is a fete  
Ending in immortality."

♦♦♦

## CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

WIFE of the late Neal Dow was a young man, he was chief of the volunteer fire department of Portland, Maine. His activity in temperance reform made him unpopular with the liquor sellers, and they tried to get him removed. At a hearing on the matter, one witness testified that Mr. Dow was arbitrary and reckless of the lives of the men. By way of illustration, he said that he was ordered by the chief to take the pipe which he was holding into a place where he refused to go, telling the chief that no man could live there. On cross-examination he was asked, "What did Mr. Dow do then?" "Snatched the pipe from my hands, and told me to clear out." "What else?" "He took it into the fire himself." At that point the case against the chief broke down.

♦♦♦

## THE MUSICIAN AND THE INVENTOR.

OLE BULL, the great violinist, and John Ericsson, the inventor, who built the iron-clad monitor, were friends in early life, but drifted apart and did not meet until both were renowned. The first time they met, Ole Bull invited Ericsson to his concert that night, but the inventor declined, saying he had no time to walk into the shop with his violin. Many times as they met the musician extended the same invitation, which was always refused. At length the master of the violin pressed his friend urgently, saying: "If you do not come I shall bring my violin and play in your shop." He was answered half playfully, half angrily, "If you bring the thing here I will smash it." Ole Bull kept his word. He walked into the shop with his violin. Seeing the evident displeasure on his friend's face, he began conversing with him about the scientific and acoustic properties of certain woods. From that they passed to a discussion of sound waves, sonnettes, etc. At last, to illustrate some point, Ole Bull played a few chords. From this he drifted into a recital of his work. The workmen dropped their tools and stood in silent admiration. He played on and on, and when he finally ceased, the great inventor looked up with moist eyes and said: "Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life."

## SUICIDE IN CHINA.

SUICIDE is appallingly common in China; and in the great cities of Swatow, Mukden, and Hangchow, as a guest at medical mission houses, I have come much into contact with its various methods. In Mukden a frequent mode of taking life, specially among young wives, is biting off the heads of hotter matches, though the death from phosphorus poisoning is known to be an agonising one. Swallowing gold leaf or ribbons of magnesium, jumping down wells or into rapid rivers, taking lead, cutting the throat, and stabbing the abdomen have been popular modes of self-destruction. But these are rapidly giving place to suicide by opium owing to the facility with which it can be obtained, the easy death which results from it, and the certainty of its operation in the absence of the foreign doctor, his emetic, and his stomach-pump. Medical mission hospitals in China save the lives of hundreds of would-be suicides every year.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the causes of suicide in China are, not as in Europe, profound melancholia, heavy losses, or disappointment in love.

## AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

DEAN PHOENIX likes everything in connection with the church services done decently and in order. On one occasion at Halifax he was annoyed to notice that at the opening service the capacious font was filled to repletion with hats, etc. He mistook the vessel to fill the font half-full of water, in view of an evening service.

The church was again crowded. In poured the people, and in went the hats, bobbing about like corks in water. One woman put in a large woolen neckloth, and dragged it out more like a sea-serpent.

"Eh," they said, "that's what as has done that. No one else but you would think o' it!"

The font was for the future carefully avoided.

## TOWSER'S FAILING.

"Hut poor dog is tired out," said Mary, as the waggon drove into the yard, and Towser, covered with the dust of the road, droppedolling and panting upon the grass.

## SOLDIER, BUT NOT SAILOR TOO.

WHEN General Gordon was crossing from Mauritius to Cape Colony in 1882, the master of the boat wrote—

"Our guest has been very sick. He is still suffering, and all the while we have had comparatively fine weather. It is hard to say what will become of him when it is rough. He is not improving in health, far less in spirits. He desires to be landed at the first port we reach! It is surprising that he has lost heart so soon. How many kinds of courage there must be! This great soldier must have undergone many hardships, and seen much sickness during his travels in Africa. Besides, his life in China was not all ease and sweetness."

Despite careful nursing his case grew worse, and his suffering and misery were described by himself as far more severe than he had ever during his lifetime experienced, either at home or abroad. Very often he repeated his determination to go on shore at the very first port the *Sordis* reached, and one morning, after a sleepless night of sickness, he called the captain to his



A Message from the Sea.

but chiefly revenge and the desire to inflict serious injury on another. Suicide enables a Chinese to take a truly terrible revenge, for he believes that his spirit will malignantly haunt and injure the living; and the desire to save a suicide's life arises in most cases not from humanity, but from the hope of averting such a dreadful catastrophe. If a master offends his servant or makes him "lose face," or a shopkeeper his assistant or apprentice, the surest revenge is to die on his premises, for it not only involves the power of haunting and of inflicting daily injuries, but renders it necessary that the body should be where death occurs until an official inquiry is made, which brings into the house the scandal and turmoil of a visit from a mandarin with a body of officials and retinue. It is quite common for a man or woman to walk into the courtyard of a person against whom he or she has a grudge, and take a fatal dose of opium there!

Among common incentives to suicide are the gusts of blind rage to which the Chinese of both sexes are subject, the cruelty of mothers-in-law, quarrels between husband and wife, failure to meet payments at the New Year, gambling losses, the desire to annoy a husband, the gambling or extravagant opium smoking of a husband, imputation of theft, having pawned the clothes of another and being unable to redeem them, being defrauded of money, childlessness, threat of divorce, being sold by a husband, abridgment of liberty, poverty, and the like.

MRS. BISHOP.

"I told the journey he had to take that's tired him," laughed the farmer. "He's used himself up by zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other and 'tending' to everything that didn't concern him. He couldn't pass a gate without running through to see what was on the other side, nor see a hen anywhere along the road without feeling called on to chase her. Every dog that barked started him to barkin' and everything that moved took him out of his way to find out what it was and where it was agone! No wonder he's tired! But you'll find plenty of human beings that are travellin' their lives through in that sort of way. They ain't satisfied with the bit of road that's marked out for their own feet, but they try to reverse all their neighbour's goin's and doin's, and take charge of no end of things that they can't either help or hinder. They're like old Towser; it wears 'em all out. If they'd follow straight after the Master and not invent so many extra cars for themselves, the way wouldn't be nigh so long nor so hard."

MICK will not mistreat pantries where pieces of gum camphor are laid about. The camphor should be used only at night, and all cans and boxes holding eatables should be carefully covered, as otherwise its pungent, penetrating smell will affect cereals, crackers and other foods.

bedside, and offered him £50 if he would make for land with all possible speed! He recovered his health and spirits, and saved his £50 which was fortunate for him, as it turned out to be at the time the whole of his worldly wealth!

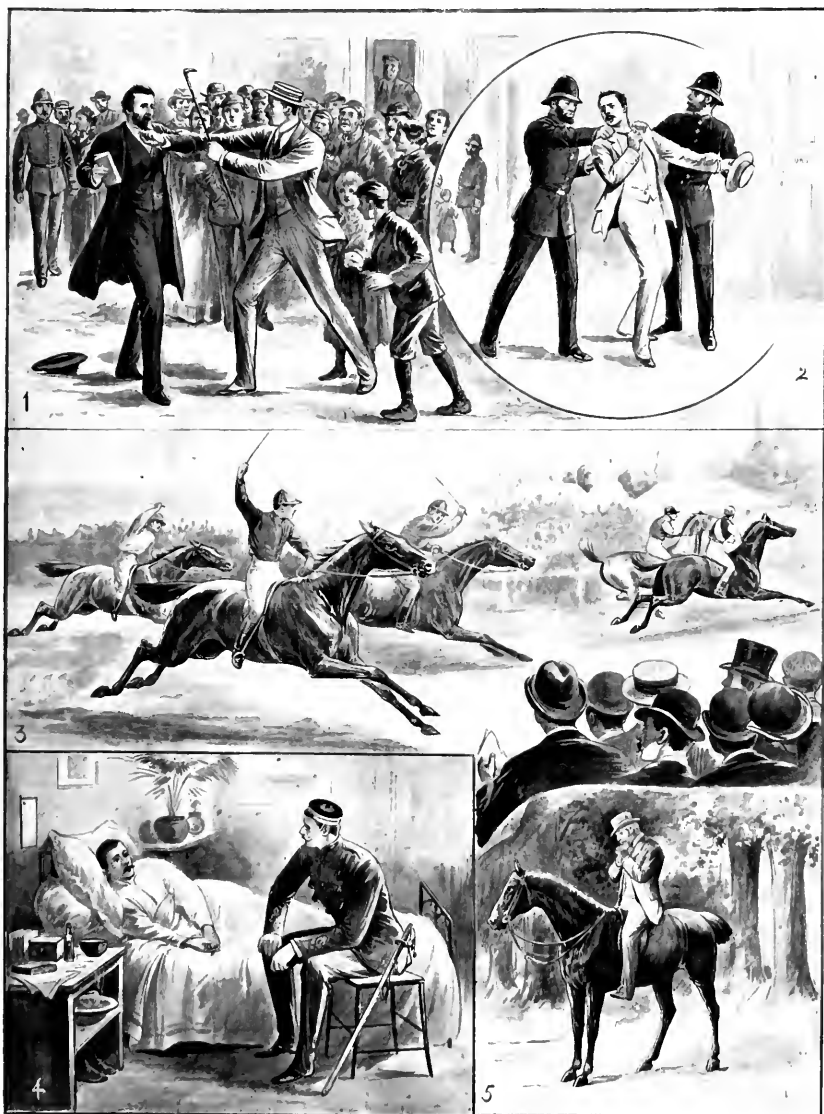
Sea-sick travellers may take comfort from the remembrance that Gordon, like Nelson, was a bad sailor.

## HE DID NOT NEED THEIR EARS.

WENDY PHILLIPS, the anti-slavery orator, though often called before a howling mob who went to the halls to shout and sing and prevent his being heard, never failed to subdue them in a short time. A mob had once congregated in a hall determined that he should not be heard. There was a crowd of reporters in front. Mr. Phillips bent down and was seen talking to them. Very soon the mob became quiet, and stopped to listen to what he was saying to the reporters.

Phillips looked up at them quietly, and said: "Go on, gentlemen, go on; I do not need your ears. With these pencils I am addressing fifty millions of people." That mob had found its master.

LIFE is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands, that you may spend more time on the mountain tops.—*Phillips Brooks*.



From a Drawing by M. F. FARRAR.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

[One Penny.]

## THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

OUR story opens in India. It is evening. The rising moon sheds her light over all the place, giving to everything a wondrous beauty. Feathery palms; dome-crowned heathen temples; groups of bivouacking soldiers—all these things are made to look more picturesque by the glow of the moonlight.

Our story leads us to one of the officer groups in the encampment mentioned above. One of them is speaking, "I must confess that when I heard the mournful, solemn, wailing, sobbing notes of that 'Dead March in Saul' I felt almost inclined to swear I would never touch another card as long as I live."

There was a general expression of surprise from the gathered officers, at this statement. One of them became mouthpiece for them all, as he asked in astonished tones, "Why, Archie, what had the 'Dead March' to do with such a half-formed resolution?"

"The 'Dead March,' in itself," replied Captain Archie Campbell, "had nothing to do with my thought, but when I heard those pathetic-sounding notes they reminded me of some part of the spent life which the 'March' bewailed."

One of the officers ventured to interrupt her with, "But I say, Archie, was there anything special about that poor fellow, Sergeant Robinson, that was buried to-day?"

"That's the story," continued Captain Campbell, "must soon be known, so I will tell it to you if you like. He told it to me two years ago. It was known in this regiment as Sergeant Robinson. He was christened and registered in the books of the parish church as 'George Augustus Rupert Clancy.' His home is one of the loveliest places in all the length and breadth of Hampshire's hills and dales. Sergeant Robinson was the Duke of Rhondale's only son, and would have been Duke in his turn had he lived."

To say that the group of listening officers were surprised at this revelation would have described their state in the feeblest term we can use. They looked one toward another without speaking, and more than one wished he had not snubbed the deceased sergeant as he had done, more than once, in the past.

"To one attending to the Duke's life," said Captain Campbell continued, "Rupert, as his name was always called at home, picked up a love of play before he was out of velvet suits and lace collars. The Duke was so proud of his boy's beauty, grace, and intelligence, that at seven he treated him more like an equal than a child, and smiled proudly when the little fellow gave him good talks, with the same deficient energy of the year."

"The boy passed most of his time at the atmosphere of the stables, for he had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was four. Among the stud-grooms at Rhondale, and listening to the horse talk of trainers, lancers, and jockeys, he became perfect, not only in the talk of the course, but in all the practice."

One thing went with another. By the time he was twelve, and wore a riding jacket, he had learned to drink raw spirits and to like them. At Eton he quickly graduated in other vices, so that by the time he reached college he was a master in almost all that a fast young fellow is supposed to be capable of."

"I was at college with him, and knew his life pretty well, and, fast as some of the vets were there at that time, I can assure you that no one ever attempted the life which he lived, it was so time-consuming beyond anything else is accustomed to, even there."

"The love that the Duke bore that only boy of his was the nearest approach to idolatry that I have ever heard of between father and son. But ingratitude, wild licence, vice—as vulgar as it was pronounced—seemed eventually to wear out that love. Every stick, stone, and morsel upon which old gentlemen could raise a quinqué was mortgaged—mortgaged to the hilt. Yet the wild young scapegrace seemed only to rush on the more recklessly. It wanted a month only to his coming of age; and he was up to his ears in difficulties. As yet he was close at hand; he was in 't' make a big thing out of one of the favourites, so he thought. Meanwhile he must have some ready cash to keep some of his most mortgaged creditors at bay, and the poor, infatuated fellow committed the crowning folly of an altogether foolish career."

"It was in this way. There was staying at the Hampshire seat with his father a millionaire iron-master from the north. The man had set his eyes and heart upon the Yorkshire house and estate of the Rhondales, and in the course of treaty for the place had been invited by the old Duke to spend a week or two with him in Hampshire."

"Young Rupert made himself very agreeable to the millionaire, going so far as to do some correspondence

for him, the latter having sprained the wrist of his writing-hand."

"With the usual address of a gambler, the young fellow argued with himself that he was sure to win on the Ascot event, and confidently expected to clear thirty or forty thousand pounds. He was also equally clear that he could not afford the treaty for the Yorkshire property would be satisfactorily settled."

"Full of these thoughts he managed to secure a blank cheque from the millionaire's cheque-book, and filling it up to the tune of four thousand pounds, payable in fourteen days, he cleverly forged the rich man's signature, and tacked on it. The accommodating friends who advanced three-fourths of the sum named on the cheque agreed to hold the slip for one week, and young Rupert, with three thousand pounds to work upon, felt perfectly at ease, for in three days his horse would run."

"The afternoon of the race, elated with the prospect of winning largely, and excited with the drink he had taken, he assailed the leader of an open-air preaching society. A constable coming upon the spot, warned him to move off, when the stupid fellow pitched into the policeman, was arrested by two others, and *volens volens* was carried off to the lock-up."

"Later in the afternoon some of his friends, from whom he had become separated before the row, heard of his predicament, and went to the station-house and bailed him out."

"When the race was over Rupert found himself beggared and ruined beyond any hope of help or recovery. His horse had crawled in with the rack behind."

"When he returned home his father crossed the hall to the library just as he entered the door. The old man had aged twenty years since Rupert left three days before, and he wondered what could have thus stricken him."

"Lifting his eyes at the sound of the footstep on the hall pavement, the Duke recognised his son. 'I want to speak to you, sir,' he said. The voice was hollow, and had a weary hopelessness in it that puzzled the young fellow. He followed his father into the library."

"The man whom you know as Sergeant Robinson gave me the outline of that interview. He said, 'I was staggered! I never remember having been so confounded before. The fellow to whom I had entrusted the cheque heard something that gave him a bare suspicion that all was not square about it. Fearing of losing the money he had advanced, and having ascertained that the iron-master was staying with my father, he came down and interviewed him. Of course the whole thing was apparent to my father's guest at once, but he had presence of mind sufficient to own the cheque as his and to dismiss the money-lender.'"

"Then he had sought my father, told him the whole story, readily promised not to let the matter go any farther, secured the Yorkshire estate at his own price, and left half-an-hour later."

"Before that interview ended between the old Duke and his son, the former said 'You will leave this house in an hour, Rupert. I could find it in my heart to cure you, but for the memory of the love I bore your mother, for the fact that you will carry about with you the curse of an accusing conscience, and for another reason, which touches me surely—that is, that I know, now that it is too late, that my foolish fondness towards you and your want of training as a boy may have somewhat contributed to your downfall. I ask nothing more than that I may never see your face again.'"

"A week later a man named George Robinson joined the—th regiment at Edinburgh. He joined as a private, and proved a smart soldier. Six months later the regiment was ordered out here, and eventually I was given command of the company to which he was attached."

"I became interested in him, and watched him closely. There was something about his face and voice that struck me as familiar, or else it was a resemblance to someone's with whom I had once been familiar."

"One day I received a message from the hospital that Robinson was laid up, and laid expressed a great wish to see me. I went up to see him, and found him very bad, the combined effects of heavy drinking, jungle fever, and other things."

"When we were quite alone he said, 'Archie, don't you know me?'"

"I was staggered for a moment at this familiar style of address; then, looking into his face again, I replied, 'I have always thought I must have seen you somewhere years ago, but could never remember where.'"

"Did you ever," said he, "know anyone connected with the Rhondale house?"

"I gazed at him bewildered. It all came back to me. 'You are my old college chum, Rupert!' I said. 'I am,' he said. 'I have known you from the first, but I don't now ever have spoken but for the thought which I have that this last hour may be the end of me. So I have sent for you to ask you to write to my father, if anything happens to me, and enclose a letter which you will find in a small box among my traps.'"

"He recovered from that attack, but he made me promise that I would say nothing to anyone, nor yet show him any sign that he was anything more to me than he had ever been."

"At this moment the officers became aware of the presence of a new arrival."

"You all seem spell-bound," said the new comer. "I wondered what the subject of talk could be, so I crept up quietly. You are talking of poor Robinson, I suppose that was the last remark, which I caught, I presume that was the subject."

"Yes, and Archie here has been telling us the wonderful story of the fellow's life, and who he was," replied one of the group.

"Ah, yes, I remember now," said the new comer: "he told me three days ago that he had confided his secret to Archie Campbell, as he called you, Archie."

"Did he tell you his story?" asked Captain Campbell.

"Yes, and—"

"I suppose you tried to convert him," said one of the officers with a laugh, as he interrupted the new comer.

"Only God can do that," replied the other, gravely.

"But I believe He did save Viscount Rhondale. He came to tell me all his life; he said that he was wretched, that he knew that he had a soul, that that soul was steeped in sin, yet that his vices had such a grip of him that he feared he could never be delivered from them."

"I showed him passage after passage in the New Testament that proves Christ's power and willingness to save all who will trust in him. I believe the poor fellow truly trusted God. I saw him three or four times afterwards, and he was full of a quiet, deep restfulness, and appeared very, very broken up about his past. The doctor tells me he must have died without a moment's warning; that when he dropped, as he did in the quadrangle, the heart must have ceased suddenly. But I believe that, by grace through faith in the blood of Christ, while we talk about him here, he is with the Lord."

The Duke of Rhondale rides slowly up the wide beach avenue of Rhondale House. He has been for his daily constitutional. The hand that holds the rein runs lightly upon the glossy neck of his horse. The old man's eyes are in the past.

"I will let bygones be bygones," he muses. "How can I expect God to forgive me if I do not forgive my boy? I will—"

Unconsciously to himself he had put a slight pressure upon the rein. The horse stopped.

"Ah, Bruce," said the Duke aloud. "Have you stopped to give me a chance to fulfil my resolves before I enter the house?"

The old man let the reins rest upon the neck of the horse. He clasped his hands as a child might do, and there under the shelter and shadow of that mighty beech-tree, he confessed his sin to God, asked pardon, believed he received it, then poured out his soul for his erring boy. "Save him, Lord!" cried the glad pleader. "Save him, Lord! Save him, meet again!"

When a quarter of an hour later he entered the house he found letters waiting for him. One bore the Indian post-mark. He broke this open first. An enclosure fell out, the envelope of which was addressed in his son's handwriting.

He trembled so violently that he could scarce hold the sheet in his hand. He sat down and read all the story of his son's death, and of his previous conversion. He wept like a child, as he read the letter from the Indian officer.

After a time he was sufficiently calm to read Rupert's letter.

Then, after a time, as he paced the room, he paused, looked over all the wide-sweeping park, and murmured, "Oh, my God! How blind, how senseless I have been. How could I have learned it all and have it. People call it amusement—it is amusement, but it's hell's devil. It has emptied homes, as it has emptied mine. But the emptying of homes has been the filling of hell. It has filled the earth with groans and with sorrow; it has supplied hell with the music that the fiends love. It has broken the tenderness of ties on earth, but forged the deadliest of links in hell."



## OLD AGE.

BY GAIN, M.D.

OLD AGE does not attach itself to any rank of life in particular. The venerable John Bunyan XIII. and our own venerated sovereign have attained can be paralleled in many workhouses. It was of a Countess, Lady Desmond, that the famous couplet was written:

"She lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree bough."

Old Parr, who reached a hundred and forty-five, was a yeoman; the lady who, in America recently, at a hundred and three, wedded a man of seventy-one, saying she meant to have a young husband, as widowhood was a thing she dreaded, having had a good deal of it, belonged to the middle-class.

A long-lived ancestry is the first essential for centenarians; there are families, every member of which—apart from accidents—reaches four score years, while other families, the generation after generation, between the ages of fifty and sixty.

As a rule long-lived families are of spare frame and of an active disposition; a lymphatic nature and a tendency to obesity belong to the depressed temperament which is not so conducive to long life.

Discontent of itself does not kill, witness Thomas Carlyle, who groined through the greater part of his later years, but an equable temper is certainly a factor in producing length of days. It is well known that annuities live long; two items, freedom from pecuniary anxiety ensuring peace of mind, and a limited income which prevents excess in either food or drink, supplying favourable conditions.

The tendency of physical scientists some years ago was to regard heredity as a force which it was vain to combat, but present-day physicians incline to the belief that, while heredity is responsible for much, environment and temperament have very great potency; that sanitary conditions can modify tendencies, and the son or daughter of weaklings be aided to fight a stout battle for health.

When enquiries are made of old people regarding the reason of their prolonged vigour, it will be found that they adduce quite a variety, differing in almost each individual case. Some are vegetarians, some flesh eaters. Some smoke, others eschew tobacco. Some are total abstainers, others moderate drinkers; that is to say, they take some stimulants occasionally. Some have always enjoyed good health, while others seemed frail in youth. Some suffered hardships, while others always had the wherewithal for comfortable existence. Obviously, therefore, length of days does not depend on any single condition, though general abstinence, once the crest of the full life of life has been passed, is of importance. The old hermits enjoyed health and attained to longevity on a daily handful of pulse, while on the meagre fare of the workhouse some inmates reach their hundredth year. Our illustration is of an inmate of Camberwell Workhouse, aged 106. England is popularly believed to be a nation with an appetite and possessed of the means of satisfying it, yet impoverished Ireland can show a much longer roll of centenarians. In England the proportion is three per million of the inhabitants, while Ireland boasts of forty-three per million.

Several centenarians were personally known to the writer, who, for several years, had medical charge of an institution in Ulster, intended solely for the benefit of aged persons of respectable families, and he can testify from observation that Shakespeare overdid the picture of the aged man when he represented him sunk into—

"Second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

One old inmate, known as "Grannie," was of an exceedingly cheerful disposition. She had quite a child's pleasure in dress and ornament, and was very fond of pageantry, never missing the sight of passing soldiers, foot or horse. The visits of friends gave her great pleasure, and she was sadly disappointed if an expected visitor failed to put in an appearance. On one occasion her daughter had promised to come to see her, but the day was stormy and she did not arrive. The old lady said with some asperity, "I suppose at her age she would not venture out." The daughter was then over eighty. It was only in the year preceding her death that "Grannie" indicated consciousness of the weight of years. She would say, "I am very old. I wonder has the Lord forgotten me and passed me by."

A change in the habits of the old is often detrimental to their well-being. Both Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Abbé Laisé died soon after receiving an ovation and hospitality in England; old Parr, on

being brought from his quiet home in Shropshire to London, by order of King Charles I., was entertained by the Earl of Arundel; he succumbed to the change of diet and the excitement attendant on his visit.

Between eighty and ninety years of age men are in excess of women, but between ninety and a hundred women are in the majority, and there are more female than male centenarians. Much increased sanitary knowledge, added to the sympathy of civilization, length of days is much on the increase; the average life of man has been extended by ten years during the last half century, while Christianity itself is responsible for the care bestowed on the feeble and the weak.

That the efforts of the State to provide for the old and destitute are not crowned with success, I am bound to admit; residents in workhouses enjoy a fair average of good health, and are sheltered and fed reasonably if not luxuriously, yet the average poor person would much rather starve in a garret than accept the provision available within workhouse walls. This aversion I believe to be due to the automatic treatment to which they are subjected. Every shred of personal possessions and relic of individual life must be abandoned when they enter the portal of the poorhouse. If they have saved a trifle they must expend it in paying for their keep before being put on the rates. Then the discipline is occasionally somewhat severe. From a ratcatcher's point of view these things may be reasonable, but from a humanitarian point of view they are harsh. No such rules were enforced in



Photo. by J. H. St. George, Dublin.  
Polly Thompson, aged 106.

the institution already referred to. Two old people were allotted a bed sitting-room, and were permitted to import into this such poor mementoes of other days as the apartment would accommodate. Their afternoon tea they were permitted to brew for themselves in this room, and could enjoy it free from supervision; other meals were served in the general refectory. The inmates had the feeling of a little individual life being left them, and this made all the difference in the sum total of their happiness.

"The little more, and how much it is;  
The little less, and what worlds away!"

Among old people it is generally observed that men have better teeth than women; after eighty years, one-third of the men and one-half of the women have no teeth, but where soft and soluble food is used, their absence does not seem to seriously affect the health. The breathing is more rapid and the pulse quicker in women than in men, and as a rule they are much more irritable in disposition.

The maladies of old people are not very numerous, bronchitis being the most prevalent and cancer the most fatal. Old people, as a rule, succumb to what may be called natural decay. The balance of power being equal, the chain of life seems to dissolve without any single link indicating special weakness.

Accident is sometimes the direct cause of death; such as a fall, induced by feebleness, resulting in broken bones, which so seldom unite in the aged.

When the river of life is running low, what might be called equable conditions, as gentle warmth, simple fare and peaceful surroundings, will encourage the

current to flow long, until, as Mrs. Oliphant's Old Lady Mary thought, there seems no reason why it should not run on for ever. But a chill, a shock intervenes; the course becomes rebound; the current stagnates; the low voice and gentle movements cease. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the street."

## CHINESE GUNNERY METHODS.

Lord Charles Bessborough's Experiences.

LORD CHARLES BESSBOROUGH gives an amusing description of Chinese forts and arsenals. "I would like," he says, "to tell you one or two stories thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese. At Shanghai, in the summer of 1890, when I was in the command of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lumsden, both British mechanical engineers, I saw an Armstrong gun which had had the breech-piece repaired in a most clever manner. As a matter of fact, it was really a Krupp gun, but with an Armstrong breech mechanism. On asking for explanations, I was told that the original breech-piece had been blown out, and on visiting a fort later on I was surprised to find that the Chinese had contrived to replace the mandarin on having the guns 67-ton mounted in proper positions, and I was afterwards shown the powder used. I then said, 'You surely do not use this powder in those guns?' 'Oh, yes,' replied the mandarin, 'we do.' 'But it will blow the breech-pieces out,' 'Yes, it does,' was the reply. One gun on being fired blew the breech off and killed fourteen men; and then they tried the other gun and killed twenty-four men."

"Later on I visited another battery, where there were five 6-ton guns. Observing the arrangement of these, I asked the mandarin where his 'front' was. The mandarin pointed in one direction, but the guns pointed in another. I mentioned this, and the mandarin nodded, and said he thought there was some mistake. I then pointed out that only one gun could be fired safely in the desired direction. 'Oh, no,' replied the mandarin, 'we should fire them all.' At my request the experiment was then made, and on pointing the guns round as desired they became *en échelon*, so that the wave of concussion of one gun would have destroyed the detachment on duty at its neighbour. Knowing that the Chinese soldiers and clothes about the guns, and on firing the latter in succession these garments were blown sky high. 'You see?' I observed to the mandarin. 'Yes,' replied the latter, 'we should have had some men killed, but the shot would have reached the enemy, wouldn't it?'"

"At another place there was a 60-ton muzzle-loading gun, at which the arrangements were such that the gun was actually loaded in the magazine. A badly-sponged gun or burning wick might, therefore, have blown the whole up. I pointed this out, remarking that I had never seen anything so dangerous. The mandarin smiled, clapped me on the back, and said, 'You are the cleverest man I have ever met! That is just what happened last year. We did fire the gun, and the magazine blew up. I will show you where.' About fifty men had been killed in this explosion, but no alteration had been made in reconstructing the battery. Later on I went to a powder mill, and found there excellent machines of German make. I noticed, however, that there was too much powder in the pan, and, further, that the windows were all open and protected by gratings. Hence it was not safe to fire, lest it might blow up, and getting into the pan, it would be very liable, by the friction caused, to start an explosion. I pointed this out, and the mandarin replied, 'Yes, it blew up like that last year; this is the new place we have built since.' The Chinese were also very delighted with me at other arsenals having no European superintendent when I showed them how to set their speed and feed gearing for the most economical firing."

"In one place I found a man boring a 6-pounder gun, and the tool protesting most vigorously against the ill-treatment. I showed the man how to adjust it, and got it going properly. The workmen gathered in a corner and talked excitedly. I asked what they were saying, and was told, 'They are saying that England produces the most wonderful mandarin in the world.' We have many, but not one of them knows anything about any of the machinery in the shop."

It is often objected to foreign missions that all our money and our men are needed at home. In this month's *Faithful Friend* the Editor publishes a valuable series of opinions on this subject from Dr. Barnardo, Gipsy Smith, Rev. W. Carlie, Dr. Stephenson, and several other leading home mission workers.

## ON BOARD A SLUDGE-SHIP.

By F. M. HOLMES.

**N**O, it was not a disagreeable experience. The term sludge-ship sounds unpleasant, but the trip on board was not so by any means.

But, first, what is a sludgeship? It is a vessel for carrying precipitated refuse, as from sewage works, the term sludge being conveniently applied to such refuse.

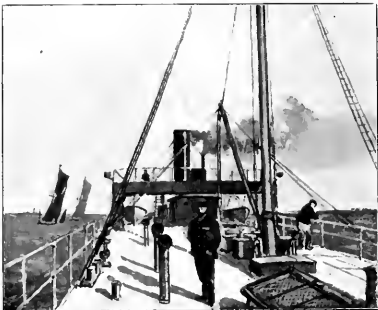
At the pier at Barking, on the Thames, you may see some of the ships. They are moored here to receive their load of sludge from the sewage works for the northern half of London. They are well adapted to their purpose and do not look like "dirty mud barges." They are, in fact, fine cargo steamers, but built with three large tanks below decks to receive the sludge. When the tanks are battened down and the deck washed, you would have no idea of the black filth within. There is a small deck-house or "saloon" on top, with a few sleeping berths, and the men are comfortably bestowed in the fore-castle. The crew live on board four weeks out of five, with one entire day off every seven days. The fifth week the ship rests for repairs, painting, cleaning, &c., and the men then enjoy a lighter task. Otherwise they keep regular watches on board.

Their bourn is an unused channel, twenty miles or so beyond the Nore. Out there, amid the heaving

They are twin-screw boats, with triple-expansion engines of 120-horse-power, and all rejoice in names beginning with B. There is the *Biscayelle* and the *Bonnie*, the *Barlow* and the *Barrow*—because the boats are built at Barrow, the *Burns* and the *Belvedere*.

This last shows the yielding of the Council to their sailors' preferences or superstitions—whichever you like. It was quite against all seamen's rules to name the vessels of a fleet out of dissimilarity, and so, having begun with B—as the note of symmetry and similarity—with that letter the names must continue. So it comes about that Cressness is not represented by name, and that *Belvedere*, which is hard by, is immortalised instead. In some years the six vessels of the fleet have made considerably over 2,000 trips, discharging sludge into the sea miles away beyond the Nore.

The sludge is pumped aboard through big pipes or hose, into the tanks. It is still fairly liquid and flows



On the Deck of a Sludge Ship.

right, down the Prince's or the Queen's Channel. We alone go to the Barrow Deep.

This Channel is now buoyed, and at the buoy known as the North Knob, the sludge-ship captains may

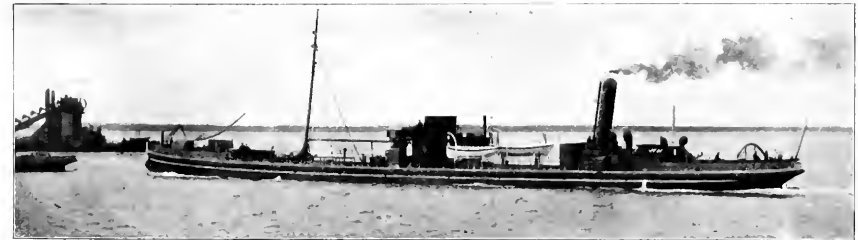


Photo supplied by Messrs. Vickers, Sons &amp; Maxon.

waters and brisk winds, the London sludge is finally disposed of, a strong current carrying it still further out to sea. The vessels can take a trip out to this spot, discharge their cargo, and return in every twelve and a-half hours. They can carry a thousand tons of sludge each voyage and steam ten knots an hour, each trip out and in together covering about a hundred miles.

A Sludge Ship.

well, otherwise the labour of getting it aboard would be immense. When it is shipped and the coal bunkers are full enough, away starts the steamer for her hundred-mile voyage. The twin screws can help the helm, and she steers well into the river. Then, full speed ahead, she steams for the Barrow Deep. The tank hatchways can be battened down and water spurted over the decks to wash them down. Everything looks clean and satisfactory. The sludge ship is in no sense offensive. In fair weather or foul, in rain or snow, daylight or dark, the ships have to continue their journey, for the thousands of tons of sludge are constantly accumulating.

Gravesend is soon passed. Almost incessantly the river widens. Large steam colliers, fine P. and O. boats, big barges with their tidy sails, and the river splashing then low sides, as if eager to get aboard, and by-and-by fishing vessels in plenty—all the pleasant, interesting life of the river swings and glides past us, or ebbs around us, as we spunk along. Here is a little schooner cutting her way forward to wind and wave. Here is a big liner, steady as a rock and stately as a provincial queen, progressing in calm majesty.

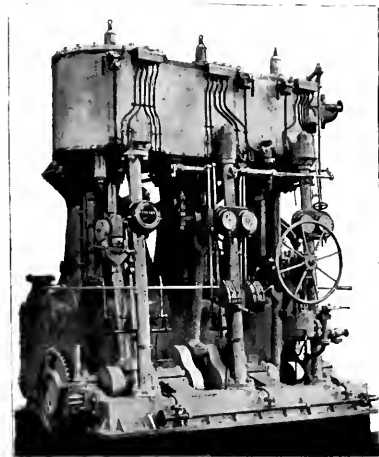
A couple of hours or so, and then the long, dim skeleton Southend Pier rises to view. The river is so broad now that you can scarcely see the far-away land on either side—perhaps not at all. Then comes the Nore Lightship. Presently, away on our right, we see the Gadder. The waters have narrowed in size, and we are well out of the river. We are getting alone. Northward craft have veered fat to our left, up the Swin; southward ships to our

commence to discharge. Our skipper has seen the signal, and at a quiet word from him on the bridge, the men draw off the oil-skin capes from half-a-dozen short pillars dotting the deck. These pillars have, no doubt, much exercised your mind as you came down the river. Now you are to see their use.

On the top of each one is a horizontal wheel. The men grasp it and slowly turn it round. Look behind! The white wake of the steamer is discoloured already. The sludge-ship is being lightened of her load. The keen vision of the gulls has been attracted, and soon you see them flapping heavily over this strange new stein in the sea.

What, then, has the turning of the wheels accomplished? It has opened valves in the bottom of the ship—valves which let out the sludge to the sea. The floor of the tanks is level with the water within, and as liquids always find their own level, the stuff in the tanks, being higher than the sea, runs downward. When full, the tank floors are, no doubt, weighed down below sea level; but some of the foul burden is above, and as the ship is relieved of this burden she rises until the tanks are emptied.

So fast does the stuff run out, and so efficient are the valves, that the steamer can be emptied in seven minutes; but, as a matter of fact, a longer time is usually given, the stuff being let off gradually, for perhaps, a couple of hours, while the steamer is craning along. Then, the queer cargo, unless she is delayed, the vessel returns in good earnest, conged to the sea by fog. The waves gradually grow smaller, shores again appear on either side, and we are well in the Thames once more. In the dusk we see the value of the men leaping played on the points of the craning river, and can notice the blaring jets on the bows, which the Trinity House boats regularly visit and fill with gas. And so in the darkening night the sludge-ship returns.



The Engines of a Sludge Ship.

Photo supplied by Messrs. Vickers, Sons &amp; Maxon.

At a temperance meeting in North Carolina, one old coloured man said: "When I see a man going home with a gallon of whiskey and half a pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff for me. I know dat eberythin in his house is on de same scale, a gallon ob misery to every half pound of comfort."

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE LABOUR WORLD.

How Working Men may best Face Their New Responsibilities.

By JOSEPH OWEN, M.A.

WORKING men are at last beginning to recognise that in a great measure their destiny lies in their own hands. In all those matters which concern them as workers they have for the most part thrown off the many shackles which once restricted them. The words of prominent employers when speaking on labour questions are no longer listened to, or are greeted with a sneer. Even politicians and statesmen are heard with impatience when they touch upon these vexed questions, and ministers of finance are told to mind their own business of soul-saving if they venture to express opinions which are not quite in harmony with those of the labouring classes. All this is, no doubt, inevitable. It is natural that the working classes should feel that they understand their own interests better than anybody else. They know that upon several occasions they have proved themselves in the right when public opinion was against them, notably in the persistence with which they clung to Trades Unions and Co-operation.

## THE DANGER OF POLITICAL POWER.

Now, however, when the working class is showing on all sides that it means to follow out a policy of its own, when it feels conscious that through its numbers and its influence in politics, as well as in industry, it possesses such power as no other class has ever possessed, there is the utmost need that it should endeavour to realise its enormous responsibilities. There is always a danger that when power is seized by large numbers, the sense of moral responsibility may be lost.

## MEDDLING WITH THE INDUSTRIAL MACHINE.

The responsibility that lies not only upon the working class as a whole, but upon every working man who claims to have opinions on labour questions, is that of getting as full a knowledge as he can of that industrial world in which he lives. Every workman knows that to meddle with any machine in the hope of remedying some defect, real or imaginary, without understanding its mechanism, will probably result only in mischief. And every workman ought to know the Sunday Chronicle world, of which he forms a part, is a more cunning and complicated machine than any which he has to work upon. Yet how strange it is we find men every day, either on the one hand acting without any adequate notion of the results of their conduct, or, what is perhaps worse, content to make no attempt to improve this wonderful industrial machine upon which their welfare as working men depends.

## THROUGH AN EDITOR'S SPECTACLES.

Every day questions arise which directly concern or affect the working class; to-day it is a strike; to-morrow it is the adoption of a certain policy by a trade union; the day after it is a piece of factory legislation. How do men form their opinions upon these oftentimes vital matters? Some wait to see what their favourite newspaper has to say, and then they follow its lead. Nine men out of ten, whether they know it or not, are dependent on newspapers for their views as well as their information. They may not read either the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*; they may regard all the other "press" with distrust or contempt; but they read their *Chronicle* or their *Sunday Chronicle* or the *Labour Leader* according as their tastes incline them, and they do not realise how their views are influenced by looking at things constantly through the spectacles of a particular editor. This state of things would be much more satisfactory if men took the trouble to read and compare the different views of different newspapers. But few men do so. It is not always pleasant to hear views that don't fit in with our own.

## WHERE NEWSPAPERS ARE LACKING.

It would be foolish to deny that newspapers do serve a very useful purpose in forming, as well as in informing, public opinion upon any important topic in the labour world. In economic questions we have always so many particular circumstances to take into account, so much depends too upon the actual conduct of the people concerned, that abstract principles are utterly insufficient to guide us. Newspapers containing as they frequently do both information and ideas on the most recent aspect of a given case cannot be neglected. But it is just because they are for the most part concerned mainly with the present, and perhaps more superficial aspect of important questions, that we must expect to look elsewhere for the deeper principles that are to guide our judgment. How often do we say on looking over a newspaper article, "I do not agree with the writer's

point of view. He argues well, but I do not allow his assumptions." No newspaper can turn itself into a manual of political economy every time it expresses opinions on "labour," any more than it can furnish a manual of geology every time it reviews or criticises some new views of rock formation.

## THINKING FOR OURSELVES.

In these days, when there exist newspapers written to suit every class of readers of every shade of opinion, it is so easy to select those which conform to our prejudices, and to allow to our own conceits. There is nothing for it but to think for ourselves. Ah, but how many of us are capable of thinking for ourselves? Does it not generally happen that the man who makes up his mind without reference to anybody else's opinion is notoriously stupid, ignorant, and pig-headed? Thinking for oneself does not mean shutting one's ears to the opinions of others, for "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety." Thinking for oneself means simply thinking. If we think at all we must think for ourselves. Thinking for oneself is not shown by differing from everybody else. It is shown by knowing why we hold our opinions; in having reasoned out the grounds upon which we stand; in having looked more deeply into causes and consequences than others who may perhaps hold the same opinions.

## WHY POLITICAL ECONOMY SHOULD BE STUDIED.

Working men have challenged the right of the other classes of society to think for them; they have undertaken to form their own opinions and to act upon them. It is therefore incumbent upon them to make sure of their ground; to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. And this leads us to the necessity of a searching study of the science of political economy. Working men are interested more than any other class of society in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the forces which mould the industrial world, and of the laws or modes by which those forces act. What is it, for example, that determines wages? How can wages be affected for better or for evil by certain conditions of trade? How does capitalism affect the wage-earner? Is capitalism always necessarily antagonistic to the workers' interests? In what circumstances is it? In what circumstances is it not? What room is there for moral agencies in the economic world? These and a thousand other such questions are of great importance to the industrial economy *professor* can furnish approximate answers. Or at least it professes to furnish grounds upon which answers can be formed.

## A PREJUDICE TO BE REMOVED.

But political economy stands discredited in the eyes of working men. It is supposed to be written by middle or upper class people in the interests of those classes. It is supposed to be an elaborate argument in defence of a policy of non-interference, of "laissez faire." Certain papers deliberately disseminate such a view. They select isolated passages from Adam Smith, or even John Stuart Mill, to illustrate the class bias of such writers, and to bring into discredit what was in its own day the most scientific attempt to grapple with the problems of society. There is no need for such attacks at the present time. Pamphleteers and special pleaders like Mr. W. H. Mallock may fit objects for railing and abuse; but men like Professor Marshall and Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge, not to mention a host of less well-known men, deserve the gratitude of all earnest students of a vitally important subject. Let working men who are determined to think for themselves and to understand the problems that press daily upon them, make a rational use of the means that lie to hand in the works of other scientific students and teachers, and we shall be on the way to a speedier reconciliation of conflicting interests.

## SOME USEFUL BOOKS.

I venture to suggest a number of books which any well-to-be student would do well to make acquaintance with. Either Mr. Cannan's "Introduction to Political Economy" (published at 1s. by Henry Frowde, at the Oxford University Press Warehouse), or Professor Marshall's "Economics of Industry" (Macmillan), would break the ground and serve as a guide to further reading. The works of Professor Marshall and Professor Sidgwick would be found useful to more advanced students. Arnold Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution" is one of the new books which lay the ground to many of our present-day problems, and is helpful and suggestive in many other ways. Mr. L. L.

Price's "Political Economy in England" (University Extension Series, 2s. 6d.) is a good introduction to the wider field of economics; whilst on many special questions of the day there abound books written in a spirit at once scientific and sympathetic. Miss Potter's and Mr. Holyoake's books on the Co-operative Movement, in the Social Science Series (2s. 6d.), Mr. Armitage-Smith's on the Free Trade Movement, in the Victorian Age Series (1s. 6d.), George Howell's "Trade Unions Old and New" (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), are within the reach of almost any working man, and would themselves lead to further and wider study.

[The writer of this article is a brilliant example of what can be done by working men in using the opportunities that are now afforded by the spread of higher education. Mr. Owen only a few years ago was a working man in Oldham. He was a University Extension movement; he was enabled to proceed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he crowned a brilliant career by taking a First Class in Modern History. He has also won the Russell Studentship in Economics at the London School of Economics. Mr. Owen is now himself lecturing in connection with the Extension movement.]

## TWO USES OF SPARE TIME.

Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Manchester working at the same trade. Having an hour for their dinner every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose, each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a mansion.

The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accidents he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his same old wages, and finding fault with the fate that had his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure moments may bring golden grain to mind as well as to purse, if one invests in what instead of chaff.

## A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Timothy, "we hasn't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes all the care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing labouring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have a warm milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home, when he tells us stories and plays on the life, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his mother's boys, was, at first glance, only a rough begrimed labourer; but before the stranger had been in the house ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they, with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the life of his children, was preaching to all about him more than any man in precisely similar. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under any circumstances. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulder to the burdens of life, so as not to become a burden to others in time to come.

He was, as his children said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.

Have your boys and girls seen *The Children's Friend* (1d. monthly)? It is the new paper that keeps it out of their hands until you find it becoming a regular subscriber, for they will give you no peace until you do.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.

## WOOD CARVING IN THE HOME.

BY MARK MALLETT.

## V.—Photograph Frames with Incised Carving.

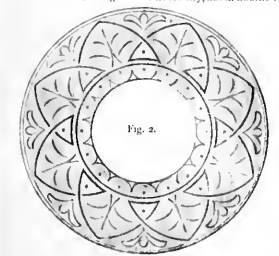
THE kind of carving on which we are now about to try our hands looks extremely simple; yet it will be found that to do it properly, there is room for both skill and judgment. The work is formed almost entirely with the dividing tool or V-chisel, and the chief point to be mastered is to learn how to cut just the line we want in depth and strength at so to speak, a single blow. When we can do this, we have at our command a means of producing pleasing ornament at little cost of time or labour. In some of our Old English carved oak furniture much of this kind of decoration is to be seen.

We have before us two designs for photograph frames, Fig. 1 an oblong, and Fig. 2 a round one. They are drawn to one-fourth of the actual size. It is suggested that they should be carved in a somewhat hard and dark wood, such say, as walnut, or one of the East Indian woods spoken of in our last chapter. For each frame we shall want two pieces of panel, not less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick when planed. From these will be made a front and a back board, as we see them in Fig. 3, which is a cross section through the middle of Fig. 1. In the front piece *a* (that to be carved), the grain is placed upright; in the back piece *b*, the grain lies horizontally, and in this last the opening in the middle for the photo is half-an-inch wider each way than in *a*. Thus, when the two are put together, a rebate will be formed to hold the glass, photo, and backing without further trouble.

These front and back pieces will be glued together, and thus all danger of warping or splitting will be avoided. Anyone unaccustomed to the use of the glue-pot will do well to use instead of it Le Page's liquid glue. A moderate quantity is to be brushed over both boards, which should then be rubbed hard upon each other, so as to drive out all air and all superfluous glue; they should then be left for twenty-four hours pressed flat beneath a heavy weight. If there should be any doubt as to the glue holding, two or three short screws driven in through the back after the carving is done will make all safe. The edges of the two boards will need to be trimmed with file and glass-paper if they have been fixed together.

As a mallet is used to drive the tool, it is well in this kind of work to have the wood to be carved so placed that it will be firmly on the bench, or, if there is no bench, on a carving board laid upon a table, which will serve the same purpose. Two strips screwed down to the bench at right angles to each other will hold it steady. As before mentioned, the great thing is to cut such a line at once as will want no re-mending; and this does not mean simply a regular and uniform line, though this is necessary, but in addition

Fig. 2.



to this, the carver must learn how to cut such a line as will have what is called "feeling," that is to say, one which will be deep and strong in some places, and light and delicate in others, as may most tend to bring out the effect of the pattern. Moreover, in striking out curves with his tool, he should not only be able to turn such as are mechanically correct—such as may be struck with the compasses—but also such as have variety and springiness in them. By these means it is that he will give life and spirit and beauty to his work.

After the carving is done, a light rubbing over with glass-paper will be desirable to take off any roughness which may have been left by the tool along the edges of the incisions.

Our next chapter will deal with relief carving.



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME RULERS," "KING RABY," ETC.

## III.—"Bread and Bones."

NEED for economy is one of the ever-present cries in most houses. It is particularly urgent in a working man's home. A penny saved is a penny gained. This is an old saw with a large foundation of truth in it. The careful thought that can lead to making ends not only meet, but overlap a bit, can often gain by what others waste. We all know it is the small, unconsidered trifles which run away with money. A large purchase is usually made with deliberation. It is the odds and ends that run away with the change from a pound note. In this paper I am going to deal with two of the necessities in housekeeping in which the greatest waste goes on.

Bread and bones do not sound very interesting, do they? To save a pound by foregoing some great thing is so much easier than daily and hourly to attend to the bread-pan and stock-pot. Yet attention to the bread-pan and stock-pot results in so much good to the households in our charge, that I cannot help dwelling upon them in the series of House Talks.

First of all, I hope every working man's wife is the happy possessor of both a bread-pan and a stock-pot. The former should be made of tough earthenware, and have a tightly-fitting lid of the same material. Each day's bread as it comes from the baker must go into this pan at once. Neither must it be taken out for food before it is at least twenty-four hours old. Excluded from the sun, you will find the loaves quite fresh enough for enjoyment even after forty-eight hours' confinement. By that time all indigestible moisture will have evaporated, and our staff of life is really wholesome.

Every morning, or in other words, always before adding a new loaf to our store, every crust must be lifted out, and the pan wiped clean and dry. If this is not done, your staff will soon grow mouldy, and taste the steaming new loaf. Very dry crusts may be treated in different ways. Sometimes they may be dipped in skim-milk and put in a moderate oven. Crisp and golden, these baked crusts will emerge from their second ordeal by fire, and form a much-appreciated addition to a goodman's supper. These are called "potted bread," and eat like the best rusks at *à la* pound. Smaller and staler scraps (like those which children, even in well-regulated families, sometimes throw aside) can be put as they are into a slow oven and left there all night. In the morning these dark brown relics must be laid on a pastry board or on the clean end of a kitchen table, and reduced to powder by crushing. Kept in a stoppered glass bottle or in a well-lidded tin, these "crumbs" come in as "bread crumbs" for every frying purpose. Use such the next time you have a fish to fry for dinner, and you will be astonished how well the food will look. Besides, no fresh loaf will have been deprived of its due proportion of crumbs in order to yield the herring.

Strips of *clean* bread can also be made into bread-milk for the young people's evening meal. Boiling milk will soften even the most obdurate of crusts, and turn it into a dish fit for a little king. Puddings are often made from stale bread-crusts. Queen pudding—a dish for company—is simply made of well sifted bread-crusts (and here comes in the stoppered jar) moistened with milk, beaten up with an

egg, and crowned with fruit. Slices of bread can be cut into rounds with a pastry cutter or with the lid of a small tin, fried in dripping, and left to drain. Hot or cold, then, a hollow can be made in the "casserole," and filled with a little mince to form a savoury; or garnished with fruit if a "sweet" be wanted.

Bones, quite as much as bread, are often wasted even in the most economical of homes. Left until they too often are mouldy or tainted, of course they are not fit even for the dunghill. I advise you to scrape every scrap of meat off a bone as soon as a finished joint leaves the table. These scraps of meat will work up into a savoury of off-bone soup, and will form the basis of a nourishing broth if added to the stock-pot simmering on the fire. If you do not possess a stock-pot (they are rather expensive things to buy) a large jam crock, fitted with a lid, will answer all purposes. Keep this in the oven, and into it put every scrap of sound food that may be left at table. Add water, and let the whole contents stew slowly in the oven. Every evening empty the pot and clean out thoroughly. Do not forget this, or the stock will soon taint. You will find, if properly attended to in this way, that the despised bones will always provide a cup of strong soupy for the family. It can be flavoured in countless ways. The addition of previously cooked carrots and onions will turn it into vegetable soup. A pinch of curry-powder yields mulligatawny; a couple of tomatoes gives a lovely crimson broth; and so on through a whole gamut of purples. Rabbit bones form a most nourishing soup for an infant. When buying a chicken see that the poultry gives you the severed neck and head. These bones make *stronger* chicken jelly than a whole bird cut up. Just scald the feathers off them, put them in your stock-pot, and see the result. It is well for a working man's wife to know that necks can be brought home themselves, at one respectable dealer's for 6d. a dozen. For nourishment in a stock-pot nothing comes near the jelly produced by them.

One last word of advice. Never let bones be thrown into your dust-heap. They so soon turn sour, and breed typhoid and kindred diseases. Burn them in the kitchen range instead. If dampers be pulled out, no smell will result. To turn bones into fuel is the last piece of economy I can suggest with regard to them.

## IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

FOR the first time in the history of European Expositions there will be a Temperance building at Paris this year. Plans have been drawn and stock has been subscribed for by prominent French people for a handsome structure which will serve as a soft drinks café on the ground floor. It is intended to use the 1900 Exposition as a vehicle for widely spreading the movement.

REV. H. W. LITTLE, once a missionary in Madagascar, writes: "In 1800 the Malagasy were a nation of idolaters; now, thanks to a great measure to the London Missionary Society, they are a nation of Christians. Unhappily, however, Mauritius became a sugar-producing colony, and rum was made from the refuse of the sugar-mills. The crime of the island rose in one short year by leaps and bounds to a height too fearful to record! The native government was seized with consternation, and the able and courageous king, Radama I, put the duty and ordered that every cask of rum be staved in on the shore, except those that went to the government stores. The merchants of Mauritius complained, the English officials interfered, and from that day the cursed stuff has had free course, and deluged the land with misery and crime."

The London public-houses would form a single continuous row long enough to link Charing Cross with Brighton Pavilion. If a lover of intoxicants were to patronise the houses at the rate of one a day, it would take him 383 years approximately to reach his last drink in London houses alone. The gross rental value of these 14,035 houses is £2,103,421, or, roughly, one pound in every twenty of the entire valuation of London.

AN English traveller may constantly hear Americans boasting of the fact that through the whole length and breadth of the country no woman is ever seen serving customers at a drink bar. Even the men who drive would consider our barmaid system a social outrage and a national insult. Some years ago certain foreign saloon-owners attempted to plant a few European barmaids in their establishments, but the howl of indignation and the threats of violent suppression elicited, at once suppressed the unholy effort.

## "THE MEN WE WANT IN AUSTRALIA."

THE REV. OCTAVIUS LAKE, whose article in the above title appeared in our issue of October last, has written to us as follows:—"The article in THE BRITISH WORKMAN on the sort of immigrant we want has brought down on me an avalanche of correspondence, to which it is impossible to reply, and which I do not like to ignore. Would you mind saying as much in the pages of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and giving the addresses of the Agents-General for our Colonies, from whose offices every sort of information can be readily obtained. I will write directly to two or three of the most interesting cases, young men who have written me about the country. A very funny mistake has been made by several of my correspondents, that of supposing me a splitter or a philanthropic capitalist. The philanthropy is all there, but the capital is with the other fellows. Our Agent-General, Sir J. A. Cockburn, is one of the most approachable and one of the best-informed men in the ambassadorial line, and any young fellow writing him will be immediately put in possession of the facts he may require about our promising colony."

We have much pleasure in adopting Mr. Lake's suggestion, and giving a list of the addresses of the Agents-General for the Australasian Colonies:—

*S. Australia*.—1, Crosby Square, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

*Queensland*.—1, Victoria Street, S.W.

*New South Wales*.—9, Victoria Street, S.W.

*Victoria*.—15, Victoria Street, S.W.

*W. Australia*.—15, Victoria Street, S.W.

*Tasmania*.—5, Victoria Street, S.W.

*New Zealand*.—13, Victoria Street, S.W.

## HAMMERED WORK.

MAKING hammered work in the world of ornament and decoration is a tiresome process, but the results are gratifying. It would take far less time to work the metal and pour into a mould, and would require no delicate manipulation, but the effect would be very different. To accomplish a certain purpose and pattern, there is nothing for it but to give blow after blow, patiently, evenly, persistently, till the end is attained.

A large part of life is hammered work. It cannot be done by steam; it is hand-work. There is no swift process by which character may be formed, influence wrought into other lives, and certain forms of beauty achieved. These things are not run in a mould on a factory, taking permanent shape in the cooling, but they are hammered out, blow upon blow, well aimed, steady, and strong.

Perseverance is one of the essentials of hammered work. A few strokes will amount to little; they will leave only dents, showing neither pattern nor purpose, and many may fail without much effect. It is the keeping on that tells. Human nature is a substance that offers much resistance, and character is not made beautiful without steadfast effort.

But hammered work, when finished, shows not only a pattern but a high polish, and one's work upon his own character and upon the lives of others should have the lustre that can come from one thing only, and that is beauty. It is the one exquisite thing that gives the touch and gleam of beauty everywhere.

Where there is much to do it becomes one to begin betimes and to lose no opportunity. Hammered work takes long to finish and to polish. The life and character we fashion and the work we do for others require an early beginning and unlimited perseverance. There is no time to lose. Begin now and keep on.—*American Paper.*

## FROM THE OLD JOB TO THE NEW.

A CHICAGO hotel manager employed a man named Bill to do his window-washing. One morning Bill was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as had luck would have it, the manager looked in. "What's this?" said the manager; "pick up your things, and go." So poor Bill drew his money, went upstairs, and put on his best clothes. Coming down he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognise him in his black coat. "Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir." "You look a handy sort of fellow. I gave the last man only five dollars, but I'll give you seven." "Thank you, sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.

## "THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE."

THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN related the following incident recently in an address at Mr. Moody's Convention at Northfield:—

I am bound to confess that there was a time in my evangelistic work where I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man that was down there in the slums, but I was a wee bit afraid to enter the inquiry room there came a man of position or culture. The Lord gave me a wonderful illustration of the absurdity of my fear. I was conducting special meetings in a town in the Middle West that shall be nameless, and there came into that inquiry room in the street a gaunt old man that had grown hairy in the chest and Satin. He was an awful character, but God had shown him his heart hunger and had revealed the Christ to him, and there in our inquiry room that man knelt, and I knelt by him, and I felt quite at home as I spoke to that man of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. I felt it was just what he wanted. Presently somebody touched me on the shoulder and said: "Here, won't you speak to this man?"

I looked around, and there, kneeling next to me, was the Mayor of the city, a man about as old as the ragpicker, but a man that had all the marks of culture and refinement, a man of position. I happened to know that six weeks before the Mayor had sentenced this man to a month's hard labour, and this man had got out a fortnight ago, and these two were side by side, and I had to turn from the ragpicker and talk to this man. Presently the light that had broken there broke here, and I found that the blood that was sufficient there was sufficient here. He filled them both. And the most blessed part of it is, though it really is not part of this address, when the man got up he went over to that man, and he said, "Well, we didn't meet here last time." It was the Mayor that said it, and the old fellow looked up; he had no idea who was there, and he said:—

"No, we will never meet again like we did last time, praise God." What a scene it was! It is on my heart, it is on my memory to this day. In that hour God was doing something for me, not as great as for those two men, for in that hour they found life, but He was giving me a great lesson; He was saying to me as I stood and looked at them, Christ can satisfy all conditions and satisfy the hunger of all sorts of men. He sent them away filled. You get men to Christ, and He will fill them; do not you be anxious about it. Never mind where they live or what they are, or what their social position; your business when they come in contact with Him, He is able to satisfy them.



A Surgeon-Carpenter.

## POLITICS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR MIRACLES.

DR. SEALKER, in his "Imago Christi," says that, while we do not possess miraculous powers, in their place we have others, which are capable of working wonders as far beyond what could be achieved in Christ's day through natural causes as His miracles are beyond us. There is, for instance, the power of politics. "Of this the early Christians had no canting; but they had no influence whatever in the State. But this power is now in the hands of all. The work of a Wilberforce or a Shaftesbury shows what use can be made of it in putting an end to wrong and misery. It enables us to ascend the stream and cut great evils off at their sources. Christian men are only learning how to use it yet; some are even shy of touching it, as if it were unholy. But they will yet prize it as one of the most powerful instruments put by Providence into their hands for doing good. We shall not always be content with a philanthropy that picks up the victims as they fly broken from the wheel of oppression; we will stop the wheel itself."

## DEBTOR TO A NEGRO.

In one of his latest sermons, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in dwelling upon the influences that help make character, remarked:—"I am what I am, in part, in consequence of old Charles Smith—as black a negro as ever made midnight ashamed of itself. In some directions he did more for me than my father's pulpit or the memory of my mother. Although I am not a negro, nor the son of a negro, I am the son of Charles Smith, the negro, in many essential elements of my life. Oh, you have strange relations, if you only knew them all." The teacher that is a teacher is not he that hears recitations, but he that enters into the docile mind and teaches its wings how to open and fly, and its feet to walk, and brings the man to a consciousness of the rebirth."



*From a Design by FLORENCE KILGORE.*

A NEAT FIT.

[One Penny.]

## THE STORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

A POOR man invented the sewing machine. Indeed, we might say that several men at different times invented various sewing machines.

Some, at least, of these inventions appear to have been quite independent of each other, and were, in some respects, different from each other. The inventors' experiences were also different. One died unrewarded—if not in poverty—another, after a few years' misadventure, obtained fortune and, in a degree, fame. But of the thousands using a sewing machine to-day, how many know the names of the inventors?

Now the man who is sometimes regarded as having first contrived a practical working sewing machine was not an American, but a Frenchman. He was a poor French tailor, named Barthélemy Thimmiere, living at St. Etienne. It seems very natural that a tailor should interest himself in devising a sewing machine, and we find that he took out a patent in 1830. His was, apparently, what we should now call a chain-stitch machine.

He was not, strictly speaking, the first in the field. But his machines, clumsy as they were, seem to have been the first to have been used on anything like a large scale. In 1841 eighty of them were busy in Paris, at work on clothing for soldiers.

Whether he had heard of patents by Weissenthal in 1755, or of Alsop in 1770, or of Thomas Saint in 1790, all in England, we cannot tell. Probably not. News of such things doubtless did not travel so fast in those days as now. There was also Duncan's embroidery machine of 1804, which was improved by Heilmann and which became well known; but whether Thimmiere knew anything of this contrivance we do not know. We have the plain fact that he took out his patent in 1830, and was so far practically successful in 1841 as to have so many of his machines at work.

He then fell a wreck on his prospects. His establishment was freckled by an angry mob, and he himself was nearly killed. The people, no doubt, erroneously thought the machine would take away their work, and consequently their bread.

Nothing daunted, however, Thimmiere patented improvements, and actually obtained a patent in England in 1835. He lived in France, and was again successful, but then came the Revolution of 1848 and blighted all his hopes; his machine aroused no interest in the Exhibition of 1851, in which year it was also patented in the United States, though in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* of 1851 mention is made of two stitching machines exhibited or patented by other names, both French. The first chapter in the story ends with the death of Thimmiere in 1850, unreprieved and unknown. Verily one feels inclined to agree with James Watt, who, in a moment of great difficulty, cried, "Of all things in the world there is nothing so foolish as inventing."

The scene now changes to America. We have noticed how the idea of the sewing machine originated in England in the 18th century, and was realised to some extent, and no doubt quite independently, in France in the first half of the 19th century. But it was left for the United States to bring the idea to substantial practical usefulness and to introduce the machine which, popularly called the lock-stitch machine, was destined to herald such an enormous change in the work of sewing.

Shortly after Thimmiere had patented his machine in France—that is, about 1835—Walter Hunt, of New York, is reported to have invented a machine embodying the very important principles of an eye-pointed needle and a lock-stitch. He seems to have sold his contrivance to an ironworker, named Arrowsmith; but, unhappily for him, no patent was taken out, and the sale of the machine was not pushed.

Meanwhile, Elias Howe, a poor mechanic, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, working apparently quite in ignorance of Hunt's invention, modelled a lock-stitch sewing machine, and patented it in 1846.

Almost from that year the sewing machine has grown and prospered, and thus it comes about that Howe, of Massachusetts, in spite of all previous efforts, is generally spoken of as the inventor of the sewing machine.

Howe sold his invention in England for £250 to Mr. William Thomas, a corset manufacturer, of Cheapside, who patented it in Britain in his own name. Mr. Thomas also employed him to utilise the contrivance for his business. For reasons which are not clear, Howe seems not to have prospered in England,

and is said to have returned to America in 1849 in good poverty.

Here he found a great change in progress. The public were becoming interested in sewing machines, and several firms were putting specimens on the market which he considered infringed his patent.

Early in 1849, when Howe was in London, a young cabinet-maker, named Allan B. Wilson, living at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, completed a sewing machine, without apparently knowing anything of Howe's machine. Wilson seems first to have used a double beak shuttle to make the lock-stitch, but in 1851 instead of a shuttle he employed an ingenious and quite new device known as a rotating hook.

At first Wilson encountered great difficulties, but at length he succeeded in improving the machine, and, together with a young carriage-maker, named Nathaniel Wheeler, whom he knew, and who had capital, founded the well-known house of Wheeler and Wilson.

In 1851 Isaac Merritt Singer appeared on the scene. He patented a machine in New York, and began to push the sale with abounding energy. Numbers of others were appearing. Budget and Heron, of Boston, had patented an improvement in 1839; a Mr. Robinson, also of Boston, patented a two-needle machine about 1850; and William C. Grover, a tailor, and W. E. Baker, likewise of Boston, patented a "double loop-stitch" machine in 1852. Before this date, also, Morey and Johnson patented in 1849 a chain-stitch machine, which was subsequently improved by Mr. J. E. A. Gibbs, a farmer of Virginia, and became known to the world as the Wilcox and Gibbs machine. In all these various machines we see instances of three definite varieties of stitch—viz., the chain-stitch, the double chain-stitch, and the lock-stitch.

By some means Howe obtained money to defend his rights, and an immense amount of litigation followed. How far Singer's machine of that day was an improvement on Howe's, and how far it was simply an improvement of Howe's original machine, we cannot say; but in 1854 litigation was stopped by an agreement or combination, by which various companies used the needle invented by Howe—with an eye close to the point—and also employed the four-motion "feed" to move the cloth, an invention introduced by Mr. Wilson. The four movements of the Wilson "feed" were: (1) Upward, by which the teeth, or rough surface of a small bar, touched the cloth; (2) Forward, by which the cloth was moved forward; (3) Downward, by which the teeth receded; and then (4) Backward, by which the rough surface-bar moved backward. Further, by the use of this four-motion feed the cloth was not fixed while the needle passed through it, thus it could be turned in different directions, in one instance, in turning corners—without hindering the sewing in a great advantage.

Various companies agreed to pay Howe royalties and Wilson also; and it is satisfactory to relate that the plucky and persevering inventor received up to the time of his death in September, 1867—at which time his extended patent also expired—more than \$250,000, while Wilson also received a large sum. His patent for the four-motion feed ran out in 1878.

It is also satisfactory to see that the Howe Company said of Wilson that, by general consent of the able men conducting the sewing machine business, the highest place in the roll of improvers was assigned to Allan B. Wilson.

The Singer sewing machine may be described as an improvement on Howe's original machine; but it has itself been several times improved, until it has become one of the prominent machines of the day; its owners have large factories on both sides of the Atlantic. In a similar manner particular improvements have been made in the various machines of other large and well-known makers, and numbers of accessories have been added.

(To be concluded.)

## HE WAS A TEETOTALLER.

WRITING from Marlitzburg, a correspondent of the *Outlook* observes: One case, where the bullet had been driven right through the lungs very low down, puzzled the doctors, for they failed to understand how the liver had been avoided. "I think you must be a total abstainer," said the doctor to the Gordon Highlander. "I am, sir," he replied; "well, that is what saved your life." The abstention from liquor had so kept the liver contracted that it had escaped the line of the bullet.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S TEXT.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE book charmed us all in the days of our youth. Is there a boy alive who has not read it? "Robinson Crusoe" was a wealth of wonders to me; I could have read it over a score of times and I have never grown so tired as to confess that I read it even now with ever fresh delight. Robinson and his man Friday, though mere inventions of fiction, are wonderfully real to the most of us. But why am I running on in this way on a Sabbath evening? Is not this talk altogether out of order? I hope you will collect me to-night as I read my text; and in it I find something more than an excuse. Robinson Crusoe has been wrecked. He is left in a desert island all alone. His case is a very pitiable one. He goes to his bed, and he is smitten with fever. This fever lasts upon him long, and he has no one to wait upon him—none even to bring him a drink of cold water. He is ready to perish. He had been accustomed to sin, and had all the vices of a sailor; but his hard case brought him to think. He opens a Bible which he finds in his chest, and he lights upon this passage: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." That night he prayed for the first time in his life, and ever after there was in him a hope in God, which made him a better and a happier man.

Defoe, who composed the story, was, as you know, a Presbyterian minister; and though not overdone with spirituality, he knew enough of religion to be able to describe very vividly the experience of a man who is in despair, and who finds peace by casting himself upon his God. As a novelist, he had a keen eye for the probable, and he could think of no passage more likely to impress a poor broken spirit than this. Instinctively he perceived the mine of comfort which lies within these words.

Now I have everybody's attention, and this is one reason why I thus commenced my discourse. But I have a further purpose; for although Robinson Crusoe is not here, nor his man Friday either, yet there may be some of you here very like him—a person who has suffered shipwreck in life, and who has now become a drifting, solitary creature. It remembers better days, but by his sins he has become a castaway, whom no man seeks after. He is here to-night, washed up on shore without a friend, suffering in body, broken in estate, and crushed in spirit. In the midst of a city full of people, he has not a friend, nor one who would wish to own that he has ever known him.

Thus saith the Lord unto thee, my friend, this night: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." You have come here half hoping that there might be a word from God to your soul; "half hoping," I said; for you are as much under the influence of dread as of hope. You are filled with despair. To you it seems that God has forgotten to be gracious, and that He has in anger shut up the bowels of His compassion. The lying devil has persuaded thee that there is no hope, on purpose that he may bind thee with the brazen fetters of despair and hold thee as a captive to work in the mill of ungodliness so long as thou livest. Thou writest bitter things against thyself, but they are as false as they are bitter. The Lord's mercies fail not. His mercy endureth for ever; and thus in mercy does He speak to thee, poor troubled spirit, even to thee: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—*Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 1, 1876.

## ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

OTHERS shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fall of win.

What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word is said,  
And life the sweeter made!

Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
Forward I reach, and share  
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move onward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take by faith, with wings,  
My freedom of thanksgiving.

John G. Whittier



## GOD'S WORD—AND OURS.

BY REV. B. J. GIBBON.

THIS was the significance of an ancient battle-cry. This was the meaning of the watchword of the warriors of Israel on the memorable night when they routed the hordes of Midian. As in the darkness they surrounded and surprised the camp of their sleeping foes, Gideon's bands cheered themselves and one another by shouting, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Such war-cries, intended to give heart to their users, and to strike consternation into the breasts of their foes, were formerly common. In the old times, British troops always advanced to the attack to the accompaniment of stirring cries of "St. George and merrie England!" Not infrequently successful generals have had the art of coining suitable watchwords upon the very day and field of battle and an apt saying at such a time has often contributed in no mean degree to the subsequent success. With what courage the hearts of Nelson's sailors must have been filled when that famous signal, which still has power to thrill, first flew along the line of battle, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." And what heroes Napoleon's soldiers must have felt when, in Egypt, their leader exclaimed: "Men, from yonder pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you!" Well, we who are Christians are engaged in a holy war—"we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And as we periodically buckle on the whole armour of God, we may cheer ourselves and one another by accepting and repeating this Israelitish battle-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" It will encourage us by reminding us that *Christian warfare is the battle of the Lord.*

It is no sham fight in which we are engaged. It is no courtly tournament in which we are participating. It is no military picnic to which we are called. It is a grimly real and desperately earnest battle. There is no truce; there is no quarter. The issue is victory or death. Our foes are aptly summarised for us as "the world, the flesh, and the devil." They comprise a formidable trio of evil powers; a confederacy, strong, wily, united, and well-nigh irresistible. We fight for a twofold object—to deliver ourselves from the power of the enemy, and to free our brethren from his coils. We are struggling for our personal sanctification, and for the salvation of the race. But it is apparently a hopeless war. The world is invidious, and presents its allurements with tireless persistency. The flesh is iniquitous; its assaults are never announced; they are unexpected and overwhelming. "Oh, wretched man that I am," cries the pious Christian, hunted incessantly by the fleshly foe, "who shall deliver me from this body of death?" And the devil is cunning as a serpent and strong as a lion, and old with centuries of experience of the weakness of humanity and the power of temptation.

And still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Such is the triumvirate of evil by which we are opposed. And who are we that face it? We are weak; we are ignorant; we are not even united. Every one of us is sadly conscious of the fact that there is treason in the camp—that there are inclinations and dispositions within his own personality only too ready to help the parley with the foe. Was ever a fight more one-sided? And if we are so impotent in the struggle for our own souls, how shall we free our brethren? For the powers of evil surround them, and the influences for good that we are able to bring to bear upon them are few, feeble, and not particularly forcible.

Such is the condition of affairs at the seat of war. Surely as we go forth for our excursions and alarms it would be wise not to shout our battle-cry too vigorously, lest the enemy should turn out in force to avenge our defiance, but to whisper it to one another, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" But even as we repeat the ancient watchword, we notice a truth in it that we had forgotten, and we utter it again and shout it in tones of ringing defiance, *The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.* We had forgotten our great ally! We had forgotten, rather, the Lord of Hosts, whose poor allies we are! We had forgotten that our cause, the cause of righteousness upon the earth, is not so much ours as God's! We had forgotten that in Christian warfare the battle is the Lord's! God is more anxious that you should conquer the world, the flesh and the devil, and become a holy man, than you are. Indeed one of the Almighty's greatest difficulties lies in the fact that we so poorly respond to His great purpose. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification"—and by hook or by crook, God's will shall be done. It was He who saved you by His grace, and He which hath begun a good work in you by His Christ. It may be that you will find, as it has been found before, that the old Adam is too strong for the young Melancthon, but there is One stronger far than the old Adam, and He is on your side. The battle is the Lord's. So is the true fight for the rescue of our brethren. God is more desirous that men should be saved than we are. It is His will that they should repent and come to a knowledge of the truth. He is determined that "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as he waters cover the sea." He has resolved that His crucified Son shall have "the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession." His honour is at stake: His might is engaged; the battle is the Lord's. And the Lord is a man of war!

The Lord is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. His purposes are only slowly accomplished—the wheels of His providence move so imperceptibly that we can hardly catch the tremble of the spokes—but of the ultimate issue there cannot be a shadow of doubt. "His enemies shall lick the dust." All crowns shall roll to His feet.

So let us go forward to face the foe strongly, undauntedly, and cheerfully. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now might Israel say, our enemies had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us." But as the fact is that the Lord is on our side, there is no room for despondency, but only for faith and hope. In the name of the Lord, then, we will set our hands band. Not unreasonably, not hesitatingly, let us advance into the unknown, but with a bold front, and the set face and stalwart mien of conquerors. The Lord is our leader; we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loves us. No struggle against sin in the flesh, however apparently uncertain the immediate issue, will be in vain. No bit of true Christian service will be in vain. Our true desires may not always be attained, but God's purposes, which are our perfection and the redemption of the race, will be forwarded through us. We know well that God's great name has often been invoked to lend sanction to wars, from the cruelties and horrid injustices perpetrated in which His holy soul must have recoiled with horror; but there cannot be a doubt of the truth of the statement that in Christian warfare the battle is the Lord's. Let us grasp that fact and the encouragement which it contains; let us remember the holy and eternal interests with which we are connected. "Hitch your wagon to a star!"

[Rev. B. J. Gibbon came recently from Southampton

to the pastorate of Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, one of the leading churches of that denomination in London. It is in Bloomsbury Chapel that the Baptist Union meets annually in May.]

## THREE LESSONS.

THERE are three lessons I would write,  
Three words with a golden pen,  
In tracings of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round  
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy hawk is driven—  
The calms's despot, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,  
But man as man thy brother call  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus gave these words upon thy soul—  
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,  
Light when thou dost ever wilt blind.

SCHILLER.

## THE CITY AND THE CHILD.

I THINK that any city, Christian and civilised, may be judged by what it does, and by what it fails to do for the child. Do you remember that great picture in Christ's life, where He took a little child, and with the heads of His church standing round, He pointed to that little child—"That way lies the Kingdom of Heaven?" That is the noblest figure. Not the soldier with his glittering sword, not the priest with his swinging censer, not the statesman with his plotting brain—"the child." That way lies the Kingdom of Heaven. Christ places the child amid His Church, and points the Church to the child. Christ places the child in the city, and judges the city by the child. If in the midst of this great and rich city there is one child motherless, homeless, hungry, walling in the night, and there are no hands to minister to that child, there are no feet to run to rescue it, there are no tender hearts to care for it, that single, forgotten, despised child might, in the judgment of God, outweigh your wealth and commerce, and bring London, with all its greatness to what Nineveh is and what Tyre.

DR. W. H. FITCHETT.

## IS WINE A FOOD?

A FEW years ago a wine company, in an advertisement, fraudulently made use of the name of Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, as recommending wine as being *nutritious*; this is being contrary to his signed declaration some years since, with many other of the leading physicians, Mr. J. D. Merson wrote to Sir Henry on the subject. This is his answer:—

"Dear Sir,—No such language as that which you state, 'You must drink good Burgundy or some other *nutritious* wine' was ever used by me. I have never in the whole course of my life, as a term of any wine as '*nutritious*,' and I regard such a term as unapplicable and misleading. Pure wine is at times a useful stimulant when judiciously ordered, but its daily dietetic use is for most people more or less injurious. It is my opinion, confirmed by long experience, that nineteen out of twenty at least would have better health and longer and happier lives without the dietic use of alcoholic stimulant than with it. I have done the most laborious work of my life,—have, indeed, only been enabled to do it by totally abstaining from any form of fermented liquor. I am astonished that any assertion so groundless should be made and published, and am obliged to you for drawing my attention to it.

HENRY THOMPSON.

"Yes," said a Queenslander who had been in the far North, "aboriginals are powerfully fond of whisky, and they'll give up everything for it. An old man out near Townsville offered me a pony saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me." And you wouldn't give it to him? "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond aboriginals are of whisky."

## THE GREAT CONTRAST.

BY CHARLES HERBERT.

THE five pictures in the accompanying illustration do not seem to have much to do with one another, do they? Bird-selling on Sundays, opium smoking, a Thames suicide, and a drunkard on his unsteady way home, all seem to have little enough connection with the House of Commons. That is the seat of government; those other scenes are the outcome of a lack of government. A greater contrast there could not be; and the one that haunts the tower where the lamp alight shows that Parliament is sitting, can stand for Law and Order, and every other scene in the picture for Lawlessness and Disorder.

There is, as you say, no connection between them—only a contrast. And you are quite right. If there were the *first* connection between Law and order and those men in the pictures, they would not be the kind they are. All the men in the pictures have let themselves go—kicked at restraint and rule, and determined to be free to go their own way.

There is a certain fascination in independence, and I have met a number of men who thought they showed it by being defiant of anything that looked like restraint. "Shall do as I like! Don't care for anybody!"

Well, it's a noble sentiment! Jesus Christ might have said it, and it is told of a great preacher in Brighton that, when a lady in his congregation threatened to leave the place because he would preach only what he believed, he answered, "I don't care!" "Do you know what 'don't care' came to?" she said irritably. "Yes, madam!" he answered. "He was crucified on Calvary." So in the right way, the spirit of independence, even of established law and custom, is a grand thing, but not in the wrong.

In the habits of his life a man *must* be governed somehow; the idea of being one's own master ought to be exploded as a mere bit of foolishness by this time. If a man won't be governed in his conduct by the ordinary laws and considerations that rule other people, and thinks himself free to get drunk, or to smoke an opium pipe, or loaf about in a Sunday market for a likely bird, he'll soon discover he's under another kind of control. What law ever laid such a rigid hand on a man, as that opium law on that dazed sleeper? or that Drink has on that fellow who wants to make his bed for the night on the stones? or that Sorrow has on that suicide who keeps up the idea of freedom to the last, and having lived as he likes, dies as he likes? What law-aiding ever brought about such a scene of uproar as in that market? Does it not all prove that freedom to do as one likes means that one will soon be in slavery? A servant one must be to something, and it is at least a plausible suggestion that we had better serve the forces that will bring about order than any other. There may be the appearance of liberty in the law that lurks on Sunday in the markets for a careless smoke and a casual listen, or that loiters till "Time's up, gentlemen!" sounds in the bar, or bar-parlour, but it leads to a kind of felt government—a government that proceeds hardly on its victims, till they often love life so little as to forsake it.

After all, the scenes in the picture are all of them good illustrations of the fact that men who allow themselves to be a law unto themselves very soon have a law *over* themselves, which tyrannises more than the restraints against which they kick.

You cannot serve God and—the other thing; you must serve one or the other. Begin the process by saying, "I will have no reverence for the Sabbath.

I'll do as I like on that day." Well, you are free to do so; but if you do, you will soon be no longer free not to, for the habit fastens. When a man begins spending his Sundays, clay pipe in mouth, roving and loafing about markets, it soon becomes "his usual"; and apart altogether from any religious considerations one link to respectability will have gone—when there is no longer a day on which he dresses his best and gets into the best company he can. One thing about Sabbath-keeping must not be forgotten, that a quiet, well-ordered, dress-on-your-best, Home-keeping Sunday makes a man feel he is something more than "a hand."

Once this link goes, others snap more easily. Every little bit of reluctance flits before the newly-found spirit of selfassertion. Every vice is selfassertion and self-indulgence, and its practice a declaration that one has a right, if he chooses, to do a wrong, and the most



The City of Great Contrasts.

presumptuous piece of egotism is the suicide's. In the first picture it is seen that the voice of the preacher has lost its power to charm—the bird-fancier on the one hand, and the debater with the newspaper on the other hand, clearly being the attraction. The result is that a man spending his day in such a way gets no refining influence at work upon him, but just the reverse.

Now, the moment a man leaves behind him higher things, there is nothing between him and doing evil but the law, which, as we said, that House of Commons represents in the second picture. Presently, even the laws can be broken, though, of course, a man is free to do that so long as he manages to keep clear of the policeman round the corner; if not—! But even if he does, there is an invisible law, which sees to it, that the man who would-be-free of any restraint shall be the worst of slaves.

Taking your own way generally leads out of the way; for there are ways which seem quite the right, the independent thing to a man, but the end of it is misery and death.

## AN HEROIC RAILWAY MAN.

MR. W. J. GORDON, in his interesting little book on "Everyday Life on the Railroad," tells an incident which should be noted by those who are always complaining of the cramped work of the day. He was once travelling in the last carriage of an express that had stopped at Bedford. The greaser was coming along the train, tapping the wheels and clicking up the lid of each axle-box. It seemed a mere matter of form, for there was nothing wrong anywhere, so, as the last carriage was reached, the guard started the train. The wheels began to move; the greaser clicked the first—but the box was dry! He knew the risk he was running, but he brave fellow, instead of getting up and flung himself on the step in a moment, with his tray. He threw up the axle-lids, one by one, as the express at three-quarters-increasing speed was running out of the station. By the time he had finished his work the train was over the Ouse. Throwing his tray off he sprang after it, and saved himself from falling by a long, staggering run. He was "only a greaser," and he did not get a K.C.B. or any other reward; but his deed is worth recording, even though his very name is unknown.

## THREE OLD SAWS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to mourn  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness  
On the sands to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight;  
Weeds and brambles neither;  
And to roof and mat invite  
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it!  
Breathe above that life-endears,  
Clear from clouds to fan it.  
Upon gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark sorrow's  
stream  
Blends with Hope's bright  
river!

## WHAT "EARNING" MEANS.

WHEN John C. Reid was managing editor of the *New York Times* he had an office-boy whose self-confidence was colossal. Greatness never embarrassed him, for he was no respecter of persons. One day he entertained in the reception-room a waiting visitor, whose patronage way nettled him. All kinds of questions concerning his life and occupation were fired at him, and finally he was asked how much he earned a week. His reply was, "Fifty dollars," which caused the interrogator to whistle. At that moment the visitor was summoned by Reid, to whom he related his experience with an office-boy who said that he made fifty dollars a week.

"Did you tell this gentleman that you made fifty dollars a week here?"

"Why, no, sir; I did not tell him any such thing."

"What! You mean to say you didn't tell me a moment or two ago that you made fifty dollars a week?"

"Never said any such thing."

"Why, you little liar! You—"

"What did you tell the gentleman?" put in Reid, detecting a glimmer of fun in the boy's fearless eyes.

"I told him I earned fifty dollars a week; but you pay me only three dollars."

The visitor was so excited that he forgot his business with the managing editor. When he had taken leave of the office Reid raised the boy's salary to six dollars.



Taking a Boat-load off to the Ship.

## THE LIME-JUICE ISLAND.

By "VLATOR."

**N**O, I do not mean an island built of solidified limejuice, as some other islands are built of coral. Nor do I mean an island whose rivers flow with lime-juice, as Patolus flowed with gold, and in the hollows of whose mountains are hidden natural lakes of the same beverage. But an island which, with an area of only 32 square miles, exports annually over 100,000 gallons of this much appreciated extract may fairly claim the distinctive title which heads this article.

To discover this pleasant land we must sail westward to the region where so many British and Spanish sailors made vigorous contributions to the history of Elizabeth's reign. Long before there was any awkward Monroe Doctrine, in the way, the quarrels of European powers made the Caribbean Sea a cauldron of naval turmoil. Many of the most stirring incidents in our earliest colonial records happened off the shores of the islands which are grouped under the name of the West Indies. Indeed, their historical interest goes back as far as Christopher Columbus himself, whose discovery of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas, meant the revelation of a new continent. It was through his belief that these lands were part of Eastern Asia that the name of Indies was applied to them.

Of this famous group Montserrat is by no means the most important, historically or politically. In size, too, it is comparatively insignificant, for it measures only eight miles from north to south, and five from east to west. But its scenery presents in miniature those typical West Indian features over which so many travellers, from Hartley Coleridge to Kingsley and Froude, have warmed into enthusiasm. The steep mountain sides covered with tree ferns, bananas, and cabbage palms, often tangled with luxuriant creepers, are cut by rugged gorges which are also frequently covered with virgin forest.

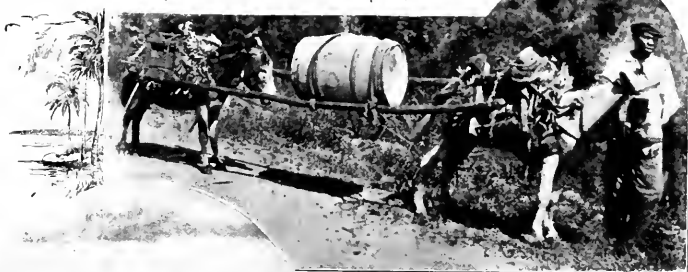
It is, however, not of the jungle but of the cultivated section of Montserrat that we wish now to speak. No more beautiful sight greets the eye of the visitor than the orchards laden with the fruit of the lime and while lime-juice itself is well enough known, the lime itself is not generally familiar. Perhaps, if one were to question the first dozen men one met in the street as to what lime-juice is made of, some remarkable answers would be given. There is, of course, no connection, even in the derivation of the name, with the chalky substance used in making mortar. Nor has the lime-fruit any kinship with the lime-tree or linden. The word "lime," when applied to the fruit with which we are now concerned, is etymologically connected with the word "limon," and the fruits themselves belong to the same botanical family. The lime (*Citrus limetta*) is about half the size of the

lemon; its rind is thin, dense, and of a greenish-yellow colour, and its taste is more bitter. It grows on a tree or shrub about eight feet in height.

There are many of the West Indies in which the lime grows wild. It is said that a good deal of the lime-juice cordial in the English market comes from this source. The negroes, armed with a wooden lemon-squeezer, roam about the islands and squeeze

women, who carry it down the hills in baskets on their heads. These women are noted for their remarkable ability to carry heavy burdens in this fashion, which they prefer to methods which we should consider more comfortable. The story is told that, when wheelbarrows were first introduced into the West Indies in order to ease the task of the labourers, the negroes filled the wheelbarrows readily, as before they had been accustomed to fill their baskets, and then proceeded to carry wheelbarrow and all upon their heads. So there is many a negro woman who will carry a hundredweight of limes on her head for the distance of a mile. The habit, as one might expect, gives these people a remarkable erect carriage.

In the island itself the Montserrat Company grows the fruit on its own plantations, picks it, squeezes it, and stores it in large casks. These casks are then exported to the depot of the same Company at Liverpool, where, after being allowed to settle for the requisite period, the juice is clarified and bottled. In this process such methods are adopted as have been found to be the most efficacious in preserving to the



The Carriers of Montserrat.



Barrels of Lime-juice awaiting Exportation.

Women  
Excellent  
the Fruit  
for  
Essence.

into pails the scattered fruit they had under the trees. The juice thus obtained is made more tasty and at the same time acquires an increase in bulk by the addition of salt water. The Montserrat lime-juice, however, is prepared by more careful methods. The plantation itself covers over 1,000 acres, and contains from 140,000 to 200,000 trees. The fruit is gathered by the negro

fruit its flavour and civility. It is then sent literally to all parts of the world, for it is not only a pleasant cooling drink for a hot day, but is of great medical value as a preservative against various climatic diseases. In its military and naval use, the Montserrat lime-juice is indeed an up-to-date drink, for large supplies have been consumed by the American troops in Cuba and the Philippines, and by our own soldiers, through Lord Kitchener's orders, in the Sudan.

DR. WOLFE, of Strasburg, one of the best authorities in Germany on workmen's accidents, says that Mondays and Fridays are the days when most accidents occur.

because the drinking shops are most frequented by



workmen on the days previous—viz., Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursdays. Fewer accidents happen on Tuesday than on any other day in the week, because on no days are drinking houses so empty as on Mondays.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY ETHEL L. SALMON.

It was very hot. The pavements glared in the sunlight. The air was close and stifling. Women stood or sat on their doorsteps, gossiping or quarrelling as the case might be. Dirty and ill-neglected children rolled and tumbled together in the gutter. The cry of weary costermongers was borne along the street. "Here 'e comes," remarked a woman in her rough, hard voice. "Ain't 'e looking pale, just? The cat tries like it times all the time." The curate came quickly down the street. The day was not conducive to quick walking, but time was precious. Two men cannot do much among ten thousand people, even should they slave till body and soul give way under the strain.

"I wish we had a few more helpers," sighed the curate to himself, as he picked his way among the groups of children. "There is work enough here for many hearts and hands, and so few to give them a helping hand to better things." At one of the doors he stopped, and the women parted quickly for him to enter. "How is she, Mrs. Jones?" he asked, as he passed through them. "Any better to-day?" "She is gone, sir; died last night at quarter to eleven o'clock. We done as we could for her—brought out nice and tidy, and she makes a lovely corpse." "A mercy God Almighty has took her, as we tell Jack; there was never no chance from the first. It was all along of his beating her so cruel that night he came home mad with the drink. The best thing he can do now is to find himself another wife, for the sake of the little uns; a man ain't no use with children."

The curate made no answer, neither was he shocked; the woman was speaking from her standpoint. He went up to an upper floor, and knocked, letting himself quietly in. On a bed in the corner lay the woman who made a "lovely corpse." The stiffness of death pervaded all, only disturbed by the feeble wailing of a young infant. An older child lay asleep near the window, and the husband of the dead woman sat near the bed, gazing fixedly down at her. The curate looked angrily at the curate entered, but his manner softened when he saw who his visitor was. "I thought 'twas one of the women," he explained roughly; "they drive me mad with their chatter and talk. None of 'em don't come in here again to-day." "What about the baby, Jack? You want a woman to help with him." He stooped over the cradle as she spoke, and soothed and hushed the wailing infant with words and gentle tender as a woman's. "I believe in you, parson," said the man gruffly, as he watched him. "You've been a blessing to me and mine, but I don't believe in your God—in His being a God of love, as you told my poor girl. If he were He wouldn't have taken her away." He suddenly dropped his head on his hands, and gave way to the great heavy sobs of a man unused to tears. It was better so. Unseen and unthought, the bitterest thing on earth. The curate let him alone, for he knew that no ordinary sorrow was here. It was the bitter remorse of an unavailing regret for past neglect.

At last the heavy sobs ceased and grew quieter. The curate went over and stood by the bed. "What are you thinking of doing 'til 'e asked presently." "If it weren't for the little uns I'd go abroad," answered the man. "I would be better off, but the boy, he cost my poor girl her life. I'd give him up wifin' if I could get someone to take him. Australia's the place for me; I could begin a new life out there." "You will give up the drink, Jack," said the curate firmly; "remember what misery it has brought into your life here. God have mercy upon you if you ever touch it again."

They both unconsciously turned and looked down on the face of the dead woman. No words were said. No words were needed. She lay there in the grand majesty of death—a mate witness to the awfulness of a drunkard's home. God help the man who, looking upon the remains of all he holds dear in this life, yet knows his own hand helped to snap the binding link between their two lives. "I should be loose from all my own companions out there," he continued presently. "I'm afraid to meet with them; I ain't strong or good like you be, parson. No man ever went down easier, but I ain't bad out of the drink; the neighbours will tell you that. Out there I could begin fresh—but there's the children."

Yes—the children. The curate looked at the man before him, and considered. Drink had been his ruin. Driven from his home, he would leave England and his old evil associates would no doubt follow him, but who would take the children? Who would trust this man to send over money for their maintenance? Would not people laugh at the very idea of Jack

Coomes getting steady enough to save money for his children? Could he with his past experience? The curate hesitated, and shrunk back from the sea which was framing itself in his mind. He feared that the idea might transform itself into a duty, because he was "His Brother's Keeper," and when duty spoke he was used to obey.

The clock ticked loudly on the mantel-piece. The dead face looked up with mute appeal into his, and the baby's fidgety face broke across the bottom of his thought. "Jack," he broke out suddenly, "you know I am poor myself, but I am going to trust you. If you will undertake to send home money for them whenever you can, I'll pay a woman to look after them properly. Remember, I am throwing myself upon your mercy. It will be easy enough when you are out there for you to forget them and me, and I should never know where you were to get hold of you; but Jack, I'm going to trust you. You will be steady, won't you? I can't say 'for God's sake,' but you don't know or love Him, but for *her* sake, Jack, you will promise me." "I'll promise," answered the man gratefully, catching his last hand in his own rough ones. "I promise faithful, parson. You shan't suffer, never fear, for giving me a lift on my feet again."

The curate went out of the room then, and down the creaking stairs, and out again into the glare of the mid-day sun. To say that the burden of what he had just promised did not oppress him would not be true. He was very poor, and already his slender purse was strained to the uttermost. Suppose Jack did not get work, or fell into misadventure, and died out there, leaving the two little ones on his hands entirely. What could he do then? Well, he had promised, and must leave it. He thought with satisfaction of a certain sum of money put away in order to procure him his much needed summer holiday, which was to come off before long. How fortunate that he had not yet gone! Every penny of that would be wanted, for Jack could earn nothing for some time yet, and had a long voyage to come before he could even begin. The doctors would grumble, of course; they were always grumbling as it was, and talking of the sinful neglect of his valuable-life. The curate smiled a little to himself. "They seem to forget that there are other valuable lives also; poor Jack's is among them, with grand capabilities, if only he would keep from the drink." A week after the curate Jack applied, leaving his children in the curate's charge. He had found a good home for them, with a woman who was glad to get even the little money he could pay for their maintenance. Thus it came to pass that the summer months rolled by, and the curate had no change of air to recruit his worn nerves and weary frame. True, he had a fortnight's holiday at home, but his people, knowing where to find him, sent for him to visit the sick and dying, as usual. No letter came from Jack Coomes. He had not expected it, for the man could neither read or write; and besides, times were not altogether prosperous in Australia just now. He might not for some time be able to fulfil his promise, even with the best intentions in the world.

So the autumn came on, and then the winter, and still no news or letter. The little curate felt it now more of a strain. There were extra fires and gas to be paid for, and the poor seemed poorer than ever. He stinted himself in every way he could, and went about his work in an overcoat which showed green and threadbare with age, though a frequent hacking cough called for warmer covering. There rang one aching, longing prayer through it all: that Jack Coomes might prove steadfast to his promise, that he would keep from the drink and live a new life in the new land. Sacrifice is less hard when we can see its fruits growing beneath our very hand.

A year sped away, and hope nearly died out in the curate's heart. To crown it all he was dying, slowly, it is true, but certainly dying. Consumption was doing its quiet, deadly work, and he fully realised that God was calling him to go up higher. He did not fear, for the life which he begins heaven below, suffers no rude break when it terminates its heavenly journey a little higher up.

It was one warm morning in May that the curate lay calmly and quietly waiting for the summons that should call him home. Only one unfulfilled desire troubled him now: he longed to hear that Jack Coomes had turned out well, and that he would return to the life which he had left behind him of the workhouse. Unselfish to the end, he thought of his trouble, but for others. His prayers were growing more hopeless now, for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

And yet, had he but known it, under the darkness of doubt and hopelessness, God was working in lines of light and glory, and even as he prayed his sad, hopeless prayer, a man pushed open the door of his room and entered. One look, and the radiance of answered prayer shone in the curate's eyes. "Come home at last, Jack, and thank God, not too late."

The rough, brown man fell down by the bed-side, and seized the white, thin fingers resting on the bed. He took it all in—the dying face of his only friend, the weary struggle of the brave, loving, unselfish life, and he could speak no words. There are feelings which choke our utterances at times. At last he found words, and told him his story. He had kept steady and free from drink, but could make no paying work for many long months. All he could do was to earn his keep, and some men had found even that a hard matter. Times had been as hard out there as ever he had found them in England. At last he went off with a gang of men to the gold diggings to try his luck. He couldn't bear the thought of the parson thinking him a black-guard after all, and having the children to care for, too. He got back, but the gold digging, and he was a tidy bit of money, and had come home for the little uns. There was a woman out there as was would make a home for all three of them, and, please God, he would make her a good husband.

He went on talking, and the curate lay quietly listening, with a light of peace, and joy upon his face. The rough, brown man gasped that Jack Coomes never noticed when a new, different, and more radiant light shone on the quiet face, but that he realised what had happened, the little curate had gone up higher.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

On a sunken rock in an open sea  
Stood a lighthouse high and strong,  
And the lamp was there with its splendid flame,  
And the keeper all night long.

But the keeper had naught of pity or love,  
A hard, selfish man was he;  
He shrouded the lamp, and sent out no light  
O'er the dark and perilous sea.

Safe in comfort himself, the mighty ships  
Might strike or go safely by;  
"Let them strike and go down: who cares?" said he,  
"Men have only once to die."

One dismal night, by a strong wind driven,  
Came a ship with all sails spread;  
None thought of danger, for no one knew  
Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along came the sail-clad ship,  
The white foam leaped from her prow:  
"All's well!" cried the watchman patting the deck,  
"All's well!" passed from stern to bow.

But scarce died away had the watchman's cry  
When, crash! plunged the ship to her fate;  
And there was the beacon that would have saved,  
But 'twas seen, alas! too late.

Oh, fearful the cries of the drowning men  
From the seething waves that night!  
And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless man  
Who refused his saving light.

The men of the ship are the heathen world;  
The beacon, the book of God;  
The keeper, the Christian who shades his lamp,  
And sheds not its light abroad.

## A SPIRITUALIST UNMASKED.

CHARLES GREVILLE, a leader of London fashionable society early in the century, once went to see a notorious "medium." The spiritualist fixed his attention at once upon Greville, whose grey hair and wrinkled face pointed him out as a safe subject. With much emotion he exclaimed "There is an aged lady behind your chair." "How interesting," replied Greville. "She is very, very like you." "Indeed; who can it be?" "She is her husband's wife to bless you. Her hands are now resting on your head." "Pray, tell me," said Greville, with a slight tremor in his voice, "who this mystic's visitant may be." "It is your mother," said the medium; "she says she is perfectly happy, and she watches you constantly." "Dear soul," murmured Greville. "She tells me you will join her soon, and be happy with her." Then Greville said gravely, in the sweetest tones, "That is extremely likely, for I am going to take tea with her at five o'clock!"

## WOOD CARVING IN THE HOME.

By MARK MALLET.

### VI.—A Frame for an Engraving, Carved in Relief.

Figure 1.

**W**E are now about to undertake a frame on a larger scale than those with which we have before had to do, and one ornamented with a higher style of carving. Taking fig. 1 to be a sixth of the actual size, our frame will be 20½ ins. high by 16½ ins. wide. We shall find a moderately hard and dark-grained wood most suitable. The mere carpentry will be found simple enough. It is made with two layers of strips, as is seen in the section, fig. 3. The front and back layers are so arranged as to cross each other at the corners, thus giving the required strength; the two layers are fastened together by screws driven from behind. It will be observed that the front layer is so placed as to overlap the back one on the inner side, thus forming a rebate to hold the glass, print, and backboard; whilst the outer edge of the back strips, being left uncovered, forms a recessed moulding, and thus adds to the effect of the frame. All the strips are alike 3 ins. wide, and, say, five-eighths in. thick when planed.

The subject of the carving is the dog-rose, but treated conventionally, that is to say, it is so altered as to make it more suited to our purpose than it would be if Nature were exactly copied. In fig. 2 we have a part of the frame enlarged to one-third of the actual size, and this will chiefly be our guide in carving. For setting out our work we shall first have to draw the runner rose and a single leaf to full size; from these we can trace off the entire pattern on strips of tissue paper, for all the leaves are alike, the alternate ones being merely reversed. The strips we paste upon the wood, but this needs to be done with care, as the paper is apt to stretch when wetted.

The leaves, stems, &c., have now to be blocked out. Slightly outside their outlines, and without caring for details, we cut down with a chisel, and then scoop out the wood between, mostly with the gouge, and so sink our background to the required depth. Some little patience and care will be required to do this uniformly and neatly.

Our pattern now stands up in relief, but in rough block forms, and these we have to carve into shape. The outline of every leaf, &c., has to be correctly made out. For doing this we may be glad of an addition to our stock of tools in the shape of a smaller gouge, one-sixth in. across. And next the level of the leaves has to be lowered in places, so as to give a pleasing variety of light and shadow; the stems have to be rounded, and so forth. Afterwards, the veiner or the dividing tool has to be used to give the leaves their proper veins—a thing that requires doing very lightly. Finally,



Figure 3.

Figure 2.

the background has to be roughened. This hides any small inequalities in it, and at the same time appears to throw up the raised design into more striking relief. It is done with a grounding-punch, driven by the mallet. The punch is a small tool, 3 or 4 ins. long, having its end cut to some simple device, which is in this case supposed to be a small cross. Most carvers would prefer to use a mallet when carving this frame, but not all.

### THE YOUNG MAN'S HYMN.

Just as I am, Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, Who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might,  
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But dearer still my faith to hold,  
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at Thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

### THE MUDDY CURRENT.

You would not have thought to look at that spring that its waters would be anything else than pure and sweet. It bubbled right up to the edge of the ground just below a great rock; and as it trickled down the side of the hill its waters were so clear that you stooped and took a glass, hearty drink. After that the brook seemed to laugh more than before. It had done you a good turn, and that always makes one happy.

You followed the brook a little farther toward the plain. For a time it ran as clear as when it first gushed from the ground. Then we notice a little muddy current trickling along toward the spring brook; finally it jumps over the bank and mingles with the pure water below. After that the streamlet is not quite so clear as before. You are sorry to notice it. Now you would not care to bend down and drink from the brook. Never again does the stream get back its first beauty and goodness.

Like the spring brook is a good life. It runs along, singing as it goes, sparkling in the sunshine, and blessing all who come to meet it. Men trust those who live pure lives. They are not afraid of you as long as you keep clear and free from all that is wrong and impure, just as you were not afraid to drink of the clear-water brook.

The brook cannot help itself when the dark current comes into it. You can, by the help of Him who is always ready to help those who trust Him. Keep out of the way of all that will make your lives impure. Shun every muddy current.—*American Paper.*

### SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

By MRS. ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

#### III.—Among the Shoemakers.

**W**E open the story of notable shoemakers with the name of Hans Sachs, born in Nuremberg, in 1494. At fifteen he was apprenticed to his trade and also began to make verses. Next, he kept the German craftsman's customs of "wandering" for some years, earning his bread by his trade and his welcome by song.

Returning to his native town, he never seems to have left it again. He steadily followed his calling, prospered in it, and was much beloved and honoured by his fellow townsmen, yet he found leisure for so much poetical composition that he is said to have been almost the most copious versifier in Europe!

Hans Sachs favoured Luther's Reformation. His innumerable fly-sheets did immense service to the Protestant Cause. He never wrote anything without

some good purpose, and his verses are always full of "go" and humour. He loved fable and allegory. Some think that his best piece is one wherein a "Doctor" cures a bloated and lethargic patient by an operation which cuts away a "growth" of half-a-dozen "fools." Such parables have many applications!

Hans Sachs hated lying, hypocrisy and boasting. In Nuremberg, when the townsmen foregathered and entertained strangers, a wooden knife was used to be put beside the president, and if any guest became mendacious, the president sent the instrument down to the offender, to be beside him until a more untruthful or wearisome speaker appeared. A curious knife is still extant; engraved on its blade is a homely verse by Sachs:

"Though made of wood, this knife is good,  
To cut short tales from the lying brood."

Hans Sachs was an upright, outspoken, lovable man, and he had a happy and useful life. Though he enjoyed a full measure of homely popularity through all his long life (he died in 1567), yet after his death his verses were despised and neglected, until Goethe, the giant of German literature, recognised his genius and restored his name to popular regard.

Longfellow, in his verses "Nuremberg," tells us of the old poet's portrait,

"As the old man, gray and dove-like, with  
his great beard, white and long."

Another famous German shoemaker, living about a century after Hans Sachs, was Jacob Boehme, who in his earliest years, before he had even received any schooling, uttered wonderful words of wisdom. He was a peasant's son, and nearly all his life earned his bread by the shoemaker's craft. Yet Sir Isaac Newton studied his works, and many of the most subtle philosophers, both German and British, have drawn much of their inspiration from them. In his own personality, he was a good, simple man, of much the same type as our own George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, who, by the way, himself learned shoemaking, that being one of his father's many trades.

Boehme wrote very little till within seven years of his death, which occurred at the age of 59. His "passing" was beautiful; he heard "sweet music," and saying, "Now I go to Paradise," turned his face to the wall, and died.

Of very different type was George Lackington, who started life under the hardest and bitterest conditions. As a boy he showed business ability in selling pins in the street. He afterwards worked as a shoemaker, his ambition being to establish himself in the trade of book-selling. He and his wife practised the most unremitting thrift till they could purchase a stock of books valued at £25. Henceforth, his path to competence and influence was plain. One thing he did really deserves remembrance, in the interests of the diffusion of knowledge. He broke down an old custom under which, as soon as the first sale of a work had passed off, the second, third, and fourth were destroyed, a very few being retained at greatly enhanced prices. Lackington kept the surplus copies, and in due time sold them at reduced prices.

Next comes William Carey, born in 1761, in Northamptonshire, whose chief town is mainly given up to shoemaking. Carey gained his bread by his craft from the age of sixteen to that of twenty-eight. His prosperity was due to the fact that, when a boy, he fell from a tree and severely injured his leg; on his recovery, nothing would content him till he had climbed that tree again and accomplished the feat in safety! He had a passion both for receiving and imparting knowledge. At one time he taught school by day and earned money by shoemaking in the evening! At other times he occupied his leisure by learning foreign languages from books. Eventually he became a minister among the Baptists, but his heart yearning towards the people of India, he succeeded in making such an impression on the leading men of his persuasion that in 1793, he and one or two coadjutors were sent out to the Great Peninsula. The Marquis of Wellesley (the elder brother of the "Iron Duke" of Wellington) was then Governor-General, and was hostile to missions, and Carey and his friends were compelled to settle at Serampore, then under Danish protection. Even there, they long lived in dread lest they should be compelled to return to England. Finally they were permitted to remain, and Carey started a printing-press, schools, and even a college. He worked among the natives with great wisdom, allowing his converts to retain the ceremonial of "caste," but insisting that its "separating" element must cease to exist among them.

These early missionaries had to submit to much official suspicion and supervision. Nevertheless, by the year 1832, the Serampore mission had issued

200,000 Bibles, or portions of the Bible, besides many leaflets in various languages. Carey himself performed much of the literary labour involved. His linguistic tastes found full vent in the issue of grammars and dictionaries in Sanscrit, Bengali, Maltratta, &c.

Of course, such a man as Carey did not wish to forget his honest origin. Once, at the Government's table, he encountered an ill-bred officer who ambiguously asked another "whether Carey had not been a shoemaker?" Carey answered the question himself, "No, sir," he said, "only a cobbler."

It was a leading principle with Carey that missionaries and missions should be self-supporting. Carey, on this principle, when he first went to India, he farmed, and took a place as manager to an indigo planter. Afterwards it was arranged that the mission should be supported by its boarding schools, and the products of its printing press, Carey himself throwing into the common fund his salary as a Government teacher.

A little nephew, he began to invite in other children to keep him company, and ended by gathering a school about his cobbler's bench, not even shrinking from the problem of "free meals" for his hot potatoes to offer. Out of this effort, Ragged Schools developed, the first being opened in London a year before his death. Dr. Guthrie said, "That man deserves the tallest monument ever to be raised in Britain."

The story of Robert Bloomfield, shoemaker and poet, his useful lessons even for these days when the honour of an honestly-punished handi-craft is receiving wider recognition.

Robert Bloomfield was born in 1766 in the little village of Hloomington near Bury St Edmunds. While Robert was a small child his father died, leaving five tiny orphans. The widowed mother, who kept a little day school, was forced to send her Robert, at the age of eleven, to labour on his mother's farm, where he received only his board and wages. When he was thirteen, it was decided that he was a delicate lad, and

age, his masterpiece was finally given to the world by the help of a London harrister, who made it his speciality to discover obscure genius.

The poet's greatest gratification in the matter was to journey to see his mother in a luxury he had not been able to afford for twelve years and to put a copy of his printed work into her beloved hands.

The volume proved an immense success. It sold by thousands, and was translated into French and Italian. Such popularity as this was probably less due to genuine appreciation of the poem's simple merit, than to interest unwisely created by reference to the position of the poet. This blaze of prosperity excited under hopes in Bloomfield's breast. He threw aside his craft, and hoped to set his Muse to bring grist to the household mill.

No man can live serenely on the products of graceful fancy. To try to do so is to impose on oneself the cruel task which Pharaoh gave the Jews when he set them to make bricks without straw. Bloomfield



See p. 47.]

Hans Sachs reading his Poems to his Friends.

Carey took an active interest in botany and natural history, making his garden his sole recreation. He loved to boast of cabbages "as fine as England can produce," and on his death bed in 1834 he humorously regretted "When I am gone, Brother Marshman his colleague will turn the crows into my garden." He urged on Europeans that they should seek out and cultivate native growths, and he directed the attention of Government to the value of forests, both as timber and cover.

The wisdom of many of Carey's theories has since been recognised. But in his day he had an up-hill fight, and some of his foes were of "his own household." Yet to him, says his biographer, "belonged the high distinction of having been the first to initiate effectively upon British Protestants the duty and the privilege of missions, and the first English Protestant to engage personally in the work."

It was a poor shoemaker, John Pounds, of Portsmouth, who first directed public attention towards the ragged outcast children of the street. Left guardian of

by a too common fallacy, he was relegated to sedentary work in confined atmospheres, joining his two brothers in shoemaking in London. By this time he had become an eager reader. By and by, a few verses from his pen found their way into the *London Magazine*. "Thomson's Seasons," writes Mr. Timbs, first inspired Bloomfield with the thought of composing a long poem, such as the "Finner's Boy," the idea being favoured by a visit of two months to his native district, where he had often held the plough, driven a team and tended sheep. But at that time he came back to London and his trade.

He married at twenty-four. All his London life seems to have been spent in narrow alleys and courts in a city district which has since been occupied by huge business premises.

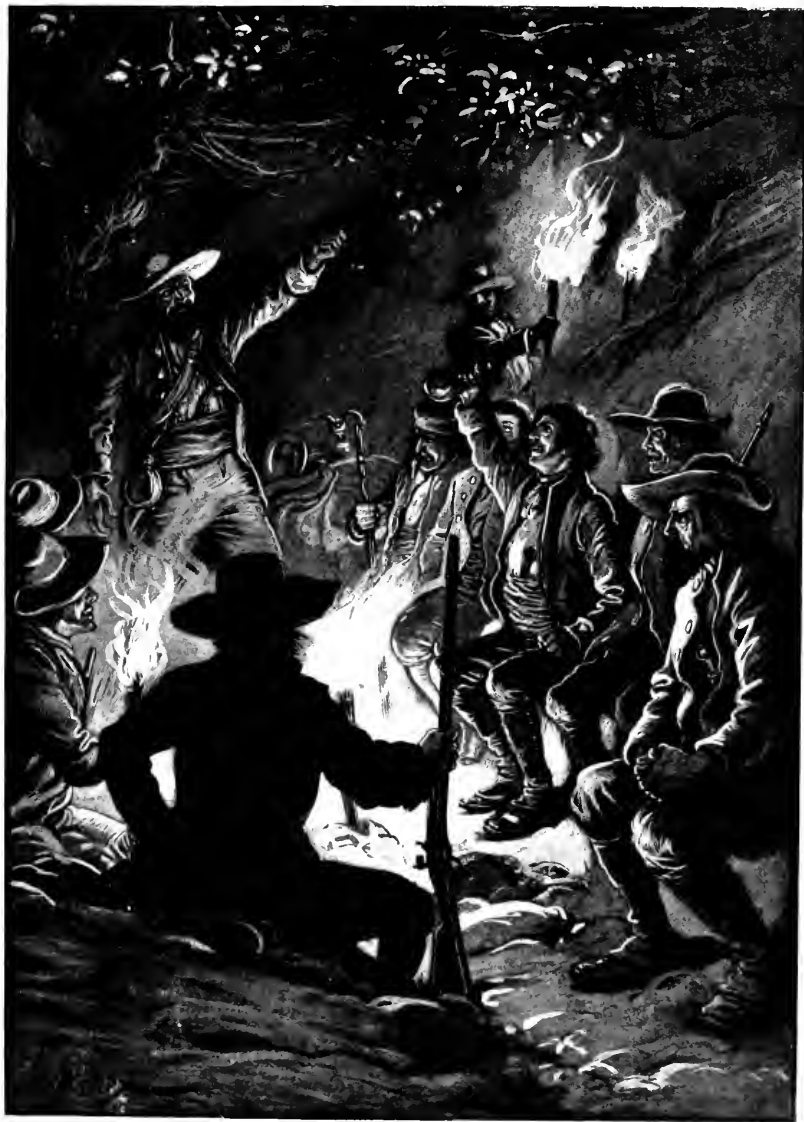
Bloomfield's "Finner's Boy" was finally composed while he sat with others at work in this city garret. Nearly six hundred lines were perfected before the poet committed one line to paper!

In 1800, when Bloomfield was thirty-four years of

was fain to accept little annuities from fashionable patrons, one of whom secured him a small post in a Government office. The poet presently found his new life irksome; he was ill at ease under its conditions. Finally he threw up his place, and made various ventures, such as book-selling, none of which proved successful. His latest occupation seems to have been the precarious labour of "making Lohan harps and selling them among his friends."

Bloomfield lived for years, embittered by ill-health and poverty, perpetual headache, nervous irritability, and impending mental breakdown, and at last died at fifty-seven. He was the victim mainly of that false social feeling which imagines that the mere possession of a gift lifts one "above" handicraft. If Bloomfield's patrons had not shared or even engendered this mistaken idea, instead of becoming pitiables and clerkships, they would have helped the poet to return to the rural life whereof he himself had said—

"Each new duty brought its share of joy."



*From a Drawing by PAUL HURDAL.]*

THE ROBBERS' AUCTION (See p. 51.)

## THE STORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

[SECOND PAPER.]



Thimonia and his Sewing Machine.

have been less persevering than Howe, or less wise in securing their invention by a covering patent. No doubt there is much truth in these reasons, although Thimonia seems to have been a persevering and a resolute man.

But it is not also the fact that Howe's machine was of more practical utility than its predecessors? This is a practical word, and if an invention, no matter how ingenious, be not rendered practicable and feasible, it is very doubtful if it will become a great commercial success.

The needle used by Howe was eye-pointed, and so far seems to have been quite different from the needles of previous machines, except perhaps that of Howe. Thus, Wersenthal's needle, patented in England in 1755, was pointed at both ends and was pierced with an eye in the centre, and Thimonia's needle appears to have much resembled a crochet needle. Further, most of those early machines seem to have been embroidery machines rather than strictly speaking sewing machines.

Now Howe's first machine, though rough and crude, did contain the essential elements of the wonderfully famous lock-stitch sewing machines of later years, and the Howe needle was perhaps the most important of these notable features. It was perhaps the needle, even more than the shuttle for the lock-stitch, which really made the success of the Howe machine, and, so far as we know, differentiated it from its predecessors. The agreement of the various companies in 1854 to use the Howe needle and gave the inventor a royalty is a great testimony to its utility—indeed, a greater could hardly be imagined.

Had Thomas Saint used a similar eye-pointed needle in the chain-stitch machine he patented in England in 1790, he would have invented the modern sewing machine, or something very much like it.

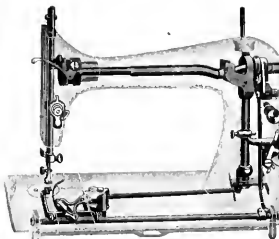
Now see how Elias Howe's machine actually worked. He used two threads, one to lock the stitch or loop of the other. The needle with the eye near the point worked at first horizontally and not vertically as now. It passed through the cloth, causing the thread to make a loop as it passed onward, and then a shuttle of thread also moving horizontally passed through this loop and darted backward to be ready for a forward movement through another loop. When the tension on the upper thread is fairly strong, the interlocking of the threads takes place within the cloth, and the stitch, which

appears the same on both sides of the fabric, is very secure. Though since improved, this stitch has remained in essence the same; the locking however in the Wheeler and Wilson's machines being formed by the rotary hook instead of a shuttle, while a spool carries the second thread.

Howe's original machine, and also Singer's, were both worked by small wheels turned by hand, and Howe used a "saw-mill carriage" for a feed.

In the chain-stitch machine, the needle with the thread in its eye plunges through the cloth, and so it returns and ascends again it leaves a small loop of thread behind it, the friction of the cotton against the cloth forming the loop; a hook or curved needle working underneath the fabric holds and enlarges this loop while the needle is still rising; the cloth is then moved forward the length of a stitch by the "feed," and when the needle again descends, it plunges through the loop held for it by the curved needle, and the second loop is thus formed within the previous loop; but the hook now drops the first loop and holds and enlarges the second loop, drawing up the first loop into a chain-like stitch. The work then proceeds as before.

Thus the chain-stitch machine uses only one thread, but has two needles, one eye-pointed and vertical, and the other curved and somewhat resembling a hook. The chain-stitch is too easily unravelled, and Wilson and Gibbs introduced a hook which rotated and twisted each loop half a turn, after entering through the



View of Vibrating Shuttle, showing working parts.

previous stitch, the object being to counteract the defect of easy unravelment.

As for the double chain-stitch or double loop-stitch machine, which was originally made by Grover and Baker, it is no longer manufactured by that firm, though the stitch has been used in some other machines. Two threads are employed, one above and the other under the cloth, the under-thread being used by the circular needle. But the machine requires much thread, and its stitch is easily undone.

Since Elias Howe patented his contrivance in 1846, the sewing machine has been adapted to all kinds of stitching, both domestic and manufacturing. Literally thousands of patents connected with it have been secured by various inventors. It will see the finest gossamer or the toughest harness. It will stamp, stitch carpets, and join up gloves, water-hose, or Jacquard patterns. It will quilt, baste, or buttonhole. Indeed, it is difficult to say what it will not do in the work of needle and thread. It has, in fact, become quite a marvel of ingenuity and adaptability, and has proved one of the most successful inventions of the modern world.

Dr. C. A. GREENE writes in the *American Medical Record*, "Thirty years ago two of the noblest physicians, men of fine native and physical powers, commenced the use of two tablespoons of the purest whisky to induce sleep when over-worked. One gradually lost his practice, and died filling a drunkard's grave; the other still enjoys a hopeless and helpless alcohol habit, whom neither the Kelsey cure, the entire medical pharmacopœia, nor the strongest moral aid has availed to save."

MIND No. 1 by all means, but take care that you mend him, too.

## A TEMPERANCE REFORMER ON THE THRONE.

BY W. TAYLOR SMITH, B.A.

IF people want to drink wine, said the Arabian prophet whose name is still held in honour by nearly two hundred millions, they must wait till the day gets up to the sun. The faithful must on no account touch wine whilst on earth. Intoxication is a crime which merits severe punishment.

This stern rule, enforced by a penalty of eighty stripes for drunkenness, has exerted great influence in Mahometan countries ever since; but there can be no doubt that it has often been secretly ignored, and has sometimes been openly disregarded. The latter form of neglect seems to have prevailed among the Arabs in Spain towards the close of the tenth century. Although well acquainted with their prophet's prohibition, they took little or no notice of it. Not only did the common people drink wine without scruple, but even the Aliaques or Moslem dignitaries indulged in it themselves, and tolerated its use as public feasts.

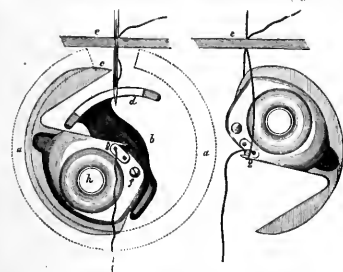
This went on for some time without let or hindrance. When, however, Alhakem I. came to the throne, in 977 A.D., the age of licence began to draw to a close. Wine-bibbers and other drinkers were startled by a report that the new king had called a council of wise laymen and ecclesiastics to inquire into the drinking habits of his people. He was himself strictly temperate, and, according to his light, religious. He was well read in the Koran, and therefore familiar with its condemnation of strong drink. So, when he saw profligate Moslems, including men of education and even teachers of religion, drinking red wine, white wine, date wine, and other intoxicating beverages without hesitation, he was perplexed and grieved. Being, however, an earnest and practical man he did not stop at grief and perplexity. He looked round for a remedy. This deplorable state of things, he felt, must not continue. The cause must be ascertained, and reformation if possible effected.

He began by summoning the most influential men, and asking them how this had come about. Their reply reflected more credit on their heads than on their hearts. Instead of frankly confessing that they had sanctioned, by their example, a flagrant violation of a known rule, they tried to prove that the rule did not apply to the Arabs in Spain, especially to those living on the frontier. It had been for a considerable time, they said, a common and received opinion that the Mussulmans in Spain, being continually at war with the enemies of Islam, could lawfully use wine because that drink increases courage and fitness for war. Alhakem must have frowned as he listened to the plausible but flimsy argument of his cunning advisers. At any rate he was not in the least convinced by it. He denounced their views and decreed that two-thirds of the vines in his dominions should be uprooted. One third were spared, but it was understood that the grapes could be used only for eating and cooking.

This act of a mediæval king, whose very name is forgotten save by a few students who wander out of beaten tracks, deserves to be widely known as a signal exhibition of moral courage and of real temperance by discretion. Few have been at the same time as brave and as wise as this temperance reformer on the throne. He struck hard at the dominant mischief, but he was not without skill. He tried to check the evil by lessening the amount of temptation.

This paper may fitly close with the excellent and well-worn advice which this great and good king gave his son Ilihem. "Never make war without necessity. Maintain peace for thy own good and the good of thy subjects. Draw the sword only against the wicked. When thou measurest there is invasion and destruction—in the ruin of states and the carrying of slaughter and death to the ends of the earth? Keep thy subjects in peace and justice, and be not dazzled by the false maxims of vanity. Let thy justice be like a lake which is always pure and clear. Control thy eyes. Bridle thy desires. Trust in God, and thou wilt attain serenely to the appointed limit of thy days."

VERY seldom does the free man manage to score off a caddy in the war of words. There is, however, an instance on record of an old gentleman who, being asked for two shillings when the proper charge was eightpence, remarked very gravely, "No, I don't want to buy your horse."



Hook of Oscillating Shuttle (c) about to enter loop formed by descending needle. Shuttle having completed its course, loop (g) slips to the left and is drawn tight by ascending needle.

## THE ROBBERS' AUCTION.

BY REV. W. DURBAN, B.A.

MANY years ago there occurred in Germany an incident which furnishes a wonderful illustration of the glorious power of God, and of His power to save the lost. It took place in one of the dark, hidden clefts in the wild, wooded hills, which abound in the beautiful Schwarzwald, or Black Forest.

The spot was a strange one indeed for a sale by auction, but the actors in the scene were a band of highway robbers, who had gathered at midnight, and were assembled in a group by the yellow glare of torches. Seated in a circle, and arrayed in the deathly, they presented a rude and formidable aspect. These Black Forest robbers had that same evening plundered a richly laden wagon belonging to a firm of wealthy merchants. They did not dare, at once, to try to dispose of their booty in any town in the district, and thus they were engaged in selling it amongst themselves.

One of the bandits acted as auctioneer in this strange market. Costly garments and many other objects had been offered for sale, while a bottle of strong drink was passed round, when suddenly the salesman laid aloft a New Testament as the next article for which he invited bids. Hilarious laughter greeted the jeering blasphemies which he took the opportunity of uttering. He well knew that this was a way of eliciting loud applause.

In the midst of this profanity one of the company proposed that the auctioneer should read a chapter, in order that they might be able to judge the worth of the book. He at once assented, encouraged by the fresh applause which greeted the suggestion. In a tone of bitterest mockery he commenced to read, to the intense amusement of the listeners in general. In their uproarious merriment, however, they failed to notice that one of their number, the oldest of the band, who had usually been the most conspicuous leader in their expeditions of depredation, and was the hardest drinker of them all, was sitting very quiet and silent, in a contemplative mood altogether contrary to his usual attitude. His folded hands rested on his knees, and he sat as if in deep thought.

As the chapter was read, a strange mood in such a man? The reason was a very simple one. The chapter which was being read was the very passage his father had happened to read at family worship on the morning, thirty years before, when he had fled from the paternal home, in order to elude the search of the police. To that home he had never since returned. But the scene had not faded from his consciousness, and now it was appearing very vividly. The whole of that happy family circle to which, in those old days, he had been so dear, came up before him like a beautiful vision. Again he saw all seated at the breakfast table, and again he heard his aged father, with the open Bible on the table, reading that chapter which was now being recited with ribald jests. He saw his dear old mother listening eagerly to the Word of God, and his brothers and sisters participating in the privilege. Above all he saw himself, and his heart was breaking. Since that day he had hung all religion to the winds. Since that morning he had never offered a prayer, and had cast God out of his life and Christ out of his heart.

But now that same Word of God, so lightly rejected him, was suddenly doing a mighty and miraculous work in that lost man's soul. The hammer of truth was smashing and pulverising in a few moments the rocky hardness of his heart. The coldness of unbelief had frozen the finest sensibilities of his inmost being, but the sunshine of revelation was now melting the ice. In upon his memory streamed multitudinous words of loving counsel and instruction which his father and mother had administered to him in early years. Absorbed by the gracious truth, and sweet lessons of his childhood and youth, the robber cast forgot all that was passing around him. He was deaf to the impious uproar, until suddenly he was aroused from his profound reverie by a rough slap on the shoulder from the hand of his nearest companion.

"Now, old dreamer, why are you not bidding for that book? You know you need it, I trust, for any body else, for you are the biggest sinner amongst us."

"Yes, that I am. Give me the book." I'll pay the full value."

The sale proceeded to the end and the circle broke up. In the morning the robbers dispersed to go one to one to distant villages to try to dispose as best they could of their men's souls. But the purchaser of the Testament spent his day otherwise. He retreated privately to a secluded retreat among the rocks, he spent the whole day and all the next night in terrible spiritual

struggles. His agony of conscience was fearful. He would open the Book and read a little, seeking for some comfort or hope or guidance, and then he would lay it down, thinking that after such a career as his, during long years, there could for him never be forgiveness. But at length, as he read and prayed in turns, promise after promise brought the hope of pardon to his soul. He firmly resolved to quit his associates, to abandon his shameful calling, and to surrender himself to the officers of justice in order that he might be able to make some atonement according to law for his evil deeds and ways. But he concluded that before actually doing so he would seek out the pastor of the nearest village in the Black Forest and tell him all about his case.

In pursuance of this resolution he repaired next morning to the village, when he learned that during the night the whole band had been captured by a detachment of soldiers and lodged in prison. This information confirmed him in his purpose. Going to the pastor's house he told his whole history, confessing that he had come to the Cross of Christ to seek salvation as a lost sinner. After gladly listening to many assurances that coming thus to the Redeemer of sinful souls he could not fail to find acceptance with God through the blood and righteousness of the atoning Lamb of God, he earnestly begged the minister to accompany him to the judge. The officer of the law heard the whole story with astonishment, and expressed the hope that this voluntary surrender and confession might at least save his life. This hope was realised. All the rest of the band were condemned to die and were executed, but he obtained mercy at the hands of the archbishop, and was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of ten years. So exemplary was his conduct that he was released at the end of seven years, and was at once taken into the confidential service of a nobleman.

The converted robber proved to be a true follower of his Saviour throughout the whole remaining portion of his life. He remained for the rest of his days in the service of the same kind master who had redeemed him into his establishment when he came out of prison. In that household he became a loving blessing. After his constant usefulness he died in peace, blessing with his last breath the Redeemer to whom he had turned at the crisis of his history.



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

AUTHOR OF "KING BABY," "OUR HOME RULERS," ETC.

## IV.—Concerning Cleanliness.

**H**OME none of the readers of these Homely Talks are like the Irish woman who has had "often heard of washing a corpse but never of a live wan!" But though in England, I am glad to say, things never get to such a pass as in the Sister Isle, there still exists a great deal of ignorance on the subject of cleanliness.

That part of our bodies we call the skin consists of millions of tiny holes, through which we get rid of refuse matter in the blood. Each of those pores has its own work to do in relieving the frame from poisonous deposit. Yet how few working men's wives spare time to give their whole bodies a thorough ablution every day! In England, when the women think "a cat's lick and a promise" sufficient on a busy morning. A decent body once said to me, "I don't see the use of so many baths. I wash my hands and face and under my arms, but it would kill me if I sat down in cold water, even if it were warm!" What wonder if a woman like that suffered from languor, if nothing worse. All the multitudinous little moisture ducts in her skin must have been completely choked. That it is necessary for health, *aye!* for life! to keep one's skin open is shown by a sad death. A boy was acting an angel's part in some religious procession in France. In order to look the part, the whole surface of his body was covered with gold-leaf. His mother thought he looked so lovely that she allowed him to go on in his magnificent robes. In the morning her boy was dead. We actually breathe through our skins, and the lad had died from a species of suffocation!

It should be the rule in every home that every person should take some kind of bath every day. It is not necessary to have a large tub. A moderately sized zinc affair will answer all our purposes. Bit by bit, we can give ourselves a thorough ablution. A few moments of time is all even such a pious bath requires. Regarding our children I must plead for dainty cleanliness. No boy or girl should be allowed to sit down to meals with unwashed hands. The Pharisees of old were scientifically right when they insisted on scrupulous cleanliness. Their fault was in not carrying it far enough! They were content with cleansing the outside of the platter, leaving foulness within. Many blood diseases are introduced to the system through the mouth. They are first introduced to the mouth, and then pass to the stomach. The skin is close to the lips as when partaking of food. If you would guard your Jimmy or Rosa from typhoid fever and other kindred ills, make them wash their hands before meat. Trouble? Of course it will be a trouble. Jimmy and Rosa (more especially Jimmy) will forget to do so as often as they can. If, however, they find that dirty hands are never allowed to pass, they will become clean in self-defence. Again, children should never go to bed in a dirty condition. Grime will act the part of gold-leaf if allowed to thicken and harden. Your children will be breathing only through their noses for twelve hours if put to bed unwashed.

For perfect health not only must our bodies be clean, but our clothes must regularly be changed, especially those worn nearest the skin. This will be understood if you really really grappled with the idea of literally breathe through our skin. About three parts of moisture are given off a clean epidermis in twenty-four hours. This must go somewhere. From our faces and hands it evaporates into the air. From those parts hidden by clothing it goes into the vest. Unless this is kept clean, the perspiration dries up only to be re-absorbed the next time we open the pores by any exertion. Thus poison, once eliminated from the blood, again loads and burdens it. One reason a thrifty housewife objects to frequent change of woollen underwear is that it is so often shrinks in the wash. This plea shall no longer avail any reader of these notes! I will tell you how to prevent any shrinkage.

Take one gallon of clean, soft, warm water: to it add one tablespoonful of liquid ammonia. This is a strong volatile spirit costing 1s. 8d. a quart. Shake the water well, and then thoroughly immerse them in the bath. Be sure every part is covered, and then let the out of the liquid will shrink. Leave all soaking for an hour. At the end of that time take off the lid with which you have covered your tub. You will find the vests in a lot of mud-coloured water. Squeeze out and rinse in another lot of hot, clean, soft water. Hang the wash out in a *shady*, windy spot (not a sunny one on any account), and run over them with a cool iron. When they are washed after the fashion you can change all woolsens as often as is necessary. They will always be beautifully soft and delightfully unshrunk.

I think I have told the readers of this article enough to make them know the need of personal cleanliness. It is no fad of mine. In some serious cases of illness medicine has to be administered through the pores of the skin. When they are closed, the medicine will be an invalid unable to eat is occasionally nourished by having frequently laid in a milk bath! This proves how active our skin is, either for good or evil.

One last word. Workmen's wives are usually hard-working folk. All honour to them for it. Now, those whose occupation causes the skin to get very dirty are those who stand most in need of constant bathing. Those whose work results in dirt on the skin are those who should pay most attention to cleanliness of the skin and clothing. Ablution is not a luxury for them; it is an absolute necessity.

In view of the interest aroused this summer by the great International Convention of Christian Endeavour Societies, at which the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon is one of the most prominent speakers, many of our readers may be glad to know that the editions of Mr. Sheldon's books published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. are still in print, and can be obtained of any bookseller. The best known of these is, of course, "The Christian's Home," which is published in cloth boards, gilt edges, at 2s. 6d., in cloth boards at 2s., in paper boards at 1s. 6d., and a special edition in art paper at 1s. "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "His Brother's Keeper," "Richard Bruce," and "The Twentieth Door," appear at the same series of prices. "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," and "Mabel's Story," are published at 1s. 6d., cloth boards, and 1s. art linen. Each of the above books is also published in paper covers, for distribution, at 6d.

## THE BITTER CRY OF STARVING INDIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is possible that many of our readers have known the pinch of a struggle with hunger, perhaps through a big strike, or through a disabling illness, or through failure to get work. It may not have lasted long, but whatever its length it was sharp enough to be remembered. The worst part of it all was the privation in the home—the pale face of the wife and the crying of the children. A downright conflict with starvation even in one household should arouse the sympathy of anyone worth calling a man. But when we have pictured to ourselves one such scene, we must multiply it not by hundreds, or by thousands, or by tens or hundreds of thousands, but by millions, before we can realise the distress at present existing among our fellow subjects in India.

The famine now raging, according to the testimony of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, is one "of unparalleled magnitude." What this means may be judged from the fact that in the famine of 1876-78 over five millions of human beings perished. By March last it was estimated that at least this number were in actual receipt of relief, and it is expected that by the time these lines appear in print the number will be doubled. Five millions—that is to say, more than the entire population of London, or of Scotland, or of Ireland. But the statistics of those in receipt of relief by no means represent the full extent of the calamity. Many have not the strength to drag themselves to the Government works; many who might perhaps by an effort succeed in making the journey thither prefer to die quietly in their own homes; many from various other causes are off the track of the dispensers of charity. Indeed, one who has recently travelled through Rapputana speaks of those who are on the relief works as "only the fringe of the sufferers." As long ago as last March the area in the grip of the famine was computed to be 450,000 square miles in extent, and to comprise a population of 64 millions.

The famine of 1900 is distinguished from its predecessors by certain features which make it especially difficult to cope with—

(1.) It comes only three years after the last famine. There has, therefore, not been time for the country to make up for the losses suffered during the visitation of 1897. The inhabitants have not been able to save anything in anticipation of a year of scarcity.

(2.) Bombay has for the last three years been suffering terribly from plague, and its losses from this cause during the last winter have been greater than in either of the previous years.

(3.) In many districts the famine has been accom-



Famine Victims applying for Relief

panied or followed by an outbreak of cholera, which often results in the panic-stricken people fleeing from the relief works to scatter themselves among their native villages.

It would be easy to collect from the letters of missionaries and hospital nurses and newspaper correspondents enough painful stories and descriptions to fill a whole number of THE BRITISH WORKMAN. The following quotation from one letter will be sufficient as a sample. "The whole country, once green as an English park, is now a blasted waste of barren stumps and burnt fields. . . . As I passed the poor-house I saw two men lying dead in the street. They had arrived just two days. The streets were filled with children wandering, the dust, and even the manure, for parties of grain. Every day women come to me crying, and ask me to take their children from their arms, or from their empty breasts, and save them alive. . . . Repeatedly the parents have offered me their children for one rupee (about 1s.), and they love them as we love ours. Children are now being offered as low as 2d. each, or for a measure of grain. The Mohomedans are buying little girls at this price."

In view of the special urgency of this famine we have decided to open a BRITISH WORKMAN Fund, to which we invite the generous contributions of our readers. As it would be undesirable, however, to create any fresh distributing agencies, we shall transmit any sums that we may receive to Messrs. Morgan & Scott, who have for several months been in direct communication with missionaries and other Christian workers in the afflicted districts. Contributions should be addressed to "The Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, c/o Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C." and should be marked "Famine" on the outside of the envelope. We hope that the response to this appeal will be worthy of the traditional readiness of the working-classes of Great Britain to "rescue the perishing" and "care for the dying."

### MONEY v. CONSCIENCE.

In the life of Francis William Crossley, of Manchester, it is related that he sacrificed a considerable amount of money by refusing to make machinery for brewers. The *Albion* Xerox, in commenting on this instance of devotion to conscience, says that a chivalrous sense of honour and a self-sacrificing rectitude are by no means so uncommon in men of business as is frequently supposed. It quotes the case of a young man, a junior partner in an eminent building firm, who has consistently refused to have anything to do with the management, or the profits, of any building works designed for the licensed trade. He has risked offending his partners, and has sacrificed many hundreds per annum. Mention is also made of an incident from the earlier life of a painter, who is to-day in the very front rank of English artists, and probably second to none in imagination and devotional power. He began his artist-life in Manchester, and he found Art, as most find her, a hard mistress. In those early days of penury and struggle, he was cheered one morning by receiving a commission for a number of drawings, and joyously set himself to work. Upon inquiry, however, he discovered that his patron, though a high civic dignitary, was a leading drink-seller. Despite his sore need of the necessities of life, this noble man wrote a firm but courteous note, declining to earn money which had been derived from so vile a source.

### HOW JOSEPH LIVESEY SAVED THE BANK.

JOSEPH LIVESEY, one of the famous "Seven Men of Preston" who founded the Total Abstinence Movement, gained great influence by his good deeds in many ways quite outside temperance work. Rev. Charles Garrett tells of his saving a Preston Bank when it suspended payment in 1866. When that terrible morning came, thousands of people in Preston and the towns around were plunged in sorrow. The directors were paralysed. Mr. Livesey heard the news, and at once went to the bank and met the directors; he asked for a full statement of the accounts. His practical mind immediately grasped them, and he saw that the bank might possibly be saved. He knew his own power, for he had become a ruler among men. He formed his plans, laid them before the directors, and asked them if they would stand by him if he took the helm. They gladly agreed. He then went out, and addressing the despairing crowd around the doors, told them what he thought and what he was prepared to do. Confidence was at once restored. Men who had come to the bank with ruin staring them in the face lost their fears, and readily gave their allegiance to the man on whose wisdom and integrity they knew they could rely. Having secured the confidence of the Preston shareholders and depositors, he then went to the other Lancashire towns that were especially interested. Everywhere he was welcomed, and everywhere met with the same success, until the bank was again prosperously in working order.



A Bid for the Children.



From "Knowledge," by permission.

By W. TAYLOR SMITH, B.A.

Photograph of part of the Milky Way.

**P**HOTOGRAPHY, or painting by means of light, is prized by many chiefly because it gives more exact information than could be obtained by drawings or engravings. Comparatively few are aware of the extent to which in recent years it has pressed into the service of scientific method, research, and exposition. The following are some of its many applications.

To begin with one of the lowest, photography has rendered considerable aid in the detection of crime. Its utility for this purpose seems to have been early appreciated by the French. Twelve years ago the head of the Parisian police possessed a collection of one hundred thousand photographs of criminals, many of which were classified according to the system of measurement introduced by M. Bertillon. About the same time a German chemist devised a special photo-

graph attached to carrier pigeons, which conveyed them into the beleaguered city. They were then enlarged so that they could be easily read.

A remarkable and little known application of the X rays is made in the British Museum. The vast multitude of mummies brought from Egypt includes many remains of animals, sacred apes, for example, which are carefully swathed like human mummies. It was thought desirable to ascertain if possible, whether or not the skeletons of these creatures from the distant past were identical with those of animals of the same kind living now. The wrappings, however, could not be removed without great risk of destroying the fragile structures which they enveloped. So some one suggested that photography by means of the newly discovered rays would meet the emergency. The hint was acted on with perfect success. The skeletons that could not be uncovered were nevertheless accurately portrayed.

Another use of photography, the scientific value of which is uncertain, but which is undoubtedly worthy of notice, relates to the determination of types of feature and character. It occurred about twenty years ago to Mr. Francis Galton that if a number of photographic pictures representing "persons alike in most respects, but differing in minor details," could be superposed or thrown successively on the plate, so as to fit exactly the one on the other, a picture

representing not an individual, but the type of the company or class would be obtained. The idea was followed up by Mr. Galton, himself, and by others, with the result that several methods have been suggested for the production of "composites." They can be got either from ordinary photographs or from negatives. It need not be said that the images must fall exactly on the same part of the sensitised plate. It is also necessary that the sum of the times of exposure of the images representing the group should be equal to the time of exposure of a single good photograph, and that the amount of illumination should in all cases be equal. Many curious experiments have been made, especially by American artists. Composite photographs have been taken of the members of a family, of the members of a club, of large college classes, and of a number of classes in several colleges. One of the latter, which are called "composites," represents four hundred and forty-nine individuals. The significance of these results may be open to question, but they are in any case full of interest. Some very striking faces have been thus created.

As might be expected, medical science has found a very useful handmaid in photography, especially since the discovery of the X rays. It is now possible to fix the exact position of a bullet in the body of a wounded soldier, in cases in which the surgeon was previously compelled to depend on conjecture. After the battle of Omdurman, one hundred and twenty-one men were taken to the hospital of Abadieli suffering from gunshot wounds. In twenty cases the balls could not be found by the ordinary methods, but were quickly located by means of photography using the rays. Last year but one, two German doctors invented a very ingenious way of seeing into the stomach. They insert a stomach-pump, at the upper end of which is a camera connected with an electric lamp. The stomach is first emptied and cleaned, and then filled with air,

After this has been done photography can be taken in quick succession, which enable the observer to study every part of the coat of the stomach. If this method is generally practicable, its adoption may be the means of prolonging many valuable lives.

An exceedingly curious use of photography for medical instruction has been suggested and practically illustrated by a French surgeon. Experience shows that the engravings of operations in medical works are unsatisfactory, and the operations themselves can, of course, be witnessed only by a comparatively small number of persons. It occurred to this gentleman, M. Doyen, that the difficulty could be met by the kinematograph, which is an application of photography. He accordingly made a series of experiments with an apparatus adapted to his special purpose, and exhibited some of the results last summer at Kiel to a distinguished medical company, and just before Christmas in London. All the details of difficult and delicate operations, from the first incision to the putting on of the bandages, were in this way clearly shown. This clever invention, or rather adaptation of existing apparatus, will make it possible for thousands of medical students and medical men in all parts of the world to study the procedure of eminent specialists as if they were present at the operations themselves.

Our last example is furnished by the sublimest of



The Use of the X rays in Military Surgery.

graphic method by which forgeries could be detected. In a case tried at Paris in 1889, a man and his wife who were charged with tampering with a receipt, were shown by this procedure to have added a 5 to 6, thus changing it into 56, and to have used in so doing a different pen and a different ink from those employed by the original writer of the document.

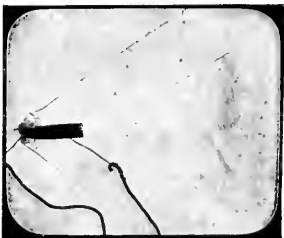
As photographs can be taken on a very reduced scale, or enlarged according to need, photography can be made very useful for the transmission of intelligence in time of war. During the siege of Paris by the Germans, newspapers were photographed on to small pieces of paper. These bits of paper were then

sent by post. As might be expected, medical science has found a very useful handmaid in photography, especially since the discovery of the X rays. It is now possible to fix the exact position of a bullet in the body of a wounded soldier, in cases in which the surgeon was previously compelled to depend on conjecture. After the battle of Omdurman, one hundred and twenty-one men were taken to the hospital of Abadieli suffering from gunshot wounds. In twenty cases the balls could not be found by the ordinary methods, but were quickly located by means of photography using the rays. Last year but one, two German doctors invented a very ingenious way of seeing into the stomach. They insert a stomach-pump, at the upper end of which is a camera connected with an electric lamp. The stomach is first emptied and cleaned, and then filled with air,

the sciences astronomy. It rests partly on the remarkable difference between the sensitised plate and the human eye in the power of accumulating light. A faint star does not become more distinct if we gaze at it for a quarter of an hour than after the end of the first minute. It, however, a photographic plate is exposed for that length of time to the light of that star, the light accumulates, and a stronger impression is produced. Another peculiarity of the photographic plate is its power of utilising invisible rays. These characteristics have made it possible for stellar photographers to obtain some startling results. If a sensitised plate is placed in the focus of a large telescope and exposed for a quarter of an hour, a picture is produced which shows multitudes of stars that



Photograph of part of the Moon's Surface.



Photograph of Magazine-Rifle Bullet travelling at the rate of 2,000 feet per second.

could not possibly be detected by the human eye, even when armed with the strongest magnifying powers. Stars, the very existence of which was utterly unknown, have thus been discovered. Stars that were never before beheld by a human eye since the foundation of the world have been revealed by photography towards the end of the nineteenth century. A plate representing one twelfth of the whole extent of the heavens has been found to exhibit the images of no fewer than sixteen thousand stars. This points at the total number of the starry host within the reach of our present photography as one hundred and sixty millions.

These curious uses of photography are no doubt only the precursors of far more astonishing results. The rays of sun-light, the mysterious rays discovered by the German professor, and other rays that may yet be caught and applied by the scientist, will no doubt, be turned to many uses, high and low, which are not at present even dreamed of in our philosophy.

## A CHOIR REBUKE.

MUCH has been suffered by ambitious church choirs at the hands of unsparring critics, but, really, such a lack of harmonious expression as is noted by the *Chicago Tribune* deserves exposure. The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo—

They tol-oil not,  
They tol not,  
They tol not,  
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin.

She paused, and the tenor took up the strain—

Nee-ee-er-ther do they spin,  
They tol-oil-oil not,  
They tol not,  
They tol not,  
Nee-ee-er-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn red-haired young man, with somewhat worldly-looking eyes, and a voice like a foghorn, broke in—

Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin,  
They tol-oil-oil not,  
They tol not,  
They tol not,  
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus—

Ny-y-y-ther do they spin,  
Nee-ee-er-ther do they spin,  
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin,  
They tol-oil-oil not,  
They tol not,  
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin,  
Nee-ee-er-ther do they spin,  
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn—

"And we are yet alive?"

## OUT OF ORDER.

WHILE the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church was sitting in New York, a quaint-looking old man, with a broad-brimmed, round-crowned hat in his hand, walked up the aisle to the president's seat, bowing as he came.

"Mr. President," he said, "I want to talk."  
Nobody knew the speaker, and the president asked, "Are you a member of the body, or?"

"No, sir," replied the old gentleman; "but I want to talk."  
The president reminded him that none but members had a right to speak; but an aged minister who had just come in recognised the would-be talker, and said, "I move that the Rev. Elias Van Benschoten have leave to talk."

The motion was carried, and the old man went up to the president's table and drew from his pocket a roll of bank-bills. These he counted—eight hundred dollars in all. Then he drew out another package of securities amounting to thirteen thousand, eight hundred and forty dollars, and counted them out afterwards; in a few well-chosen words, presenting the whole sum to the synod for educational purposes.

It was the first endowment made in the Dutch Reformed Church for theological education. The old gentleman's speech was certainly out of order, but everybody felt that it was distinctly a speech in the right place.

## OUR STATE-DEPENDENT CHILDREN.

BY MRS. S. A. BARNETT.

(A Member of the Departmental Committee on Poor-Land Schools.)

THE fact that the State supports some 60,000 English children in, itself, enough to compel all strong men and kindly women to take an interest in what is known as Child Pauperism. On whether the State does its parent's duties well or ill will depend the future of these hundreds of helpless children, and to a large extent their subsequent lives depend on whether the working classes care or do not care as to how the State performs these duties, for sooner or later the great cumbersome ship of the State replies to the helm directed by the conscience and the will of the large body of the people.

### THE GUARDIANS OF THE CHILDREN.

As everybody knows, pauper children are under the care of the local Boards of Guardians, who are elected at regular intervals by the ratepayers. Several methods are adopted by the Guardians for rearing State-supported children, but the large majority of them are either left in the Workhouses or brought up in Institutions.

### FAMILIES VS. INSTITUTIONS.

The best place to rear a child is in a family, not in an Institution. If we consider what we each want for our own loved child, we shall find that it is a place in a household, a corner by some one's hearth, a share in family interests, and a portion of domestic joys, anxieties, hopes and sorrows—a sense of a home. We do not want for any child whom we care for that the chief influences of its childhood should be discipline, drill, coercion, and repression. We wish it to be placed in that environment which will best enable it to grow, and develop its own tastes and individualities until, under guidance, its character is established. What we wish for our own we should give to the little one whom death or misfortune has deprived of its natural protector.

### THREE TYPES OF HOMES.

There are three ways by which "nobody's children" can be brought up in homelike conditions. These are (a) by fostering out; (b) by emigration; (c) By grouping them together in small homes.

### BOARDING-OUT.

To board out a child is to place it in the home of a respectable working man and his wife, where it can be brought up as a member of the family. As a week is paid towards its board and lodging; £2 a year given for its clothing, besides doctors' fees and chemists' charges. It is supervised by a village committee, and is under the special care of the schoolmaster or mistress. Our Australian Colonies have almost universally adopted this system. In America it is widely used, in Germany it is compulsory, while in Russia about 95 per cent., in Scotland 84 per cent., in Switzerland 72 per cent. of the nation's children are brought up in this way. In England under 5 per cent. are so reared.

"Why?" is asked. "Enough good homes cannot be found," is the reply of those who advocate Institutional life for children. With full confidence in the British workman I challenge the reply, and my readers will form their own opinion.

To many workmen and their wives, to take an orphan child into their homes would be a pleasure, and this method of sharing the nation's burdens scores of instances show to have been done by them silently and "without money and without price."

### EMIGRATION.

The second method by which pauper children can find room at someone's hearth and corners in someone's heart is by emigration. Against this there is much prejudice, but no one who has once seen, as I have, the happy, active, the sparse population, the comfortable homesteads, the hearty and the cheerful and kindly aspect of the people of Canada could fault for a moment that there are abundant openings for children there, where food is plentiful and cheap, land easy to be had, labour scarce, and for some mysterious reason families almost universally small. But to emigrate a child is a serious step, and it should not be done until the best advice of experienced persons is sought; the best agencies being willing to take a little paper some months before the time of starting and to watch and train it in ways useful for the future.

### SCATTERED HOMES.

If we cannot get a real home for the children, the best substitute is that which most nearly resembles it, and this is the principle which has actuated the Sheffield

field Guardians in the establishment of what is known as the "Scattered Homes" plan, one of the most active of the founders being a greatly respected British workman. Several other towns and unions have adopted and improved upon this plan, which is to group some children of both sexes together under a house-keeper in an ordinary house in an ordinary street in the industrial quarter of the town. There the children live as a family, the numbers varying from 8 to 18 in different places. They divide the domestic duties, attend school, church or chapel, play with the neighbours' children in park or open spaces, and share the ministrations of the Sunday school teachers or band of Hope leaders. The system has been found to work excellently. It is far cheaper for the ratepayers than any form of Institutionalism, and removes from the child both the stain of pauperism and the pain of isolation.

### CERTIFIED HOMES.

Closely akin to these homes are the small certified homes, which however are not managed directly by the Guardians, but by Christian people with kind hearts, who have established no less than 217 of them in all parts of the country to take in pauper children. The Guardians are permitted by the Local Government Board to pay towards the children's keep, and many a good friend and a higher stand in life has a workhouse little one found by the Guardians' decision to hand her over to the ladies.

### ELECTRIC LIGHT OR MUD PIES?

To many Guardians and to some of even the most considerate for the children, Institutions seem the best. To build a pauper village, each house a villa, lit by electric light, enriched by appliances, to add a church, a school, a band-organ, a swimming bath, officers' quarters, a steam laundry, workshops, and an Infirmary; to surround all with a ringed fence, and to put a porter in uniform at the gate, seems to many worthy people the acme of all that is needed for a child. But the question arises—What has a pauper child done that it should be an alien, treated as a class apart, banished from daily contact with the interests, pleasures, and influences of the happier and more prosperous world? "A child needs the warmth of a loving light and officers, it needs love and mud pies," wrote the Deputy Chairman of the State Children's Aid Association, and it is a picturesque statement of the true value of much that is often provided on their behalf by ill-considered kindness. "For eight years I was manager of one of the best of these pauper villages for children, and I came to the conclusion that it was a big mistake," were the words of a bally guardian as the public urged some East London ratepayers not to spend the £150,000 such a scheme involved. But just now this is the favourite method, although it is alike unfair to the over-burdened ratepayers and to the child.

### BARRACK SCHOOLS ARE BAD.

Concerning "barrack schools," as those large Institutions are now called where hundreds of children are housed under one roof, there is no need to say much. They have been unhesitatingly condemned by educationalists, inspectors, and child-lovers, and indeed no one who has never watched a child suffer from the influence of Institutionalism could defend them. They still exist, but slowly the public conscience is awakening, and there are signs that give hope that sooner or later that system of rearing the State children will drop into disuse, and wiser methods will be adopted where to love and to be loved as one of the moulding influence of individualities is made possible.

### WORKHOUSES ARE WORSE.

To keep children in the workhouses is a very bad plan. There they get accustomed to pauperism. They see and hear ugly and wrong things, and learn to think that indolence is normal. But although everybody agrees that the children of their names who are sent to the workhouse should not be allowed to mix with the adult pauper, yet there are still a great many children in English workhouses, and every day they are there they learn evil and contract habits which must affect them in after life. "Why leave them there?" it may be asked, and the answer is, because the nation as a whole does not yet care for the little ones; because workmen as a class do not much mind what the children of their names who are sent to the workhouse do, and are willing to let them be wretched, the children will be wisely cared for.

"Who means to help must still support the load."  
(R. BROWNING.)

## SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

## IV.—Among the Carpenters.

By ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

ALL Londoners know the great architectural works of Inigo Jones—notably, the Banqueting House at Whitehall, the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and the Water Gate in Buckingham Street. Inigo Jones (born in 1573, the son of a clothworker living near St. Bartholomew's Hospital) was apprenticed to a carpenter, and worked at his calling for a considerable time. His skill in drawing attracted the notice of the Earl of Pembroke, who sent him to Italy to study. There his gift turned towards architecture, and in time he introduced principles of Italian architecture into England, and was constantly employed by the Court of King James I. Yet his emoluments were but moderate, even considering the different value of money in those days. As "surveyor of works" during the re-building of Whitehall, he received £46 per annum, and an allowance of 8s. 6d. per active day, and out of this he had to pay house-rent, the wage of a clerk, and other incidental expenses. When he died, aged eighty, he left by will £100 for the erecting of a monument in memory of me, to be made of white marble and set up in the Church of St. Bennet's; another £100 for the expenses of his funeral, and £10 for the poor of the parish. One who had reared so many noble felines for the worship of God should have realised that the living "Temple of Felines" were better worthy of his golden offerings than his own poor dead. His costly monument was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, 1666, just fourteen years after its erection.

George Romney, the portrait-painter (born in Lancashire, 1734), was one of a large family, and, after very brief schooling, worked at his father's trade of carpenter for fully ten years. Yet he had begun so early that he was only twenty-one when he turned his attention to "the art of painting." A year later he married, and then set up as a portrait-painter. After several years of married life he went to London, leaving behind his wife and children. Probably, it was at first intended that this separation should be but temporary—till one saw what success came. But here began a singular domestic tragedy. Success did come, speedily and in abundance. The Lancashire carpenter's portraits became "the fashion." Country gossips said that "Sir Joshua Reynolds and George Romney divide the town." Romney's annual income rose to thousands. But though there never seems to have been any domestic quarrel, and though he remitted liberally for the upkeep of his Lancashire home, he never visited it nor sent for his family to London. For fully thirty-five years he did not see his wife! Perhaps he realised that her honest simplicity would be out of harmony with the character of some of his favourite sitters, such as that adventurer, Lady Hamilton, whose influence darkens the history of Lord Nelson. Then comes the pathos. When Romney was a man of sixty-five, when genius and friends had failed him, he went back to the patent and forgiving wife, who made the remaining four or five years of his life peacefully content. Well may one of his biographers remark, "This quiet act of hers was worth all Romney's pictures."

Opie, the painter, who was a carpenter's son, also followed his father's trade for a while. The artistic bent was strong within him, and at last, encouraged by a well-known literary man of the period, he too, went to London. He took it with him, however, even though Reynolds and Romney were reigning. But his patron had started him from the wrong basis of his lowly country breeding. "It is true," says Allan Cunningham, that "he had then but moderate skill, and that the works which the world of fashion applauded were his worst, but he was a peasant, and therefore a painter." For fully thirty-five years he did not see his wife! Perhaps he realised that her honest simplicity would be out of harmony with the character of some of his favourite sitters, such as that adventurer, Lady Hamilton, whose influence darkens the history of Lord Nelson. Then comes the pathos. When Romney was a man of sixty-five, when genius and friends had failed him, he went back to the patent and forgiving wife, who made the remaining four or five years of his life peacefully content. Well may one of his biographers remark, "This quiet act of hers was worth all Romney's pictures."

Opie was singularly happy in his second wife, a so charming writer, Amelia Opie. Perhaps it was the bad augury of her faithfulness that she playfully refused to accept the artist till he had painted the portrait of

her dearly loved old teacher! She married Opie when he was thirty-seven and she was twenty-seven, and after a happy married life of nine years she held his name in high honour through a widowhood of nearly half a century, during which she was the valued friend of distinguished men such as Lafayette, Fennore, Comper, and Cuver. She wrote her husband's life, remarking, "While I write I shall feel as if he is not entirely lost to me." And when any saw her weeping, and asked the reason, she used to say, "Is any new sorrow necessary to make me cry?"

Two distinguished men of recent years, John Gibson, the sculptor, and Pugin, the architect, both worked at the carpenter's craft; the former as a means of livelihood, the latter, we understand, by choice, as a method of training. John Gibson was apprenticed to a carpenter in Liverpool, and was twenty-seven years old before he succeeded in getting to Rome, which henceforth became his real home. His atelier was freely opened to students, who might there study what he worked on and how he worked. Gibson was honoured as an artist, and greatly esteemed and regarded as a man. His work is considered to have risen to ideal purity and a thorough realization of the grace of form. He died in Rome in 1866.

Pugin was the son of a French architect, educated in Christ's Hospital, and at first employed in his father's



Inigo Jones.

office. But he felt he had not begun his labours at the very beginning. Mr. Smiles tells us he "hid himself out as a common carpenter at Covent Garden Theatre, thus acquiring a familiarity with work and cultivating an architectural taste to which the diversity of the mechanical employment about a large operative establishment is peculiarly favourable." Afterwards, he worked on little sailing vessels, stopping at various ports and making drawings of old churches and other buildings. Such was the practical training voluntarily accepted by one who afterwards rose to the top of his profession.

These notable craftsmen have all proved the connection between manual dexterity and artistic gift. So does the case of John Hunter, afterwards the celebrated anatomist, who worked at the bench in his youth. Our last instance, however, is of a carpenter who became a great philologist, and a splendid type of "a learned man."

Samuel Lee, born near Shrewsbury in 1783, was the youngest of a large family of children, and being early deprived of his father, received his first education at a village charity school. At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a carpenter and joiner, under circumstances which exposed him to many hardships. He was a great reader, and being constantly puzzled by Latin quotations, at seventeen years of age he began to teach himself Latin. As he earned but six weekly shillings, it was impossible to buy the books he wanted, so his plan was to purchase one, study it thoroughly, then selling it again, and adding a few pence to its price, he would buy another. His first library was thus effectually stored in his own brains!

He did not neglect the practical side of life. At twenty-five, he possessed both this invisible library, and a tangible tool-chest valued at about £25.

At this time he married, and by his own confession it then seemed not unlikely that he would devote his whole time to his trade and settle down into an honourable and intellectual craftsman. A misfortune averted this. He lost all his tools in a fire, and though, as a young unmarried man, he would probably have resumed his old life without a murmur, yet the needs of his wife now impelled him to take a different course, and circumstances aided him to become a country school-master.

Lee was a man of thirty before his great gift in the acquisition of languages was discovered, and he received furtherance to enter Cambridge. He was already well acquainted with Hebrew, Syriac, and Hindustani. He was speedily employed in translating for the Church Missionary Society. In 1819, he became Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and later on Professor of Hebrew. He died in his seventeenth year, in his Rectory at Barley.

His portraits show as a kindly thoughtful face, with what may be termed an "aristocratic" cast of feature. His letters reveal a mind of that child-like simplicity which often accompanies special attainments and great acumen. One who knew him well in his home life records that his life's success lay less in extraordinary effort than in "one continued course of regular and diligent application." He was careful to give himself leisure for exercise and relaxation, he never knew what it was to have a headache, and warned all against attempting too many consecutive hours of deep thought. In his opinion at least two hours of active exercise should balance eight hours of mental application. He had a singularly equitable temper, and never allowed himself to dwell on distressing thoughts. He was wont to say that once in his youth he had well nigh surrendered heart and hope, but had then so wrestled with himself as never again to be so mastered by feelings as to be unfit for duty. He delighted to help others in their studies and difficulties, and his wife used to say that he spent one third of his life in doing this.

As we close the door of the carpenter's workshop behind those who have started from it to fame and fortune, we turn a reverent thought to Him who passed through it on His way to that Cross, where, being lifted up, He draws all men unto Him.

## THE UNDERTOW.

You hadn't ought to blame a man for things he hasn't done,  
For books he hasn't written or for fights he hasn't won.

The waters may look placid on the surface all around,  
An' yet there may be undertow-akeepin' of him down.

Since the days of Eve and Adam, when the fight of life began,  
It ain't been safe, my brethren, for to lightly judge a man.

He may be tryin' faithful for to make his life a go,  
An' yet his legs git tangled in the treach'rous undertow.

He may not lack in learnin' an' he may not want for brains,  
He may be always working with the patientest of pains,

An' yet go unrewarded; an' my friends, how can we know

What heights he might a climbed up to, but for the undertow?

You've heard the Yankee story of the hen's nest with a hole,

An' how the hen kep' layin' eggs with all her might an' soul,

Yet never got a settin', nor a single egg? I trow  
That hen was simply kickin' 'gin a hidden undertow.

There's holes in lots of hens' nests, an' you've got to peep below

To see the eggs a-rollin' where they hadn't ought to go.

Don't blame a man for failin' to achieve a laurel crown,

Unt' you're sure the undertow ain't draggin' of him down.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled the duty of being pleasant.—Charles Briston.

Oft, it is great, and there is no other greatness,—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier,—more blessed, less accursed.—Carlyle.

## THE WHALEBACK EXPERIMENT.

The Adventures of the "Charles W. Wetmore."

BY F. M. HOLMES.

A FEW years ago, about 1891, a specially constructed cargo steamer appeared on the Atlantic, and was destined, it was said, to effect a revolution in cargo steamers.

The idea was to build a ship for carrying goods at a low cost of construction. She was called a whaleback, no doubt because her deck was arched and smooth, and contained nothing on it but the funnel and a deck house in the after part, and a turret in the forward part with quarters for the crew. The deck house affixed quarters for the officers, also cabin and wheelhouse. The water could wash over the deck, the hatches being watertight, and the only bulwark being a line of watertight

She was named the "Charles W. Wetmore," and was constructed at West Superior, America. In 1891 she brought 87,000 bushels of corn through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic and across to Liverpool. For these days she was comparatively a small vessel, being 265 feet long, 38 feet broad, and 24 feet deep, and built of steel. To give buoyancy there were beneath the hull nine watertight compartments which could be filled with water-ballast when the cargo was light or with air when it was heavy. The engines were compound and of 800 horse power, the high pressure cylinder being 26 inches in diameter.

The ship within was but one huge hold, with one bulkhead forward and one aft to divide off the machinery and the firemen's quarters. Her shape was like a big cigar, narrowing at both ends, and the theory was that a vessel constructed on such lines would offer comparatively little resistance to winds and waves, and consequently would require but little propelling power. Therefore only about a dozen tons of coal were burnt daily instead of 26 or 30 tons, and only twenty men were required to work the vessel instead of thirty. It was confidently hoped that this type of vessel would be so successful as largely to alter the style for cargo steamers.

But, alas for the vanity of human wishes, the whaleback did not answer expectations. It was in the summer of 1891 that she crossed the Atlantic with her cargo of corn; subsequently she was sent to double Cape Horn and to steam on the Pacific coast. But according to one of her officers it was the greatest voyage she was not lost at sea.

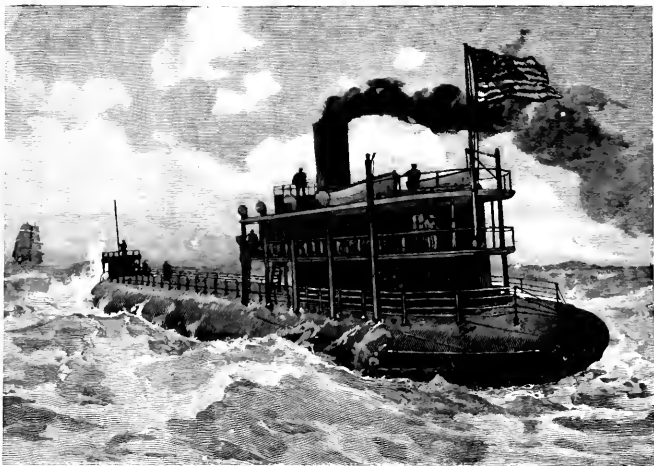
On the second day out from San Diego, heavy weather was encountered. The flat bottom of the fore part of the vessel was beaten so terribly by the sea, that the bow plates were sprung, heavy stanchions were bent as if they were of wire, the forward ballast-tank plates were broken and quantities of water shipped, which, running aft, caused her, like a supercilious person, to hold her nose high in the air, as if in contempt of all old-fashioned-built craft.

But heavy seas struck her again, more water was shipped and more plates were sprung, while the big unwieldy whaleback pitched and rolled enough to make an ostrich sick. At length she was got into the harbour of San Francisco, and then it was said that the decks could be seen through the burst rivet holes. Part of the way during the long voyage since she left Liverpool, she had to be towed by the "Zambesi,"

otherwise she would apparently never have reached port at all.

The whaleback experiment must, therefore, be regarded as a complete failure, even as was a circular ship built by the Russians. This extraordinary structure would not sail and would not steer, and indeed if the long, comparatively narrow, and shapely hulls of the ocean-going liners be near the perfection of ship modelling, it is hardly to be supposed that such an entirely different craft should fail.

It seems certain that, roughly speaking, the wedge-like shape is the best for steamers. Much undoubtedly depends on the form and shape of the hull. According to Russell, David Napier, of Glasgow, who did so much to improve steam navigation from 1818 to 1830, went to sea in a sailing ship between Glasgow and Belfast at a bad season of the year in order to watch the action of the waves upon the ship in a storm. He also made experiments as to the best shape of hull for passing through the water with the least resistance.



The Whaleback at Sea.

Finally, he adopted a fine wedge-shaped bow. This may seem very obvious to-day; but the early steam ships were shaped more like sailing vessels, full and short, the length having been only three or four times the breadth, while now the length of steamers is often eight and even nearly ten times the breadth. Without discussing the technical question involved, it may be pointed out that sharpness of bow is said to have limits when high ocean waves have to be met. A breadth of bow, it has been held, enables a vessel to better surmount heavy waves. Some builders like round sides and breadth of beam to obtain, they think, a capacious and stable ship for the sea; others like sharp ends, flatfish bottom and sides rather upright in order to gain speed, though possibly at some sacrifice of stability. Moreover, the general shape may be different when different effects of the propelling force of wind on sails from without, or steam power within the ship, are concerned. So the aim has to be always kept in view to combine the qualities of speed, stability, and for cargo vessels great freight-carrying capacity. Tank steamers are also built for the carriage of petroleum oil in bulk, i.e., not in casks, and the tendency to separate the carriage of goods by steamers from the conveyance of passengers seems increasing, even as on railway lines goods and mineral and passenger trains are separate. But the problem of constructing cheap working cargo-vessels as distinct from passenger ships does not seem likely to be solved on the lines of the "Wetmore" whaleback.

## MR. MOODY AND THE BULLY.

A FEW years ago, when Mr. Moody was preaching in the slums, he was delayed in leaving the hall till late in the evening. The exit was in a back street, and as he left the building he found a number of roughs waiting to annoy him. As he walked along he heard them say, "Here he comes!" and they prepared to jostle him from the side-walk. Going straight up to the ringleader, Mr. Moody held out his overcoat, and with self-possession that commanded complete respect, said, "My friend, won't you just help me on with this overcoat? I am not quite as active now as I was at your age, and so may when you are as old as I am. I'll be glad to do you the same favour." No bully was ever more completely taken aback with surprise. He held the overcoat for the evangelist to get into it, and then thanking the young man for his aid Mr. Moody went along unmolested.

## TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, John Locke, and Robert Boyle were examples of remarkable abstemiousness, amounting almost to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. When composing his Treatise upon Optics,

Sir Isaac used water only as a beverage; and Locke, in his writings, strongly recommended abstinence, especially in the physical training of the young.

LEARNING that liquor was being supplied to ladies by a firm of dressmakers in Dublin, and charged in the bill as "trimmings," the Dean of the Chapel Royal paid a visit of inspection, and recommended that the offenders, if they must call the drinks "trimmings," he added, let them be honest about it and call them "delirium trimmings."

MADAME SARAH GRAND, the famous novelist, in the first number of "Life and Beauty" says

"The only

thing that I find bad for my work is alcohol in any shape or form. I find even a glass of light wine deprives me of 'staying' power. I drink nothing at luncheon, but have a small cup of black coffee afterwards."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, at a temperance meeting, quoted a striking instance of the happy change that had passed over our armies in the field, from a new "Life" of the great Duke of Wellington, where the Duke said that one of his greatest difficulties was that after eight o'clock every non-commissioned officer was always drunk. Nothing of the sort could be said nowadays.

WHEN Lord Kitchener was in Egypt in 1898, some Greek merchants broke the regulations by running through a large consignment of liquors along the Berber-Suakin route. The Sirdar ordered the confiscation of the liquor, and caused it to be poured into the sands!

PRINCE RAMJESSEH says that for a cricketer's refreshment "water is far and away the best, and I advise non-alcoholic drinks. Many players make a habit of taking a drink in the middle of a long innings. I do not advise them to take anything more than a little water, just to wet the throat and rinse the mouth. This is all that is necessary; it will quench the thirst effectively."



*Drawn by J. B. GREEN.*

A BRAVE DEED.

## WHAT JENNY DID.

BY LUCY HARDY.

"Jenny" was not much to look at; just a rough-coated little donkey, but she was "as sensible as a Christian," as Mrs. Harris and her son Tom often averred.

Mrs. Harris was a skilled needlewoman, and Tom, her fourteen-year-old son, had obtained plenty of errand-boy, so between them the pair managed to scrape together sufficient means to continue, on Mr. Harris's death, to occupy the neat little cottage which was Mrs. Harris's own (her husband had bought it with his savings) with the assistance of a lodger who rented their spare room.

Jenny was always a wage-earner. Tom's employer had come to an arrangement whereby the donkey carried out much of his bulkier goods; and on Wednesday afternoon, when the shops closed early (country folk usually take their half-holiday in the middle of the week, never upon Saturdays), Tom often found employment for himself and his animal in drawing loads for neighbours, fetching boxes from the railway station, &c.

In the autumn the gales swept up a goodly harvest of sea-weed to the shores of the little seaside hamlet, and the gathering of this "wrack" (to use as manner) was an established industry at Cliffcombe. Many a load of the dripping weeds did Tom and Jenny bring back on their weekly half-holiday. Tom thought that was the pleasure of all his employment.

It was growing late on a September afternoon, and Tom, who had been working steadily for several hours, was beginning to feel a little tired. He had wandered rather further than usual along the shore, for the wrack harvest had been less plentiful than usual, and he had travelled some distance to load his little cart.

"We'll make one more round, Jenny, and then go home to tea," remarked the boy to his dumb companion, as he emptied the cart upon the mound of weed which he had already collected on the shore, and then turned again seawards. Jenny, "who always understood what was said to her," as Tom asserted, obediently following. The creature had known nothing but kindness from her owners, and kindness makes even animals more intelligent. As the task took their way along the shore Jenny softly rubbed her head against master's arm, and Tom patted her shaggy neck kindly.

"Wait a bit, here, Jenny," and the donkey halted obediently in the narrow sand-paved pathway between the rocks, while Tom sprang lightly over their slippery surfaces, gathering up armfuls of the weeds which covered them. Suddenly there came a slide—a fall—and Tom knew nothing more of her for a minute or two, when he recovered to find himself lying upon the rocks, with one leg twisted under him, a strange singing in his ears, and a mist before his eyes, and as he attempted to get up an agonizing pain shot through his ankle.

"I've sprained my ankle or broken my leg, sure enough," thought the boy, as he gradually regained full consciousness, "and now—however shall I get out of this?"

Tom looked across the rock barrier to where Jenny stood, some dozen or more yards away; if he could only manage to drag himself to her, and scramble into the cart. Settling his teeth he attempted, in spite of the pain, to draw himself along by his hands, but the agony was too great; and, to add to his misfortune, his struggles resulted in wedging his unguaranteed foot in a crevice in the rocks, where it seemed impossible to dislodge it. Then he called to the donkey, and the faithful beast attempted to move towards him. But Jenny was sensible enough to be aware that she was not adapted for rock scrambling; after once placing her hoofs upon the slippery, weed-covered surface the animal resolutely drew back, and though she pricked up her ears and looked anxiously across at her master when he called to her, nothing would induce her to attempt to cross the rocks.

"And she's only right, after all; she'd be down in a minute or two, and maybe break her leg, as I believe I've done now," thought Tom.

It was a terrible predicament, as the boy fully realised. Behind him towered the high white cliffs, and away far before him stretched the sea—all was quiet and solitary! No one was likely to pass this way; except for his errand of weed-gathering nothing would have brought Tom himself along this lonely, unfrequented part of the shore. The road above ran some way inland from the edge of the cliffs, and their height was great; no shouts which the boy could raise were likely to be heard by passers by on the road, and such passers by would be most infrequent, for Cliffcombe was a quiet little hamlet. Of course, in time he would be missed, and searched for, as Tom reflected, and there was nothing for it but to remain a prisoner until the alarm was given.

Remain! An awful thought suddenly crossed the boy's mind; *the strated upon which he was lying, and the rocks around and for above him, were wet!* Large pools of seawater lay between him and the cliff—he was certainly not lying "above high-water mark," but just on the edge of the danger zone.

And this was the season of the year when the tides came in with added rapidity, and rose to a higher level than usual.

Tom was a brave enough lad—but his heart now seemed to stand still—he made another frantic, desperate effort to drag himself upwards—to be at least on the edge of the expected incoming waves; but the pain was overwhelming, and the boy sank back in a dead faint.

When he again opened his eyes he was still lying a helpless prisoner, no whit advanced by all his struggles.

A sudden idea came to Tom; if he could but send the animal home to give the alarm! Among the miscellaneous contents of his pockets the boy discovered a pencil and a bit of paper, which he carried to note down messages on his errands. This was indeed a happy find. With trembling fingers he scrawled a few words, "Help!—I am lying under the cliffs with a broken leg," and then carefully secured the paper with a stone with a piece of sea-weed.

If he could only succeed in throwing this into Jenny's cart, and in starting Jenny herself on the road home, there might be hope of rescue—if only it came in time!

All his hopes were now centred upon Jenny. Before trusting his precious missive to the chance of a throw, Tom carefully aimed several other pebbles at the cart; and not until he had repeatedly succeeded in landing these safely in it did he fling the stone around which he had bound his letter. Hurrah! it softly rattled into the cart. It now only remained to induce Jenny to take her road homewards.

"Hi! lass—home! home!" shouted Tom, gestulating as well as he was able; and, dull and uninteresting as a donkey is usually considered to be, Jenny seemed partially to comprehend his meaning, for she sniffed and began to move restlessly. The donkey raised her head and looked out towards the smooth, rippling waves. There was a few minutes' indecision, which seemed like hours to Tom; then the animal turned, and slowly—oh, so *terribly* slowly, thought the prisoner—began to jog along the sand pathway in the direction of the village.

It was a lovely evening, calm and still, the sky ablaze with the glories of sunset. Would he ever see another sunset? was the thought which now crossed Tom's mind, as he lay, crippled and helpless, listening to the gentle, steady advance of the "white sea-horses," which were softly sweeping across the sands.

Half-an-hour, three-quarters, thus passed away—the waves were very close now. They had rippled and eddied over range after range of the rocks, covering sand and weeds alike, and the spray was beginning to sprinkle Tom's face as he lay. So soft, so gentle was the approach of the tide, it was strange to think that it meant—Death!

"He'll do now." These words, spoken in a familiar voice, fell on Tom's ears as he opened his eyes to find himself lying still under the shadow of the cliffs, but now above the reach of the tide, with the local doctor and several other men bending over him.

"Where am I?—was I drowned?" asked the boy, in feeble, bewildered accents.

"Not quite drowned—but very near it," answered the doctor dryly. "Now drink this, my lad," and he held a glass to Tom's lips. "And then keep quiet, and don't ask me more questions until we've got you home." Tom, indeed, was too glad to close his eyes and relapse again into half-unconsciousness, while the rescuing party carried him along the shore (there was always a narrow pathway close under the cliffs which the highest tide did not cover) until they reached the road where the doctor's gig was waiting; the boy was then removed onwards, and hurried to the village house. A badly-sprained ankle and a general "shock to the system" proved the worst of Tom's injuries; but boys are tough, and the lad rapidly recovered.

It proved that Jenny had faithfully fulfilled her mission, "as sensible as a Christian," as Mrs. Harris admiringly said. The donkey had deliberately but steadily taken her way homewards, and halted before the cottage-door, where Mrs. Harris, observing that the animal was alone, had gone out and examined the cart, discovering therein Tom's hasty scrawl. By great good

fortune the village doctor chanced to be visiting Mrs. Harris's next-door neighbour, and coming out at this moment and hearing of Mrs. Harris's distress, promptly undertook to drive off at once to the rescue, taking with him a couple of men to assist in rescuing the injured boy.

It was fortunate that Bess, the doctor's mare, was swifter in her paces than was the faithful Jenny; for the rescuing party had only arrived just in time!

Of course, Jenny was now a great deal better with her owners than ever. "Didn't she to Tom's credit save my boy's life?" Mrs. Harris would often cry.

And yet—the best of us have our detractors—there were unkind neighbours who actually said that Jenny only came home because she was afraid of the tide, and because she wanted her evening feed.

But Tom and his mother would never agree to this.

## OUR FRONT-PAGE PICTURE.

## A BRAVE DEED.

AMONG the reservists who have gone out to South Africa was one who had already given proof, even in commonplace London, of heroism well worthy to be set side by side with any deed of bravery performed on the field. A few months ago as a van, belonging to a firm of vanish merchants, was being driven through Battersea a wheel came off with the result that the horses immediately ran away and the driver was thrown from his seat. In their mad career the runaway horses knocked over and killed a woman, and were then dashing without restraint along the road. William Trimmings, a coolman, saw that a fearful accident was imminent, as the rocking van threatened in a few moments to collide with a loaded tramcar. Although warned that he might lose his life by interference, he dashed at the horses, and with remarkable agility took a flying leap on to their backs, where he gathered up the reins and pulled up the scared animals by main strength, only just in time to prevent a collision.

## THE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE BAKUBA.

A MISSIONARY who has laboured among the Bakuba tribe in W. Africa gives a curious account of their marriage customs. In many of the African tribes, he says, marriages are made in early childhood, but not there. A boy is not allowed to wear a hat till he is fifteen years old. Then a ceremony takes place. Perhaps a hundred boys are brought into the presence of the king, who takes a hat and puts it upon the head of the boy, fastening it with a long pin to the knot of hair rolled up on the top of his head. If the king drops the hat or pin it is bad luck, and the boy must go out and wait till next time. When all the hats are on, the king gives a charge to the boys, and says: "Now go out and build yourself a home, and cultivate some land. Then when you see her whom your heart desires, ask her to be your wife; and if she says 'Yes,' marry her and take her to your home." A girl has the right to refuse an offer; but when her consent is gained, and her parents' the court is called together and the young couple appear before it. The young man takes two large mats which he gives to the girl's parents, also cakes of salt and cowrie shells, with some more shells as a fee. The judge says to the bridegroom, "This is your wife. You must have but one, you will be happy." He tells the girl, "This is your husband. You are to love him."

## DR. PARKER'S SATURDAY NIGHTS.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, in contributing a few years ago to the *British Weekly* series of articles on "Books that have influenced me," gave an interesting bit of personal experience. "As a minister, I am not ashamed to say that lives of some of the early revival preachers have greatly influenced me. The week long I have been preparing my little essays or papers which are called 'sermons,' towards Saturday evening, the spirit begins to fail, and I greatly need spiritual stimulus. For this spiritual stimulus I go to the lives of the first Methodist preachers, and following their course, so zealous, so self-sacrificing, so apostolic, the fire begins to kindle, and I long for the time to come when I shall have to stand before men and deliver my holy message."

We shall publish next month the names of the prize-winners in the recent Special Competition announced by the inset of the May number of THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



## THE CARPENTER.

BY THE REV. JAMES WELLS, D.D.

"**IS** not this the Carpenter?" His astounded neighbours asked (Mark vi. 3) when Christ entered on public life.

A Jewish boy was apprenticed to a trade at thirteen, and Christ began to preach at thirty. We may therefore believe that He wrought as a carpenter for seventeen years at least. His history for this long period is a perfect blank. Few artisans in the world to-day can be living in a deeper obscurity than His. His unbroken silence and His chosen occupation for so many years are among His greatest miracles, and they supply many wonderful lessons and inspirations.

The name in the Gospels for a carpenter is the very same as architect, with the *archi* left out. It means one who makes, or constructs, or fashions: it may include nearly all artisans. The Jews did not then sub-divide work as we do. Their carpenter, I believe, would fell trees in the wood, bring them home, and saw them up; make nearly all the articles of household furniture, of harness, and of agricultural implements; build bridges and many of the houses.

Christ was not a master-carpenter, employing others for work for Him. And He did really useful work. We may be sure that it would stand the most searching inspection. Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman and author, has taken a fancy to be a shoemaker. But people don't wear the shoes he makes; they buy them as curiosities to be kept under glass cases. The argument of His neighbours shows that Christ was an every-day working carpenter.

A joiner's shop in Nazareth to-day is, no doubt, very much what it was in Christ's time. I have carefully examined two or three of these native shops with a desire to realise the outer life of our Lord. It pleased me to find that they were clean and filled with sweet odours from the wood, and that the carpenters were becomingly dressed.

Long ago, the great painters used to paint Christ as if He were unreal and mythical, with a rim of bright light round His head. But several painters in our day, like Goodall, Munkars, and Tissot, have left out the halo, and striven to portray Him as He really was: wearied, humbly clad, big-jointed. His workman's hands hard and strong, and stained by toil. Gazing upon these strange pictures I was startled and almost shocked. I then discovered that the Man of Nazareth has been not as real a person to me as He should have been. I had so thought of Him as very God, that my imagination had not fully pictured Him as also very man.

How very near has Christ, in His divine democracy, come to all the sons and daughters of toil! He chose most of His Apostles from the fisher-folk, and the greatest of them was a weaver of tent-cloth; while very many of the first founders of His church were slaves.

Christ thus teaches us that it is utterly unchristian to set a false shame of honest, poverty or toil. He also proves to us that a humble lot and daily toil need not hinder any one from achieving, by God's grace, the noblest life and the most fruitful service. He thus inspires the lowliest with self-reverence, and infuses gladness and nobility into the commonest tasks.

Think how all this rebukes the purse-proud and the enervated, the humblest honest toiler. The power which has changed the world came from the shop of a village tradesman. And He was one of the poorest of tradesmen; for one day He said to His disciples, "Shew me a penny." He had not then a single penny in His girdle: it was a borrowed penny that snatched His text and object-lesson.

Joseph's name does not appear early from the Gospel story; and it is thus believed that he died while Jesus was a carpenter, and that Jesus supported His widowed mother with the work of His own hands. Should my words be read by a young British workman who gladly does his best for his widowed mother, he may be strangely thrilled and greatly emboldened by the just reflection that, as a workman, he is doing the very thing which our Lord the Carpenter did.

Many are writing eloquently about the gospel of labour. Were all the men of genius who ever trod this planet brought together, and asked to demonstrate and illustrate the sacred dignity of honest labour, how

very poor the outcome would be, compared with the simple fact that the Saviour of Mankind elected to spend seventeen years in unbroken work as an artisan. A visit in imagination for one minute to His workshop teaches us more about this subject than we could learn, apart from Christ, from all the books that have ever been written. That workshop is an eternal inspiration to all who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow.

"The gospel of labour," as it is called, is good as far as it goes; it is a fragment borrowed from the Bible. The make of your body is an extra bible; the oldest bible in the world. It is a real revelation of God's will, and it tells us that God made man for work and work for man. Congenial employments are our best enjoyments. The laws of life are awfully hard on the sluggards. Very great is the pleasure of the artisan, who is also an artist, and is always trying to excel himself.

Have you ever noticed that the Fourth Commandment is a law of labour, and that its sacred rest is an appendix? "Six days shalt thou labour"—it is imperative—"thou"—every being who can be addressed as thou—"labour and do all thy work." Thou hast an allotted span of work for every six days, and a task for every day. And it is thine, and not another's. Thou art to do thy six days' work within the six days. Then shalt thou have thy God-given rest, and sweet shall thy rest be. Such industry will be the mother, nurse, and guardian of all the virtues; while sloth converts the soul into the devil's forge.

This is how Paul puts the matter—"that ye be ambitious"—or make it your point of honour, "to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, even as we charged you" (1 Thess. i. 10). He expects us to put all our religion, all our conscience into our daily work; for if we are not Christ-like at our work, we need not try to be Christ-like at other times. We need such a Christian civility in our work as our soldiers and nurses have in theirs.

Thomas Carlyle is a great apostle of the "gospel of labour." Says he, find out what thou canst do, and do it like a Hercules: a good work makes a good man; a scamp work makes a scamp; Good, I say; very good; but is it enough for a working man? Does this gospel wear well, and wash well?

A few years before his death, Carlyle's right hand was paralysed, and he could not work one stroke. He was so miserable that he often thought of putting an end to his life. Dr. Smiles tells us that it did not fare better with one of Carlyle's disciples, Edwards, "the Scottish naïf."

If we live long, we shall outlive all our daily work, and also many of our earthly pleasures. What are we to do when we sit by the ingle, unfit for one bit of handiwork? There is a gospel that, heartily embraced, will serve our turn in our working days and when our working days are done. It is the gospel which the Carpenter proclaims to all sinful and perishing men: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest. Take ye my yoke upon you . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

[Dr. Wells is a leading minister of the Free Church of Scotland. His present charge is at Pollokshields, a suburb of Glasgow.]

## A TOO PUNCTILIOUS INSPECTOR.

SIR JOHN ADY, who was Governor of Gibraltar fortress, always made himself closely acquainted with the work of whatever happened to be his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the general asked him what time he was supposed to be in.

"Oh," was the reply, "I usually stroll in about eleven or twelve o'clock."

"Stroll in?" said Sir John, in a rising tone. "Then I presume you do not leave till late?"

"Well, I usually slip off about two o'clock."

"Slip off?" exclaimed the veteran, in his topical manner. "Pray, may I ask what department you belong to?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the clocks."

## NEVER ASKED TO DRINK AGAIN.

A GOOD story of Mr. Perry, an old American gentleman, who died several years ago, is told by Colonel Fred Kinsinger. Mr. Perry was an exceedingly polite man. He would go out of his way at any time to avoid offending a neighbour or a friend. One day a neighbour met him on the street with:

"Hello, Mr. Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and have something."

"Thank you, Mr. —; I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable and all that; I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was travelling.

Presently the friend drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with:

"Mr. —, I'm not feeling well to-day, and I think I'll go in the drug store and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What, in a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"No, I hate the stuff," saying which a chill went over the man as visible in its effects to Mr. Perry as if the drug had seared him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me—just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said:

"Your sociable whisky is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I've as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Perry was never invited to drink again.

## AN OUT-SPOKEN PREACHER.

M. PILATTE, who died only a few years ago, was a Protestant minister at Nice, where the most aristocratic visitors were attracted to his church. Lords, dukes, and princes were often in the congregation, but M. Pilatte never minced his words to please them. On one occasion he was invited to a recent marriage, where a German Prince had renounced his Lutheranism and joined the Greek Church in order to marry a Russian Prince. "You have had names," he said, "for the workman who turns Protestant in order to get a new blouse; you say he is trading on his conscience. Put a crown in place of the blouse, and where is the difference in the bargain?" A near relative of the princess was referred to the service, and told his suite that the preacher was quite right.

One Sunday afternoon a contented sent her servant to ask who was going to preach that evening. "Tell Madame la Comtesse," was the reply, "that I don't like that sort of thing. If she wishes to come to church, let her come; then she will see what happens."

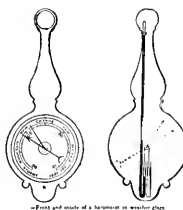
On another occasion, Louis I., King of Bavaria, sent an aide-camp to request that a place should be reserved for him at the morning service. "Tell his Majesty," said M. Pilatte, "that all the seats are free and open; those who come early may choose what places they prefer." This little sermon, adds the biographer, was probably the best King Louis ever heard.

## HOW THE WEATHER IS PREDICTED.

BY JOHN ORCHARD, M.A.

SOME forty years ago the British Association recommended to the Board of Trade the circulation of storm-warnings to the chief British sea-port towns by means of the electric telegraph.

The weather-wise old sea-wolves of the North, famous for theiruteness in interpreting the signs of the sky, treated with utter contempt the very idea of people in London telling them in Hull and Liverpool, hours or even days beforehand, that a storm was in store for the Yorkshire or Lancashire coast. Bitter experience served to modify their contempt, for one day, ignoring the foul-weather signal, the fishermen of Newcastle put out as usual. The sky was as clear and blue as could be. The quiescent waves mockingly lapped their boats' hulls, inviting them to launch forth and cast their nets. Why lose a day's



fishings with no apparent sign of a tempest? Alas! that foreboding storm, rousing those slumbering waters into furies, strewed the coast with wrecks and made many a family bewail the fate of the unfortunate fishermen who had disregarded the warning signal.

Such tragedies make people think. There is a season for every exception. The

merits of the system were more and more recognised, until today a glance after breakfast at the weather-forecast in the morning paper settles for many a man the important question, "walking-stick or umbrella?"

Even now the official weather-forecasts are sometimes incorrect, but the chances are quite fourteen to one in favour of their correctness. The experts at the Meteorological Office or Weather Office as it is sometimes called are daily becoming more proficient. There is pre-eminently a profession in which much practice is necessary for perfection. Careful notes being kept of all observations, it follows that the meteorologist gradually comes to recognise that he has before experienced a set of atmospheric conditions exactly similar to those he has under consideration, and, therefore, knowing the results of the former set, he feels confident in predicting that the same results will again follow.

In the preparation of weather forecasts a most important part is played by the barometer. This is an instrument for measuring the weight of the atmosphere. Every lay knows that the atmosphere possesses weight, for when he ministers his leather sucker and presses it on a flat stone he finds it very difficult to pull it off. This is because he is pulling against the weight of the atmosphere acting on the upper surface. The atmosphere, pressure is so great that if the sucker is a square whose side is two inches, it would be more difficult to pull it off the stone than to lift half a hundredweight.

This pressure exerted by the earth's aerial envelope is not always the same. Its variations, which are measured by the barometer, are most important as a means of foretelling changes in the weather.

The illustration shows the front and inside of an ordinary barometer or weather glass. On the inside is a bent glass barometer tube. The long end is closed at the top. The shorter end is open. The tube, after being filled quite full of mercury, is held upright in the position shown in the figure. If the tube is over 30 inches in length the mercury will fall, leaving a certain portion of the tube vacant.

Now, why does not the greater weight of the long column of mercury force the shorter column out through the open end? Because the extra weight is balanced by the weight of the atmosphere vertically above the exposed column of mercury. Thus we have a kind of see-saw, if you like, in which a column of mercury about 30 inches high balances a column of air more than 40 miles in height.

If we took this barometer to the top of a mountain the mercury would not stand so high, because the balancing column of air would be shorter. The contrary result would hold at the bottom of a mine. Thus, the greater the pressure exerted by the atmosphere the higher will the column of mercury be, so that by measuring the height of this column we measure the atmospheric pressure.

A close study of the figure will make it evident how the ordinary weather-glass works. A small weight, or float, rests on the mercury in the shorter tube and moves up and down as the

mercury rises or falls. A cord attached to this weight passes over a pulley, and is kept taut by an almost equal weight on the other side. This pulley is connected with the hands on the dial, and therefore any motion of the weight is transmitted to the pointer of the barometer.

On the dial are numbers corresponding to the number of inches in length of the long mercury column, measured from the level of the mercury in the short open tube. Thus the height of the barometer can be seen by noting the number on the dial to which the hand points.

Having seen how atmospheric pressure is measured, let us now see of what use our barometer will be when, say, a south-west wind blows.

On its way to us over the Atlantic, the sun-wester gathers up much warm water-vapour. The upper regions of our atmosphere are thus heated, becoming warm and moist from contact with this wind. Now, warm damp air is very much lighter than cold, dry air, and consequently the exposed column of mercury

#### METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| DATE | TIME | TEMPERATURE | WIND | WIND-VELOCITY | WIND-WEIGHT | WIND-ANGLE | WIND-HEIGHT | WIND-WEIGHT | WIND-ANGLE | WIND-HEIGHT |
|------|------|-------------|------|---------------|-------------|------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| 1901 | 10   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 11   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 12   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 13   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 14   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 15   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 16   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 17   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 18   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 19   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 20   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |

"Daily News" Chart.



"Times" Chart.

| DATE | TIME | TEMPERATURE | WIND | WIND-VELOCITY | WIND-WEIGHT | WIND-ANGLE | WIND-HEIGHT | WIND-WEIGHT | WIND-ANGLE | WIND-HEIGHT |
|------|------|-------------|------|---------------|-------------|------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| 1901 | 10   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 11   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 12   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 13   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 14   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 15   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 16   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 17   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 18   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 19   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |
| 1901 | 20   | 50          | SW   | 10            | 10          | 10         | 10          | 10          | 10         | 10          |

"Daily Chronicle" Chart.

publish diagrams showing how the barometer height varies from day to day.

The *Daily News* chart (see figure) is very easy to understand, as it merely represents, by means of vertical black lines, the appearance and height of the mercury column at one o'clock a.m. for four consecutive days.

The *Daily Chronicle* chart traces the variation of barometer height throughout two whole days by means of a black line which rises and falls with the top of the mercury column. This chart shows very clearly the rate at which the barometer is falling. It is very important that this should be shown, for the more rapid the fall the more stormy the weather.

The most useful chart, however, is that published by the *Times*. This chart is prepared at the Meteorological Office from particulars telegraphed from many stations in the British Isles and Western Europe. These particulars when planned out on a map appear as in our illustration, and a careful study of such a map enables experienced men to form some idea of the probable weather in any particular place.

The dotted lines are called *isobars*. At every place on such a line the barometric pressure is the same.

Between two consecutive lines in this map there is a difference in barometric reading of  $\frac{1}{10}$  inch of mercury. Two facts will testify to the importance of these isobars in weather prediction. First, the wind generally blows at a given angle to an isobar; second, the nearer the isobars are to one another the faster is the barometer falling and the stormier will be the weather.

In addition to these charts there is always printed in the morning papers a forecast of the weather likely to prevail in certain districts in the ensuing twenty-four hours.

These forecasts are prepared at 8.30 p.m. from particulars that are telegraphed to the Meteorological Office at 6 p.m. They are then supplied to all the principal newspapers.

During hay-harvest special forecasts are made three times a day, and are sent by wire or letter to certain agriculturists throughout the kingdom, and anyone may obtain information as to the probable weather in his district by paying a small fee in addition to the cost of the telegram.

When there is a probability of a storm, warnings are telegraphed to a large number of stations on the

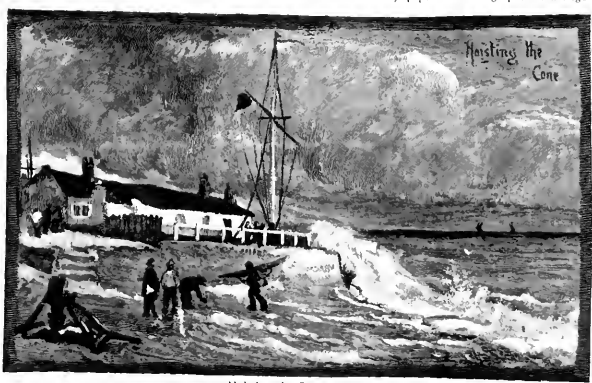


Holyhead Signal Station.

By permission of the Meteorological Office.

in our barometer far down below there at the surface of the earth has less weight acting on it, and the long column falls. "Glass is going down," say the wise-ones, "we shall have rain." The wind soon after disturbs the atmosphere at the surface of the earth, and we experience one of those heavy storms that made our sailors adopt a special hat known as a *sea-hat*.

This is a very simple case of weather prediction by means of a barometer. Some of the daily paper-



Hoisting the Storm Cone.

are informed of its approach by means of a black cone hoisted in some prominent position. The direction in which the point of the cone is placed depends on the direction from which the wind happens to be expected.

The use of such a simple instrument as the barometer, combined with the exercise of men's reasoning faculties, has thus become a most important factor in our everyday life. The weather affects all, and a forecast of it is useful to all. To one person, perhaps, such a forecast merely suggests wearing a mackintosh, to another the postponement of an excursion, but to many of our sailors it has been a timely warning which has saved them from a watery grave.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN COLONISING.

How the Sermon on the Mount was applied to National Life.

BY EDWARD GRUBB, M.A.

THE Quakers are well known as a peaceable people; and some are inclined to make merry at the expense of good folks who let other people risk their lives in defending the country, while they stop at home and grow rich. It is often supposed that, if they had the actual responsibility of governing, they would soon see how utterly impracticable their principles are.

It is not so generally known that the Quakers did once carry through an experiment in governing a country on peace principles, and that this experiment, for over half a century, proved an almost unqualified success. It was not, of course, a great world-empire like that of Britain, nor a first-class power like Italy or Austria; it was a little colony of farmers and planters among the woods and hills of Eastern America, which has now become the State of Pennsylvania. But, small as it was, Pennsylvania had the same difficulties and dangers to contend with as beset our larger states.

The colony was started chiefly as a home of refuge for those who, for the sake of religion, were undergoing horrible persecutions in England. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, sixty years earlier, many of the Quakers were seeking liberty of conscience beyond the seas. George Fox himself, about 1655, had sought to secure a refuge for his people; but it was not till twenty years later that a portion of New Jersey was purchased by two Quakers, Fenwick and Billinge. This colony grew rapidly in population; in fact so many besides Quakers emigrated thither that William Penn decided to found another colony, which he might keep under Quaker control.

Penn was the son of an Admiral who was a favourite at court, and who nearly broke his heart when his favourite son, of whom he had hoped great things, disgraced himself by joining those low-class fanatics the Quakers. It happened that Charles II owed the admiral some £16,000, and when he died his son, William Penn, inherited the debt. Penn requested that instead of money the King would give him a grant of land in America, and this arrangement was carried through. A charter was given him, and a system of government most carefully planned—the constitution of Pennsylvania having, in fact, become the model on which many of the American States, and even the Federal Government itself, have since been founded.

Though he meant his colony to be principally for those of his own persuasion, Penn had no thought of keeping others out, or of forcing them to cut their clothes after his pattern. Unlike the Puritans of New England, he proclaimed complete liberty of conscience. "I went thither," he says, "to lay the foundation of a free colony for all mankind that should go thither, more especially those of my own profession; not that I would lessen the civil liberties of others because of their persuasion, but screen and defend our own from any infringement on that account."

It was in 1682 that the colony was founded. It was from the first "the most consistently free colony in

the country, the most consistently prosperous, the most rapid in its growth in freedom and prosperity." The constitution Penn designed for it was broadly democratic. While he and his family retained certain rights as proprietors, and while the home government kept a veto on its legislation, the chief power was in the hands of a freely elected Assembly. This Assembly, for 74 years, that is from 1682 to 1756, contained a majority of Quakers; frequently they held nearly every seat. The general population, however, soon left them in a minority. By 1702 it is calculated they numbered barely half, and by 1756 less than a quarter, of the whole. It is remarkable that the people of nearly every district preferred to elect Quakers to the Assembly even when their safety against the Indians apparently depended on warlike preparations, which the Quakers declined to make.

It was in their treatment of the Indians that the policy of the founders of Pennsylvania was most original, and also most instructive. For nearly sixty years, while the surrounding colonies were almost constantly engaged in bloody wars with these native tribes, the colony of Pennsylvania remained on friendly and even affectionate terms with them. How was this? Because William Penn had a large heart, and believed in the power of simple justice and love.

One of the foundation thoughts of the early Quakers, was that the Spirit of God is present in all men; and they did not hesitate to act on their belief that it was present in the Indians, and that it would lead them to respond to just and kindly treatment.



William Penn.

consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends. . . . Now I would have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice that hath been too much exercised towards you by the people of these parts of the world; who have sought themselves, and to make great advantages by you rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. . . . But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. And the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in anything my self offend you, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same by an equal number of just men on both sides."

Penn proved his sincerity by refusing an offer of £6,000 for a monopoly of the Indian trade between the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers. Though he had paid the King £16,000 for the province, he recognised that he had no right to take it from the Indians without compensation. Purchase, indeed, had been common in such cases; but too often the simple natives had been tricked with false maps, or pled with drink to take away their senses. The Indians seem to have felt from the first that Penn was a man whom they could implicitly trust. They handed down from generation to generation the belts of "wampum" with which he ratified the treaty with them, and a band of Quaker Indians in the Indian Territory of North America still testify to the influence he wielded over them.

The great treaty, signed between the Indian chiefs and William Penn in person, on June 23rd, 1683. "When the purchase was agreed," he writes, "great promises passed between us of kindness and good neighbourhood, and that the Indians and English must live in love as long as the sun gave light. Which done, another made a speech to the Indians, first to tell them what was done, next to charge and command them to love the Christians, and particularly live in peace with me and the people under my government; at every sentence of which they shouted, and said Amen in their way."



William Penn bargaining with the Indians.

This is how William Penn wrote to them—"My Friends,—There is a great God and power that hath made the world and all things therein, to Whom you and I and all people owe their being and well-being; to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we do in the world. This great God hath written His law in our hearts, by which we are commanded to live and help and do good to one another. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world, and the King of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and

For many years perfect friendship prevailed. Thefts were committed, indeed, on both sides; but the same laws dealt not justice to red men and white men. Rigorous laws were passed prohibiting the sale of rum to the Indians, who fully recognised the harm it did, and felt their lack of self-control of strong liquor were in their reach. When Penn died, early in the last century, entire confidence had been established, which deepened into an abiding respect. Had these conditions remained, the Indians would have been settled in Pennsylvania, and would at the same time have provided an excellent buffer against the French.

But alas! Penn's sons were not "chips of the old block." A mean trick, which will always disgrace his name, was used by Thomas Penn in 1737 to get the Indians out of the Delaware district. When they refused to leave the office, they were lured to under-take it. It is no wonder that such treatment bred revenge, and outrages became common—the French taking advantage of the situation to stir up the feelings of the Indians.

So it was that the position of the Quaker Assembly gradually became unbearable. The Governors who were not Quakers and a part of the populace demanded military defence. The Quakers refused to take it; but they voted, with many searchings of heart, the necessary funds. At last, on the outbreak of the Seven Years' War with France, in 1756, the Quakers decided to retire altogether from political life, and the great peace experiment was at an end.

The moral is not hard to see.

"The moated wall and battlement may fall,  
But safe shall justice prove;  
Stronger than graves of brass or coat of mail,  
The purity of love."

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## A POLICEMAN ARTIST.

THE series of articles which Mrs. Mayo is contributing to our columns has already included references to the successful artistic career of men who were born in humble circumstances, and did not enjoy the advantage of a professional training. A notable instance of what can be done by a combination of perseverance and native ability is afforded by the story of Police Constable E. T. Jones, of the Leeds City Force, who has had a picture accepted by the Royal Academy for two years in succession. It will be an encouragement to many to read some particulars of Mr. Jones and his work.

He was born in Shrewsbury, on June 21st, 1868, and is a married man with four children. He entered the police force at Leeds, and was among a number of constables sent from that town to Hull during the dock strike of 1893. During the strike he received a serious blow from one of the mob while protecting a woman from a violent assault. This resulted in his being confined to his room for some weeks. What seemed to be a misfortune turned out, however, to be a blessing in disguise; for, owing to the physical weakness caused by the blow, he was appointed, on his return to Leeds, to the light duty of looking after the committee-rooms and other parts of the Town Hall. It happened in the course of this occupation that he was required to spend some time in the Art Gallery, where he began to study the pictures. He had always had a love for painting, though he had had no opportunity of cultivating it, and the surroundings in which he now found himself stimulated his artistic tastes. He soon attempted to work on his own account—not copying, for everything that he paints is original, and with so much success that he exhibited in York and Leeds, and was specially invited to send a picture to Manchester. His painting is done in his spare time, when "off duty" so far as the police force is concerned. He takes so much advantage of his holidays to do a considerable amount of sketching from Nature. He then composes his pictures from these sketches, and this task generally keeps him busy until he has an opportunity to go sketching again.

Last year, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Jones sent to the Royal Academy a picture which was accepted by the judges. Unfortunately, it was crowded out at the last moment, and did not therefore appear in the exhibition. This year another picture of his, on which he has been engaged for six months, passed the scrutiny of the committee, but suffered exclusion for the same reason. Its title is "Early Spring," and it is a careful study of beeches, birches, and hickories. On behalf of the readers of THE BRITISH WORKMAN we heartily desire for Mr. Jones, not only a growing reputation for his skill, but the even greater pleasure of being able to brighten his own life by the ideals and conceptions of the true artist.



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,  
AUTHOR OF "KING BABY," "OUR HOME RULERS," ETC.

### V.—Disinfectants and how to use Them.

IT is only too true that we have not yet reached the land the inhabitants whereof never shall say they are sick. Feed our families as carefully as we can, dress them as hygienically, treat them as sentimentally as we may, disease still sometimes invades our little territory. How best to deal with "contagious blastmists," as Shakespeare calls them, is the subject of this Homely Talk.

Fresh air, bright sunshine, good food, and personal cleanliness, as we have seen, are the very best preventives and disinfectants we have. Other things, however, are often necessary after fevers of different kinds.

Artificial disinfectants are good and cheap. The best of them, perhaps, is salicylic. After scarlet fever or diphtheria, after influenza or smallpox, the



MR. E. T. JONES, the Policeman Artist.

plentiful use of crude sulphur is necessary. The way to use a sulphur-candle (if the sanitary authorities of the place you live in refuse to disinfect for you, free of expense) is, to paper up every crevice which might admit a breath of air. Stop the chimney and plug the keyhole; in fact, do everything you can to hermetically seal up the room you want to disinfect. In the middle of the floor place an old shovel, or tin tray, with a sulphur-candle (costing about 8d.) upon it. Set the light alight, run out of the room, and firmly close the door. That sulphur-candle will smoulder away for 12 hours. At the end of 24 hours open the door. You will then be convinced that no living spores or germs or microbes could exist in such an atmosphere. All brasses in the room will be dim (yet on no account remove them before disinfecting, or your labours will all be in vain). Every quilt will be odoriferous, every blanket strongly impregnated with a smell of sulphur. But it will be safe to enter the room, even for an unaccustomed person.

Chloride of lime is a strong disinfectant. Moisten the powder with a little vinegar, and place about a sick room in saucers.

Carbolic acid should be diluted with water (one part acid to nine parts fluid). Sheets and old towels must then be saturated with the solution, and hung over the sick chamber door and about the passages.

Condy's fluid is a favourite disinfectant. It is rather more expensive than the other two. The chief ingredient is permanganate of potash. Crystals of permanganate can be bought for 5d. at any stores. This will make several quarts of fluid equal to Condy's, at about one-eighth of the cost. Dissolve the crystals by pouring on to them hot water. A crimson fluid will be the result. This turns brown as it dries, and stains anything with which it comes in contact. Permanganate of potash forms a splendid sanitary door slam. It is much used in hospitals. Dissolve it as for disinfecting

purposes; then, with a large brush (a white-wash one is best) paint the boards which you wish to stain. Do not be in a hurry to do it a failure, if the work looks uneven and of a bright crimson colour. That crimson uneven and of a dull brown. Wash it with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, and you will have a floor looking as well as if done with Jackson's paint, or any other expensive stain. In fact, you have already started on the plan of prevention and cure, if you do away with carpets and stain all the floors in the house with permanganate of potash.

Lime-water is a great disinfectant. Every workman's wife should give her bath that thorough white-washing every spring. John Howard, who was a sanitary reformer before the days of sanitary reform, strongly believed in the virtues of lime-water. He insisted on every prison being thus purified three times a year. With what result? That the terrible jail fever, which formerly slew many victims "thick every other form of death put together," entirely disappeared.

It is, perhaps, necessary to point out that masking a smell does not "scotch" it. In cases of illness, we are so apt to think that if we burn vinegar about the place we have done away with the germs which caused the smell. This is not the case. For that reason I have seen a use of aromatics in a house. Burning a pastille in the parry does not render typhoid microbes innocuous. Neither does the use of perfume. We want to kill germ life. We can only do so by burying excretions, or burning them.

To disinfect drains, nothing is better than chloride of lime. Whenever infectious disease is anywhere round, see that the drains of your house are flushed out thoroughly every morning. This will do much to discourage entrance therein. Whether there be sickness or not, a bi-weekly flushing with Sanitas and water is conducive to health. Sanitas can be bought for 1s. a bottle, and is a kind of cure-all. It acts antiseptically on a bruise or cut. Any wound washed in it is covered with a new skin in an incredibly short time. I have seen a severe injury, received in the hunting field, quite healed over in a couple of days. Remember, that all wounds need antiseptic or disinfecting process. Lock-jaw is communicable by the dust on a road. If your boy, therefore, comes in with a broken knee (and which of them does not fall occasionally?) carefully cleanse it with a solution of Condy's fluid, Sanitas, or a crystal of permanganate dissolved in plenty of water.

One word of advice about the length of time disinfectants should be used after infectious illness. It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule. It may be taken for granted, however, that we usually give up their use far too soon. Extra caution will do no harm. The danger of infection is by no means over even when a patient is about again. Continue the daily flushings, and do not give up the use of Sanitas as long as there is any disease in the street in which you live.

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## THE PRICE OF LABOUR.

If it were thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary halfguinea. In this ultimate sense, the price of labour is indeed always regulated by the demand for it; but, so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labour always has been, and is, as all labour ought to be, paid by an inadequate standard.

"What?" the reader perhaps answers, amazedly, "pay good and bad workmen alike?"

Certainly. The difference between one prelate's sermons and his successor's—or between one physician's opinion and another's—is far greater, as respects the qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad living of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

"Nay, but I choose my physician, and (?) my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work. By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be "chosen." The natural and right system respecting all labour is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.—J. RUSKIN.

BY JOHN ASHTON.

<sup>a</sup> Secret societies.      <sup>b</sup> A kind of mneptias, at which a club was thrown instead of a ball.

# The Working Man's Bookshelf

## THOREAU'S "WALDEN."

**W**ALDEN is a place, and a book, and a monument: an experiment, a trumpet-call, and a lesson. Read it, and you will agree with me if you care, even a very little, for making the best of yourself, for finding out what you really are, and what you really have. Are you poor, as men count poverty? Thoreau was poor, so poor that he could not have afforded as much a year for food and lodging as the average working-man with a family. Yet he called himself rich, and so far as essentials go, he was rich. Do you want to know? So did he, and he never gave up learning. Do you believe in being independent? So did he. He earned his food, his shelter, his time, his knowledge, by real work of the hands. He could do other work, but he lived by his handwork chiefly.

"Walden" is, but one of his books, and it is the history of his life for almost two years by the lonely lake of that name, near the lovely village of Concord, one of two or three places of pilgrimage to all intelligent visitors to the New England States. Ah, if you want to know how to own any beautiful spot, ask Thoreau to teach you!

In very truth, Thoreau owned Walden, and, as long as Concord remains nobody will think of it as belonging to anybody but him. Yet it is looked on as State property. Do not suppose that Thoreau can be followed closely, as the chemist follows the doctor's prescription. It is not in the letter but in the spirit that you, who have scanty leisure and scantest wealth and scantest learning, will find in him a guide, a spur, a comrade. In these crowded old lands you cannot "squat" on State lands, build your rough, but sufficient, shelter with your own hands, plant the simple crop that will just keep your body alive, reap it with your own hands, prepare your own food, and give the rest of the day, except during a short two months a year, to really living. But the point is that as one man has grasped, in his own place, just what is best in life, so may many another.

The reader who has peeped into "Walden" may here object that Thoreau had "a college education." That may be admitted, but does not disprove the fact that he is an example that can be followed. The objection was to college he had done most of the work demanded by his university. After he left college, he repaid his indebtedness to the parents who sent him there. Without the knowledge of literature and philosophy that his education as a university man gave him, it would be hard to imagine Thoreau, but it would be as hard to imagine his not having gained it if he had never been at college. The objection says he had great men for friends. So he had; but note two things. He had made himself fit to gain by their society before it came to him, and he was willing to dig the garden, or teach the boys, or milk the cows of his chief friend rather than miss his society or live in dependence on him.

The last objection is: "But he lived in a new world, and among so ordinary folk. Here and now, what philosopher or literary man will let me become his disciple on such terms?" I cannot tell you. You are making up the prescription again. "Just so much of exactly this drug, just so much of exactly that acid," is running in your head. Your wife or mother knows that if anybody gives her the recipe for a new dish she

cannot always follow it, but she gets what she has that in any way fits in with the kind of dish she wants to concoct, and you often admit the result. Imitate the housewife rather than the chemist. College, philosopher-friend, a shanty by a lake, a bean-patch to yourself, may never be your stock-in-trade, but the longing to know, the will to learn, the arranging of life to the end that you may learn, enjoy, and grow towards your full mental and moral stature may be yours. You may never spend your hard-earned leisure by the crystal waters of Walden, or roam the New England forest-glades while you brood over the sayings of last night, and recall Emerson's voice, or think out great questions of philosophy and write them in simplest, clearest phrase. But you can find time especially if you begin in early life, to read the best things in the English tongue; to avoid everything, outside your daily toil, which encroaches on the few hours that may be yours for solitary thought. You can go to your public library and choose a great author, instead of the betting-column of the evening paper; you can walk in the quiet road sometimes and collect your thoughts, instead of stammering in the crowded, bargaining street; you can go to hear a scientific lecture, instead of a bar-room discussion; you can train your observation as you go to and fro, even in the sordid street of a great city.

Thoreau's "Walden" grew out of his seeing that he

## THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMEN.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;  
I fish without a pole;  
And I bag good game and catch such fish  
As suit a sportsman's soul;  
For the choicest game that the forest holds,  
And the best fish of the brook,  
Are never brought down by a rifle shot  
And are never caught with a hook.  
  
I bob for fish by the forest brook,  
I hunt for game in the trees,  
For bigger birds than wing the air  
Or fish that swim the seas.  
A rodless Walton of the brooks,  
A bloodless sportsman, I—  
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,  
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,  
The brooks for the fishers of song;  
To the hunters who hunt for the godless game  
The streams and the woods belong.  
There are thoughts that roam from the soul of the pine,  
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;  
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern  
Are as new and as old as the world.

S. W. FOSS.

NATURALISTS use spirits to preserve snakes in, and the old serpent will generally be found in the gin-bottle.

We are to encourage our hearts by the remembrance that the Master said, "A little leaven aveneth the whole lump;" and though our work seems small when compared with the great world-work of the good, still, if it brings about the wondrous transformation from thoughtlessness to thoughtfulness, everything else that we desire must surely follow.  
—Frances Willard.

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the best way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.

Phillips Brooks.

## WHAT SKILLED LABOUR MEANS.

VANDERBILT writes half a dozen lines on a sheet of paper, and it is worth a million dollars; that's business. Messieurs scratches a few lines on it, and it is worth a thousand dollars; that's art. Rudyard Kipling fills it, and it is worth five hundred dollars; that's literature. An artistic penman engraves a resolution on it, and it is worth ten dollars; that's handicraft. The men who made that sheet of paper get a fraction of a cent for it.

Then, the boy says, I will go into business and leave the labour alone. Yes, but that Vanderbilt fortune was laid by a ferryman, whose wife attended the lunch counter on the boat. Brain and hands wrought together to amass all this wealth. The first task God ever set for man was one of skilled labour. He gave man work to do as his greatest blessing, not as a curse; idleness is the curse, and great wealth comes not from God, but of the devil. "And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." It wasn't a hunting ground, it wasn't a fishing preserve, it was a garden.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Park and Band-stand, Thames Embankment

must make the best out of life, and that the best is the life of mind and soul, in a body, alone or chiefly. Given sufficient food, shelter, and clothing of the plainest, let it be clean, and Thoreau would have become a scholar, a thinker, a teacher. He died at least that middle age of a family disease, that his plan life doubtless warded off longer than most escape it, but long before his death he had attained a point far higher than do thousands who live to twice his age. You may never write a "Walden," but something great will come out of such a life as will be led by any man possessed by his passionate desire for true knowledge. So rare is that passion that a life driven on by it is a great thing, he it the life of one who writes or digs. We are all linked together, and he who lives nobly raises the rare, by encouraging the feeble and guiding the young. All men feel more hopeful of themselves when they see a fellow man living out the best of those qualities that we all possess. If Thoreau had not written "Walden," having as it is, the world would have been bereft by his life, so clearly planned, so boldly carried out. Read "Walden." M. R.

MAN should be a little lower than the angels, and not a good deal lower than the beasts.



Drawn by J. L. WIMBUSH.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

## A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

BY THE REV. CHARLES HERBERT.

IT was early in the year 1641. The High Street in the little town of Huntingdon, sleepy as the town was generally, was very much alive on this particular day, for in addition to its being market-day, great events were happening; and every restless squire and petty landholder of the district had come in to hear the news, and carry it back to their village more or less highly coloured.

In the "Lion Inn," the disputes which were raging in London between the King and the Parliament were reproduced till they almost ended in a fire fight; but at last the necessities of business separated the quarrelsome men, taking many of the blundering people into the market, and leaving behind only those who, having greater leisure, could stay and drink. Amongst these were the two sons of the Denys, who lived at the great Manor House just outside Huntingdon, and were the richest family in the neighbourhood. The elder of the two, Clement, had been to Court for a short time, and had returned loaded with the sagacious politeness that had infected him, and his brother, Edward, speedily caught the infection.

They stood at the door of the Inn, and with their insolent jests were bringing the warm blood to the cheeks of every watch who passed by. Moody in his bearing, a young squire, with his dress was clearly a little behind in the fashion of the day, approached them, and said, "Sir, methinks you take as many liberties with the people as your Party would take from them. Shame on ye! Men who respect not women, will respect nothing." And with bitter contempt he passed on.

For one moment they had been staggered by the suddenness of his attack; but the next, they shouted after him in derision, "Roundhead! Puritan! Who tried to go to sea and couldn't! Bible Banger, Bible Banger!" The colour flamed in his face, for it was a bitter thing to him that he had tried to leave his country for the sake of conscience, but had been prevented with his whole party, by order of the King, from sailing to New England. He paused, and striking him said, "I have seen that you are a man that tells me that troublesome times are near at hand for men like ye are, and when they come ye will wish that men such as I had been allowed to cross the seas. Ye laugh now, but your laughter is as the folly of fools." And turning he departed amidst repeated shouts of "Bible Banger!"

Two years later!

The storm that had been seen gathering had eventually burst, and the whole nation was in arms for or against the King.

Around Huntingdon, and from the Fen countries in general, great numbers of the yeomanry had formed themselves into a body of men that became very quickly the pride and power of the Parliamentary army; but the Denys of Huntingdon Manor, father and sons, had fled to the Royal standard with the few cavaliers from their part of the country.

The varying chances of the war seemed chiefly on the side of the King, and it was with eager anticipation that a portion of the Royal forces under Cavendish, at Gainsborough, heard that the Roundheads were near, though none knew exactly where, for the peasantry of the country seemed to a man on the side of the Commons, and could not be relied on for information.

After two days of suspense Cavendish determined to lead by attrition the position of his enemies, the two Denys, Clement and Edward, as they knew the dialect of the district best, volunteered to go into the villages, with cropped heads, and clad as Puritans, as though going to join the Parliamentary forces.

As far as possible they avoided the high road, and crept round by the fields, using their eyes and ears to the best advantage, and at last they discovered a large camp pitched in a valley about eight miles off. Hugging themselves with delight they awaited the shades of night, which were long in coming, and as they lay in the shelter of a wood, the heat of the long summer's journey lulled them to sleep.

A chattering aroused them, and they found themselves surrounded by a body of troopers, and at their head a man evidently regarded by them with the greatest respect. In the dim twilight the Denys did not at first recognise him; but he knew them instantly. "Seize them!" he said; "these men are none of us. I know them for two drinking villains, of whom the world will be well quit." The spies began all manner of protestations, but the captain, riding up to them, cried "Stay." Clement and Edward Denys, I know ye! Bible Banger ye often called me in Huntingdon—Round-

head, and Puritan, and ye are not ashamed now to don our garb, to betray us! Ye are in my power now. Were it not that ye can tell me that which I need to know, ye should hang this moment. But your lives shall be, and if ye tell us the disposition of the forces of Cavendish."

But Clement exclaimed, "Hang us then, for we will not speak a word to help ye."

And Edward added, "And so say I."

A moment the captain hesitated; then, with unwilling admiration in his glance, he said, "Ye are men then after all, and for your courage ye shall live." Go your ways back to them that sent ye, and say that the Roundheads' army is coming not far behind, and as your lives that are now spared by the 'Bible Banger,' may be lost to-morrow, repent for your sins, for after death is the judgment. Go! and remember my prophecy, that the day would come when ye and yours would wish I had crossed the seas!"

The day after, they met at Gainsborough, and the Royalist force was utterly routed; and at night the gay leader Cavendish was dead, and a father's heart mourned that he himself had lived on, while his two sons Clement and Edward lay lifeless on the field. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled!

## "THE MAN MUST BE MAD."

MR. ERNEST SHAMKIN, secretary of the Good Templar Lodge, thus wrote recently to the *Hilthelm Times*: "The foregoing remark was made by a gentleman in this town on hearing that Mr. Joseph Leicester, late Labour member of Parliament for West Ham, had, in an address at the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Good Templar Lodge, stated that he had known of a man who had been a heavy drinker, who, after his death, was punctured in several parts of the body, and on a match being put to his lungs 42 or 16 gas lights became ignited. This gentleman also said that it was impossible for such an event to have transpired, and as others who heard Mr. Leicester's statement doubted its accuracy I asked Mr. Leicester to prove the case, and the following is what he sent from London:—Third report of Select Committee of House of Lords on Intemperance (that number of the volume of the Earl of William Gull, on July 13, 1877). In answer to Earl of Onslow—Drayman at Barkby and Perkins died at 10:15 p.m.; next day punctured body in several places, and lighted 15 or 16 gas lights."

## THE CARDINAL AND THE CARPENTER'S SON.

CARDINAL MANNING, in one of his interviews with Mr. Benjamin Waugh, whom he greatly helped in his work for the prevention of cruelty to children, told him the following incident:—"I was going down that street, passing out of the window of a double row of mansions that were being built, and I met a little boy going along his happy way, with poor dress, but a lovely, thoughtful, pale, open face, and I stopped him for the pleasure of speaking to him. 'Well, my little man, how are you, and where are you going with that little bundle in your hand?' He told me, pointing to one of the houses being built, 'There, to my father.' 'What is your father doing there?' 'A carpenter,' he replied. 'Then the Cardinal added, slowly, 'I was awed and startled! I had met a carpenter's son! My Lord was once a servant like that boy. Oh, Mr. Waugh,' he exclaimed, almost in tears, 'What depths of love were in Christ!' He then disclosed, in the simplest way, that he had at once returned home and sent all that he had then to give to some institution for the children of the poor."

## TWO WELCOMES.

AN American minister relates that he once went to King's Chapel, Boston, to hear Dr. Cuyler. The old historic church was crowded, and as he was late there was no seat remaining uncourteously. He leaned against the wall, when he noticed a courtly-looking old gentleman with a fine twinkle in his eye, becoming him with his finger. Thinking that there was space for another, he responded to the call and was welcomed by a stranger with an invitation to occupy his pew.

Supposing that he knew where to get another, the minister, after some protests, took the offered seat. The previous occupant went away and leaned in his turn against the wall. When the service was over he extended his hand and a friendly word, and in reply to an expression of regret that he should have stood,

simply said, "You are a stranger; this is my home." It was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Here is another picture. The late General Banks one Sunday entered Grace Church, New York, wearing a huge white coat. The sexton, with a keen eye for dignity, missed the mark on that occasion, and put the General in a very unpleasant position near the door. As the church grew warm, General Banks threw open his coat. The moment the sexton caught sight of the epaulettes he hastened to the pew, and in his most obsequious tones said, "I can give you a much better seat, General." "No," said the General, with a voice that sounded like a peal of organ notes at E flat, "the seat that is good enough for the white coat is good enough for the blue," and declined to change.

## THE

## "REASONS" COMPETITION.

THE result of our "Reasons" Competition has been most encouraging.

It was by no means an easy task to adduce five additional reasons, as those we gave were so comprehensive.

This, however, did not deter hundreds from sending suggestions, many of which we highly value.

When the offer was made we little thought we should receive letters (not for competition) from all parts of the Kingdom intimating the desire to hear us in our work, and to assure us of unwavering loyalty to our house. We have had the satisfaction of knowing that for nearly fifty years this unsubsidised firm has been sending its pure literature to all parts of the world. We did not, however, fully realise the cordiality of feeling and the intense interest of our friends.

To our hundreds of thousands of readers we wish to make one clear, emphatic statement, viz., that no tempting suggestion, no projected enrichment of the coffers will ever induce the firm to deviate from the old policy of publishing nothing but literature of a healthy, elevating, mind-enriching character.

That we mean to be up-to-date, in the best sense of that term, readers of our next year's magazines will be convinced.

We intend to give the reading public an object lesson in the art of presenting magazines of thrilling interest, but pure in tone. Our plans will be outlined in the December numbers of "The British Workman," "The Family Friend," "The Friendly Visitor," "The Band of Hope Review," "The Children's Friend," and "The Infants' Magazine."

Subjoined is the adjudicator's report.

**THE FIRST PRIZE, consisting of a £10 Bank Note, is awarded to**

REV. A. THILLY, B.A.,  
45, Albany Street, Hull.

**Ten Prizes, each consisting of a Five Shilling Book, are awarded to**

MR. ALEXANDER DICKSON,  
116, Royal Avenue, Belfast.

MR. CHARLES H. BATHMAN,  
West View, Middlewich.

REV. EDWARD E. CLEAT,  
48, Elm Road, East Sheen, S.W.

MR. H. S. MAY,  
10, The Green, Marlborough, Wilts.

REV. J. BAKER NORTON,  
2, Fern Fields, Streteford, Manchester.

MR. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN,  
Rothwell, Chatterbox.

REV. WILLIAM DUNN,  
St. Matthew's Vicarage, Leeds.

REV. J. C. H. BEVINGTON,  
Kilham House, Penllan,

Conn's Quay, North Wales.

MRS. E. MONTGOMERY ENRIK,  
4, Queen's Road, Peckham.

MR. JOSEPH CLARK,  
146, Purves Road, W.

S. W. PARKIDGE & CO.,  
8 & 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, London, E.C.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on for a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and date that the tide will turn.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## CONTENTMENT.

BY THE REV. J. T. FORBES, M.A.

"Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—2 Kings iv. 13.

IT is supposed that contentment is lost to-day. Men and women are anxious to dwell among those who are not their people, by birth, or education, or wealth. People want to change their class. Society is excited by feverish ambitions. If a man can only gain enough money there is scarcely any limit to the changes he may make in his class. If he can only brew enough beer or sell enough pig-iron he may hope to be the companion of princes. "Thy friend and thy father's friend forsake not," the Bible says, but now the anxiety is for new friends. There could be no request more pleasing to the man who is anxious that the gloss of his commercial prosperity should receive the hallmark of Court favour than to be asked, "Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" This would be the very thing for social ambitions. It would mean the entry to exclusive circles, the smile of the great, the envy of the mean. And yet Elshah's hostess was not moved by the prospect. There is a beauty and a dignity of the old day in her reply: "I dwell among mine own people." Her ambition was to bless her place, and not to change it; to sweeten home, to minister to servants, neighbours, and friends in gentle ways of womanly and Godly service. Instead of letting her work dwarf and cramp her mind, she made it noble by the sweet spirit, the tender charity and grace of which it became the expression. She found occupations of service like her hospitality to Elshah, as they came to her, and so in a life full of busy and ministry there was no room for the petty ambition that casts longing eyes on the lives that are lived in the precincts of a Court. The dignity of a simple and pure life resides in her sentence: "I dwell among mine own people."

There are, nevertheless, a true and a false contentment. All quiescence is not good, and all ambition is not evil. The apathy that can dispense with the best for the second best, that does not mind loss of the things that make life noble and dignified if it can have the things that make it comfortable, is not true contentment. It is probable that if there had not risen up in Egypt an oppressive Pharaoh the Israelites would have completely lost sight of the reason for their nation's existence. They had to be persecuted, to be shaken and driven out of their comfortable settlement in Goshen, and sent out to possess freedom and faith. They were becoming content in the false fashion, content with the fleshpots of Egypt, and careless of lapsing from God.

To limit desires is self-denial; not to know them may be merely poverty of nature. The savage and the ascetic both live simply, but the one has unquenchable and renounced desire, the other only knows it in brutally narrow forms. The wants of the Eskimo are simple, but that does not make him an ideal type. The wants of the European are many, and the fact marks his advance. He wants not only food and clothing, he wants knowledge, he wants beauty, he wants truth and goodness. The multitude of desires in man is simply a manifold expression of his lowest self, but they are not to be helped by mutilating their nature but by transforming it, by teaching them what is the desirable. A greater range of Nature may exist on much the same level as a narrower. It is the quality of desire that is the final and distinctive test. And this is the condemnation of so many lives. It was not only a man, but a man, who said, "I have seen the hands at the fire of life, who put these words into the mouth of the old French knight addressing Villon the scoundrel poet:—You are attending to the little wants and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones; like a man who should be doting a touchstone on the Judgment Day... disregarding another appetite in your heart which shall 'plum of your life and keep you, until you are wretched.'"

Any contentment that leaves an unsatisfied soul is a contradiction in terms, and the spiritual can only be satisfied by the spiritual. The body cannot be satisfied with knowledge nor the mind with food, and the soul cannot be satisfied with either. It can only be

satisfied with the form of God. It can only learn a noble contentment when it has found satisfaction suited to its nature. This is why the Gospel of Christ shifts the spring of contentment from circumstances to the heart's fellowship with God. The Bible did not say that contentment by itself is great gain; it says godliness with contentment is great gain. It must be in the world or in God that we find the spring of our peace, and the world has not the secret to give. "The world says, 'get this,' or 'get that,' and you will be happy, and it does not speak truth. 'Rest in the Lord,' 'I will give you rest,' that is a different voice. A contentment that comes from a soul at one with God, that is full of movement and aspiration while it is calm and peaceful in its hidden life, is the portion of the soul Christ offers. Men who come to Him find His service a pilgrimage, a warfare, but they find rest into their souls."

It is thus that we are fitted to bless our place and class and not make escape from themourism. Christ's people are to season and preserve society by dwelling in it and radiating health. Godly workmen are wanted to dwell among their own people and make the atmosphere of industry full of uprightness, and unlearned tongues like and hard hands kind. Christian men of business who will make trade honourable, redeeming it from the reproach of rapacity and deceit. Godly scholars whose learning shall be baptised with the Christian spirit and made the servant of the soul. Godly women who will find in the home a realm for the power of the quiet heart, where the petty ambitions of society shall find no place, but where every growth of goodness shall be fostered with strength. "They shall be among them as dew from the Lord." "I dwell among mine own people."

There are whole towns in our Britain to-day that are becoming too exclusively the residences of the poor and the workers; because where sweet and wholesome their wealth from these undesirable spots leave them for the lovely country and so let them become more undesirable still; grimy places where smoke blackens the sky and chemicals pollute the air and the drapshop tempts the weakened worker to seek stimulants at every corner. Thank God there are many noble and Christian men who have found delight in labouring, not for themselves alone, but for those into relations with whom their position as employers brought them, and have recognised that their responsibilities were not ended when they had done what law demanded. And what more noble ambition for a Christian man of wealth than to turn some of the towns that are the black spots on our map for their ugliness and degradation and drunkenness into places where sweet and wholesome living should become easier; to say in the spirit of Christly service, "I dwell among mine own people."

Most of us will never be called on to play the part of the Christian philanthropist on the large scale. We have a narrower niche to fill and we cannot fill it alone. We have to learn to do ordinary things not in an ordinary spirit but to the glory of God. The Christian is clothed with the dignity of the great service. He is called to glory and to virtue. Milton said of John Bradshaw the regicide: "John Bradshaw appears like a consul from whom the furies are not to depart with the year; so that not in the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings." The New Testament shows how the great and the good are to be great. The slave is a freeman, the preacher is Christ's ambassador, the workman is serving the Lord Christ. Everywhere and always the great motive irradiates the common duty. There is in this kingdom, indeed, nothing common or unclean. Beside the path the bush burns and the place of our rest is holy ground.

"I have seen the hands at the fire of life," someone may say, "is 'I am wonderful for me it is high, I cannot attain unto it. I want some one to bring it nigh; I must not content to begin lower down. I am not at rest, not at peace with God, I have no sure hope.' This is your want to get to God, and it is to this Christ speaks. He seems to say to the timid soul, 'Wouldst thou be spoken for to the

king, or to the captain of the host?' "By Him we have our access in one spirit to the Father."

[Mr. Friches is one of the most distinguished of younger Baptist ministers. He is pastor of a church at Edinburgh, to which he is sufficiently attached to decline tempting calls elsewhere, including an invitation to a professorship at Regent's Park College. He is preparing a book on Socrates for Messrs. T. & T. Clark's "Epochmakers" series.]

## PREACHERS AND BAKERS.

A BAKER once came to a preacher, who, in the course of conversation, asked him whether he was a member of a congregation, as he professed to be a Christian.

The baker answered, "I was formerly a member of a congregation, but being deceived by the preacher I have since lost confidence in all preachers, and will henceforth join no church."

To this the pastor replied, "A certain friend of mine had the same experience with a baker. He sent to him for a fresh loaf of bread, but the baker sent him a hard, stale loaf, and since then he has lost all confidence in bakers."

"But, pastor," the baker exclaimed, "they are not all that way!"

The pastor replied, "Neither are all pastors like the one of whom you speak. You have no valid reason, therefore, to stay away from church; and you will not be able to excuse yourself thus before God on the Judgment Day."

## A CONVERT TO MISSIONS.

Mrs. BISHOP, in her last book, "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," makes a remarkable confession. She says that during the earlier eight years of Asiatic travel the subject of missions held little or no interest for her. "I may even," she adds, "have enjoyed the cheap sneers at missions and missionaries which often pass for wit in Anglo-Asiatic communities, among persons who have never given the work and its methods one-half hour of serious attention and investigation, and are trading in whatever possible, our mission stations a wide berth. On my last journey, however, which brought me often for months at a time into touch with the daily lives of the peoples, their condition, even at the best, impressed me as being so deplorable all round that I became a convert to the duty of using the great means by which it can be elevated. To pass on to these nations the blessings which we owe to Christianity—our eternal hope, our knowledge of the Divine Fatherhood, our Christian ideals of manhood and womanhood, and a thousand things besides—is undoubtedly our bounden duty. It is surely the height of unchristian selfishness to sit down contentedly among our own good things, and practically to regard China merely as an area for trade. Is it not the height of disloyalty and disobedience to our Master, whose last command we have been satisfied to leave unfulfilled?"

## A LESSON IN GENEROSITY.

ROBERT CURRIE, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions towards a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and one of the gentlemen expressing disappointment at the smallness of the amount, said, "Really I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried:

"What, Currie's only two guineas?"

When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson said:

"Wait! I will give him a lesson."

Taking his cheque book he filled in a cheque for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Currie's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked, "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me, replied Wilson; 'but these gentlemen informed me that you could not afford more than two guineas. Well, I cannot afford more. It is I, if that is the case, there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible."

Currie took the subscription list, erased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up his cheque.

## THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM.

By "VIATOR."

WE commonly regard China as the country which was most reluctant to admit outside influences, but one of its neighbours remained to an even later date exempt from the interference of the hated foreigners. "The Land of the Morning Calm," and "The Hermit Kingdom," are names which illustrate the unshaken isolation of Korea. But these days of expansion are fatal to national isolationism, and the opening of her ports within the last decade has begun a revolution in Korea. The importation of cheap clothing and hardware from Japan, not to say of kerosene and from America, is radically changing the industrial life of the country. And every newspaper reader knows how closely Korea is involved in the great political problem of the Far East.

The travellers and missionaries, still few in number, who are able to inform us at first hand of the character and customs of this strange people, have some amusing stories to relate. Thus, the Rev. J. S. Gale, an American Presbyterian missionary, whose "Korean Sketches" is a book of great value, in an account of a call he made on the governor of a provincial city testifies to the keen interest with which the official watched every movement of his visitor. When a tray

brood. The distinguished traveller, Mrs. Bishop, tells us that from the age of seven to seventeen, a Korean girl sees no male except her father and brothers. Her range of associations is then extended by her introduction to her husband, and his immediate relations; but both before and after her marriage she has to remain within the inner court of the house. She can take exercise in the fresh air at night between eight and twelve, during which period men are not allowed out of doors. A lady of high position informed Mrs. Bishop that she had never seen the streets of Seoul by daylight. If for any reason women have to leave their homes in the daytime, they have to travel in closed conveyances. No fearful thing is it regarded to be touched by a strange man, that recently a servant woman gave as her reason for remissness in attempting to save her mistress, who perished in a fire, that in the confusion a man had touched the lady, thus making her not worth saving.

The natural scenery of Korea has many attractions, as may be inferred from our picture of the shrine in the woods. The traveller inland crosses a succession of mountain ranges, each pass revealing a new vista of beauty beyond. But while "every prospect pleases," the peculiar customs of the inhabitants detract considerably from the pleasure of a journey. There is, for instance, their extraordinary fashion of disposing of dead bodies, which are tied in mats and left to bake and fester in the sun. It would bring ruin to a family to bury any corpse until a "propitious site" has been found. Mr. Gale says that one soon becomes an expert in distinguishing the noxious odours of cholera and smallpox victims from the ordinary smells of the Far East. And the huts in which the people dwell are not in all points desirable places of residence. "There is an oppressive odour," says Mr. Gale, "common to a Korean room, that took me months to analyse. I found at last that it was composed of two ingredients, one from the pastoral lamp that spluttered in the corner, the other from a row of festering bean-balls hanging from the ceiling. After gathering the dust and cobwebs of a winter, these bean-balls are placed in water till fermentation begins, then the liquor is strained off and boiled into soup." To sleep in such huts is one of the hardest trials of the traveller, for in addition to other discomforts he has to endure an almost insupportable heat, the floor being warmed nearly to boiling point.

That Korea is in urgent need of missionary effort is evident from the superstition so deeply rooted in the natives of the country. No less a sum than £500,000

is spent annually in fees to sorcerers for the exorcism of demons. "Then huts are the dwelling-places of idolatry. They worship various spirits or gods in each room, one for the kitchen, one for the outer chamber,



Korean Officer.

&c. They throw rice into the well to quiet the dragon, and offer sacrifice to the god of small-pox, and to other unclean spirits. They worship snakes, weasels and pigs, and not a day goes by but the spirit of some animal must be propitiated.

Along the roadway there are devil-posts cut with grinning teeth, and planted there to keep malignant spirits from passing. When cholera broke out in 1895 we had them all about us with an inscription written along the front. 'This is the general who is after the cholera devils.' Besides this a ditch would be dug across a roadway to make sure that no spirit should pass.

As in the case of China, the worship of ancestors forms an important part of the national religion. Many of the little shrines with which the land is dotted are erected in honour of those who have distinguished themselves by faithfulness to their parents. The chief festival is held at the New Year, when the poorest household offers a sacrifice to the spirits of the fathers. After the death of a parent the period of mourning lasts for three years, during which time a daily sacrifice is offered with the utmost strictness. After that period the direct sacrifices are limited to six days in the year.



Korean Lady.

of food was brought in. His Excellency eyed the American with special vigilance, to see whether he ate the food or the brass bowls and chopsticks. The Koreans, it seems, believe that different degrees of spiritual being require different material for food—some eating metal, some wood, some grass, some air, while those who are purely human eat rice, pork, fish, etc. The first spoonful of rice taken by Mr. Gale relieved the governor of a serious apprehension. The same writer records the following catechism, through which he was put again and again on reaching a strange town:—What is your family name? Where do you reside? Have you come in peace? Are your parents alive? How old are you? Do you know where the people live who have only one eye in their head? Where is the woman's kingdom? What is your salary? Can you pull your teeth out when you like, or your eyes? Have you medicine that will cure everything?

While the men of Korea are thus cut off from all knowledge of the outside world, the women have little opportunity of becoming acquainted with their own immediate neighbour-



Gate of Seoul, the capital of Korea.



## FRANCIS WILLIAM CROSSLEY, OF MANCHESTER.

ENGINEER AND PHILANTHROPIST.



F. W. Crossley.

**E**NGINEER and philanthropist is rather an uncommon combination, but Francis William Crossley, of the well-known Manchester firm of Crossley Brothers, makers of gas-engines, was all this and a good deal more. His earnest Christian life and moral warmth and enthusiasm, overbowed, as we shall see, into some unusual channels,

such as pecuniary assistance to the Salvation Army, of probably £100,000; the building and equipping of a mission hall in a very needful part of Manchester on quite uncommenced lines, and the removal of his household from their comfortable home and surroundings of Fairlie, at Bowdon, Lancashire, to the heart of the district of Manchester he wished improved and evangelised. These were only some of his schemes. "We talk a great deal about conversion," he remarked one day, before he took this step, "but I do not think that this house looks conversion."

Successful men of every kind and rank in life have given great gifts to the public. But Frank Crossley gave himself along with his gifts. A large cheque can provide libraries, art galleries, and public parks; but there is a great gulf fixed between the gifts of F. W. Crossley and those of many millionaires.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In what we share with another's need;  
Not that which we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,  
Himself, his lingering neighbor, and Me."

Dr. Rendel Harris, the author of the excellent biography of Crossley which has been published by Nisbet & Co., lays great stress on his excellent ancestry. His father, Major Francis Crossley, who showed considerable grasp of mind in connection with the theological truth, came of a race of military men, and was in the service of the East India Company. On his mother's side he was of Huguenot ancestry. Francis William Crossley was born at Dendurra, on his father's estate at Danmurry, near Lisburn, Ireland, in November, 1839. Frank was a high-spirited, passionate boy, affectionate, but difficult to keep in order; his record was strongest in field sports, such as cricket, shooting, or hunting.

As a youth he was for a short time in the Militia, being an officer in the Tyrone Fusiliers. Then came a visit to Germany, and his entrance to R. Stephenson's works, Newcastle, for training as a mechanical engineer. He took kindly to the work, for it was after his own heart, yet some of the drudgery must have been repulsive to him. His room would be the work shop sometimes where he made mechanical models and engines, and sometimes he went to the theatre, a habit he dropped after his conversion. On leaving Stephenson's he entered the drawing office of Fawcett, Preston and Co., Liverpool. Shortly afterwards he had a love disappointment, and now came the great change of his life, when he became a genuine Christian. This was good news for his household in Ireland, who knew that his quick and passionate temper often led

him away. After this he left the Episcopal Church and joined Downs Congregational Church at Bowdon.

By the interest of his uncle, Hastings Irwin, who had been settled in business in Liverpool, he and his brother Warren became proprietors of the business of a Mr. Dunlop, of Manchester, for the manufacture of india-rubber machinery. At first Crossley Brothers only employed 20 men, a number that grew to 1200. Their only office boy then is now the cashier of the firm. But it was a back-giving concern, and it seemed at one time as if they would have to give it up. The turning-point came by the purchase of the German patents of the Otto gas-engine, in 1876, which, as improved by the Crossleys, became a great success, and carried them forward to fame and fortune. It is beautiful to read how the two brothers knelt in prayer for help and guidance over their first deed of co-partnership. Like many another eminent engineer they endured hardness, which enabled them to sympathise with those who had to struggle likewise. Crossley's patent india-rubber lathes revolutionised the manufacturing of india-rubber thread, while they were largely employed by Macintosh & Co., the celebrated rubber firm. Many inventions of theirs of course came to nothing, such as machinery for the scutching of flax and the like. Frank Crossley was the expert of the firm, and had to defend their patents often in courts of law, which proved a worrying business.

We may here mention an instance of his tenderness of conscience. Both brothers were strong teetotalers, and it became a question with Frank Crossley how far he was right in dealing with brewers and distillers and supplying them with gas-engines. The matter was settled by his handing over his share of the profits from this source to charitable institutions. But if this looked foolish in the eyes of some, conscience served the firm well in another way. They never turned out an inferior article if they could help it, and at one time, when some engines of supposed faulty construction had been sent out, the firm was prepared to take them all back if such had proved to be the case. The generous things he did are not all recorded; but here is one of them, as related by Mr. Thomas Cook, the evangelist. This gentleman had

been in the waiting-room of Leeds station when he encountered a man who addressed him by name. He seemed to have been weeping. On inquiry, he said: "I have met a man today who has treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done." Then he explained that he and his brother, who were in business, had bought one of Crossley's engines which had proved too small to earn a profit. They could not purchase another, and bankruptcy seemed to stare them in the face. This was a terrible exposure, as they were prominent Sunday school teachers and church workers. One of the ladies visited the Crossleys, but the manager could do nothing for him. On leaving he met Frank Crossley, who learned his story, just as he was turning away in despair, and said, "I am very sorry for you, my lad, and will do what I can to help you. Go back and tell your brother that I will put you in a larger engine, and take back the old one, and it shall not cost you a penny to effect the change. Ask your brother to find out how much you have lost since you started business, and if he will let me know I will send you a cheque for the amount." These kind acts were done delicately, and in the spirit of not letting his right hand know what his left was doing. This was practical Christianity, which has given his memory a sweet savour.

But his practical Christianity assumed other forms.



Among the Mill-Workers of Ancoats.

After his marriage to Emily Kerr, his home of Fairlie, at Bowdon, became a centre of religious influence, and he suggested many schemes for the social amelioration of Manchester. Already there was a mission in connection with their works at Openshaw; a hall, where 700 people met on Sunday evenings; and a successful 'Lads' Club. This was now left in the hands of his brother William, and fresh ground was broken in Ancoats, in the east of Manchester, where the old Star Music Hall was transformed into a centre of light and usefulness, in a mission hall. Residences were added for the workers, with bath-rooms and coffee-rooms, the whole costing about £20,000. The best speakers were invited, and it became known as "the hottest place in Manchester."

As the building neared completion, the Crossleys seemed to hear a voice calling them to go there and work themselves. They did more than this, for they left their fine residence at Bowdon and settled in this slum district, which was improved very much. By November, 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley were in residence in Ancoats. Many lives were uplifted from terrible sin; drunkards and harlots were reclaimed as a result of their unselfish efforts. Mrs. Crossley thought "the plunge a big one, but it proved to be the right thing, and we have never regretted it, although the movement astonished many, and was greatly talked of at the time."



The Star Hall, Ancoats.

One significant improvement besides was the disappearance of a notorious slum, which was transformed into an open space. He hardly thought that English Nonconformists were sufficiently alive to their duty in the masses of the people, and he gravely proposed at a Church meeting of Down's Congregational Church that they should migrate bodily to the slums. "To some of you," he said, "this place is sacred for its quiet, refined associations; you love it; as for me, I hate it all. Let us leave this respectable neighbourhood, and go right down among the poor folks; that is where a church should be." And that was where he placed himself. A liberal giver, any cause that was proved to be right had done him good.

We can hardly record all Frank Crossley's schemes for social betterment, some of which never came to the birth. These included a plan for abolishing sweating by starting a workshop for needlewomen in Manchester; the abolition of slums, and the transference of the inhabitants to the parer air of the country. Crossley Brothers' plan, as Spurgeon used to say, that "God does sometimes succeed in getting a camel through the eye of a needle." In 1895-96 he took part in the movement to help the persecuted Armenians, and at one of the last meetings at which he took part, on Feb. 10, 1897, he spoke on behalf of the Cretons and Armenians. This Christian Crusader passed away after a short illness on March 25, 1898, and was laid to rest among his own poor people of Ancients, in the Philips Park Cemetery, with this line on his grave-stone:

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive."

The loved one was gone; the numbers at his funeral ran into five figures. The congregation at Bowdon Downs created a simple monument to his memory, but his best monuments are the lives lifted from the slough of ill clothed and sitting in their right minds at the feet of Jesus, and the example to all who come after him of a noble and holy life.

## SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

BY MRS. ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

### V.—Among the Bakers.

THE notable men connected with the baker's trade whom we select to introduce to our readers are Rebaul and Jasmin.

The French poet Rebaul, the baker of Nismes, was the friend of the barber-poet Jasmin, but as he was not a writer he did not win the enthusiastic favour which surrounded Jasmin's person. Like Jasmin, Rebaul stuck to his business and his business stuck to him. When the courtly Chateaubriand visited the South of France he called at Rebaul's house. A man, touched with marks of baker's work, opened the door.

"Are you M. Rebaul?" asked the visitor.

"Which, sir?" replied the other, "the baker or the poet?"

"The poet," answered Chateaubriand.

"Then, sir," returned Rebaul, "the poet cannot be seen until midday. At present the baker is working at the oven!"

Probably Rebaul had never heard the line—

"He learned in suffering what he taught in song;"

but his experience verified it. When he was asked "What made you a poet?" he replied "Suffering!" The life of wife and child had forced his mind to work out the philosophy of suffering, which we see in his verses "The Angel and the Child," "The Angelically Translated" by Longfellow. Even the pregnant "might have been" of premature death, meets its fit soothing in the suggestion—

"And Providence will grant the grace  
Of all the days that were to be."

Unlike Jasmin, Rebaul did not write in a patois, but in classic French. Unlike him, too, he did not withhold himself from politics, but accepted a call to a seat in the National Assembly.

Another whose birthplace was a baker's house, and who in boyhood helped in the business, and "carried round the bread," was Sir James T. Simpson, the discoverer of the use of chloroform. He was born in 1811, in a little town of a few miles west of Edinburgh. His parents were not of the type of bakers who sport the Royal Arms and leave large fortunes. Indeed, at their son James' birth, their finances were at a very low ebb indeed, though afterwards they mended somewhat, in a homely way. He was still very young when he was taken from helping his father and sent to Edinburgh University. There he rented a room at three shillings a week, and kept

strict accounts, recording fiscal meals along with the costlier necessities of his medical studies. One likes to know that 2s. 6d. is set down for "Maisy's Tipper"—Maisy being the girl sister who did so much to supply the place of their dead mother.

After Simpson got his diploma he was disappointed in his first application for an appointment as surgeon in a small village on the Clyde. He owned that his rejection then "killed him with perhaps a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than he had ever experienced since that date." Yet, as he afterwards remarked, had his life there as a "village doctor." Indeed, he had to pass by in the disappointment of the folks at home, for once when his sister remonstrated with him for working too hard, his answer was, "Well, I am sure it is just to please you all."

He stayed on in Edinburgh, became assistant professor, and ultimately entered the professoriate himself.

Even from his student days he had been haunted by the agony endured under operations, and by the question whether something could not be done to alleviate it. Hence his experiments with chloroform, which he tested upon himself! After the success of his discovery his practice became enormous.

Simpson made no elaborate parade of working tools. "He is my study," said he to a student as they were passing his sleeping-room. "The room," writes the great "was small. There was his bed, and at the head of the bed two or three shelves filled with books. Beside was a movable gas burner. 'Here,' said Sir James, 'is my study. Here I read at night!'"

His observation was always on the alert. Visiting Glasgow, he was struck by the robust appearance of the workers in the wool mills. Connecting this with the odours of their handicraft, he henceforth recommended "oil anointing" in all cases of weakness and threatened consumption.

He was created a baronet in 1866, and died four years afterwards. The brother who had been his life was his last utterance: "O, surely, surely!"

Our last notable baker, like Rebaul and Jasmin, lived and died at his craft. But one cannot help being struck by the different impression left on Thursto, by reading Smiles' "Life of Robert Dick of Thursto," than that produced by the history of the two gifted Frenchmen. Something may be due to the climate of green hills and northern seas, so different from the laughing scenery of Southern France. Then, too, Dick's bent was to science, and the mind which is governed by it may be of sterner mould than those which are entranced by poetry. Yet have we ever found that poetry disarmed Fate of her stings for British poets? We feel that the gloom which pervades the story of Robert Dick, as contrasted with the gaiety and sunshine of Rebaul, comes from deeper causes—from something in the ideals dominating the environment of the former and warping the texture of being, and checking the springs of joy.

Robert Dick was born about 1810, and started in life with the misfortune of having a stepmother who was "too fond of her own children." It was always been sent to school. As it was his apprenticeship to a baker, and his sister was put out to domestic service, Sense of injustice inevitably rankles, but after all, once one has escaped from her roof an unkindly stepmother has less influence over one's destiny than has the common sorrow of having no mother at all!

After three years spent as a journeyman, Dick went to Glasgow to set up shop for himself. As a boy he had always delighted in long country rambles of botanic and geologic observation. The same taste had enlivened his daily delivery of bread at out-lying places. Now he affronted Thursto's aristocracy by taking these long walks of observation of God's works on his only leisure day, Sunday. Yet Dick was not only a man who studied his Bible diligently and loved devoted worship in his own house, and his old housekeeper used to say that "if she waited a sermon she had not far to go to get one." But after "the minister" had made free use of Blair and Hervey without acknowledgment, Dick said, "Religion is not the Kirk." There were high scruples of honour in this man, who declined the custom of Thursto Castle, which Lady Sinclair took bread to withdraw from another and to bestow upon him. "No, no," said he; "I am the last person to take 'the bread from any honest man's mouth.' Remem where you are; you cannot be better served."

Dick had once made an offer of marriage. It was refused. Its recipient gave signs of wishing its repetition. But Dick was obdurate. He did not cultivate general intimacies. "No good work," he said, "could

be done in company. His greatest favour was to allow anyone to visit him in his lachokhouse. But his hours of work there were sacred. No visitor could tempt him to leave his batch when it was baking. The Duke of Argyll made an appointment with Dick—was unpunctual, so when he did arrive Dick was gone, though he had put out his collections of minerals for the Duke's inspection.

Dick rendered immense help to Hugh Miller in his geological work. Hugh Miller himself had handsomely acknowledged this, saying, "He robbed himself to do me service." Yet strange to say, no mention whatever was made of Dick in Mrs. Miller's biography of her husband.

Dick was a peacefully won, by unsuspicious competition. He gave "good weight," which some of his neighbours did not; but, as his old housekeeper said, "People never noticed." Some of the Thursto bakers attracted custom by whiskey selling. One of these determined to undersell everybody else. He became bankrupt himself in the end, but not before he had ruined many innocent.

Finally, a steamer steered by a half-drunk man foundered, with Dick's cargo of flour on board. It was not insured, and the loss of its value about £46—ruined Dick. He tried to sell his collections. He was at last driven to accept help from his sister, though once he had refused even a sisterly offer of under-lying. He had told her then, "You have no idea how injurious it is, both to soul and body, to wear next your skin what one never toiled for." Surely he was wrong there. Love was never injurious to anybody. If, as George Macdonald has quaintly put it—

"It is the pride of woman true  
To cover from the cold."

why should that delight be grudged? But Dick's proud old heart too sturdily clung to the bliss he pointed out when he said, "He is a happy man who can make his living."

At last he succeeded in selling his treasured fossils; and then he paid his debts, and immediately started a new collection. Then he died—in 1866—at only fifty-five years of age.

Surely he would have been happy if he could! For he loved to sing at his work, and said he believed "he was born singing." Something is grievously wrong when the independence and joy of honest workers can be so imperilled and empowdered. Let us note, too, how far-teaching is the damage wrought by the "drink traffic."

## THE MISSIONARY'S CHILDREN.

ONE sacrifice in particular casts a tender pathos over the missionary's consecration, and demands our generous sympathy. It is the separation between him and his wife and their little children, which usually marks the return after the first furlough. Perhaps some may realise this sacrifice most easily from a simple, graphic instance. It is the farewell on the quay, where the great East India steamer is moored, ready to lose her cables and proceed to sea. The little ones are in a tearful group, and their mother, the missionary's wife, has kissed them over and over again, and whispered her last loving messages to them in fond reiteration. But the bell rings, and this time with peremptory stroke. The lingering ones on board hasten down the gangway, and the heartbroken mother is gently led on board. But suddenly she rushes back and claps her hands to her face, she cannot leave them—she will not—she loves for her offspring blazes forth fierce and untamable like that of a tiger, while all look on, helpless and overawed by the manifestation of this primal passion and the sharp cry of its pain. In the heart of the mother there is a racking struggle; but she is seen to kneel amidst her children and pray. . . . Calm and kind, and of an ominous pallor, she rises and goes on board. Then, that was close to her heard her saying, "For Jesus' sake."—Rev. H. Pierce.

When the foundation stone of the gaol at Auburn (U.S.A.) was laid, in 1816, a bottle of whiskey was enclosed in the stone, along with the official documents which are usual upon such occasions. The idea was an exceedingly good one, for nearly all our gaols have their foundations laid in the drink traffic, and are built to deal with the crime which arises from it.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin.*



## THE AURORA BOREALIS.

By J. HOLDEN, M.A.

**T**HE Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is an appearance seen in the northern sky at irregular intervals in this country. It is not so remarkable as to compel attention. Persons who are not accustomed to observe the sky might readily miss even a good exhibition. But out in the open, on a clear night, the aurora presents a grand spectacle. I remember seeing a remarkably fine aurora on the night of the 30th March, 1891. At first wide arches of flickering light were to be seen stretching across the northern sky from east to west. These were merged later in great shafts of light that radiated from the whole northern horizon, and extended upward almost to the zenith. For the most part they were of a whitish colour, but some of these shafts for a short time were distinctly rose coloured. The light vibrated in wide pulsations up from the north-east and north-west, and fled like the flashings of a divine mirror up to the zenith, there to be dissipated in phosphorescent wreaths of fantastic shape. The night was lit up as if with diffused moonlight, and the contrast between the luminous northern sky and the dark southern horizon, with no gleam above it except of stars, was very fine; yet through the vibrating shafts of light for ever flying up to the zenith the stars were quite plainly visible.

This is a description of only one form of the aurora, the form generally observed in this country. Further north auroras occur more frequently and are more varied in appearance, until in the Arctic regions they present the most diverse and wonderful characteristics. Occasionally they are like luminous clouds, but yellowish or greenish-white in colour. Others are brilliant arches of light, their ends resting on the horizon, their summits about thirty degrees above it, and placed in the direction of the magnetic meridian; that is, in the direction towards which a compass needle points.

There may be as many as three or four of these arches at the same time, commencing with each other and stationary for hours or even days. The aurora takes still more complicated shapes, draped auroras being like the folds of a great banner of light uncurling in an intangible breeze. The usual colour of the aurora is white, more or less tinged with yellow or rose. And yet, brilliant as is the appearance it presents, it is inferior in illuminating power to that of a full moon. The light of the moon, for example, hides all the lesser stars; not so the light of the aurora, which is not greater than that of a half moon.

The height of the aurora varies within very wide limits. Those visible in mean latitudes may be from sixty to two hundred miles high; indeed, it is probable that the summit of the luminous shafts often stretches upward for many hundred miles. But, in the Arctic regions, the brilliant and draped auroras may not be more than twenty or forty miles up, and are sometimes comparatively quiet near the ground. As to their frequency, on the average there are six auroras visible in London each year, ten in Liverpool, thirty in the middle of Scotland, and one hundred in the Faroe Islands. They are most frequent farthest north. Most auroras occur after the equinoxes, that is about April and September; they are least frequent in January and June. Every eleven years there is a period of exceptionally brilliant displays, occurring about the time of the maximum sun spot periods.

With regard to the cause of the aurora, the theory most widely accepted to-day states that the luminous effects of the aurora are produced by electric currents. We are all familiar with lightning, and have seen the jagged path of light cut in an instant from the clouds to the earth by electricity sparking across. It may not be so well known that air is a bad conductor of electricity, and that a dash of lightning can only take place at the moment this resistance has been overcome. But, were the air removed, the resistance would be

greatly lessened, so that electricity could flow from high levels to the earth continuously, not by a single cleavage along a narrow path, but across wide areas. Now, when electricity thus streams through a vacuum the space glows with light, and in all probability polar auroras are caused by the return to the earth of electricity from the higher regions of the atmosphere. This electricity accumulates first in the tropics, is driven high into the air, and gradually journeys toward the magnetic pole. But the air thus high up above the earth is extremely rarefied, hence the glow produced by the electrical discharge. The precise form assumed by the polar aurora in all probability largely depends on the meteorological condition of the atmosphere at the time of the display.

## "BUT THEY ALL DRINK."

It is the business of certain agencies to keep a record of the name, position and standing of the business men of the United States. Careful men are employed to collect this information, and it includes not only the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing in regard to punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, etc.

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A.1." They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt.

One of them had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied, but at the end these words were added: "But they all drink."

He thought it a good joke at the time; but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.



## Auroras

1. In the Arctic Regions.
2. At Rock Gate, Bear Island.
3. In Belgium.



## THE SIX LITTLE WORDS.

SIX little words there are that claim me every day  
I shall, I must, I can; I will, I dare, I may.

I shall or ought: this law God wrote upon my heart,  
The aim which conscience drives to, set in my inward part.

I must is the enclosure within which I am bound,  
On either hand by fellow men, or Nature hedged around.

I can marks out the limit of talents lent to me,  
Of action, art, and knowledge, strength, and dexterity.

I will: this is the crown of all that I inherit,  
It is the seal of freedom impressed upon the spirit.

I dare is the inscription engraved upon the seal,  
And likewise is a bribe to govern freedom's zeal.

I may, the last, is something that midst the others glides,  
A something undecided which the moment still decides.

I shall, I must, I can; I will, I dare, I may;  
These six lay hold upon me and rule me every day.  
Only as Thou dost teach me know I what, every day,  
I ought, I must, I can; I will, I dare, I may.

Author unknown. Translated from the German by  
JOSEPH WHARTON.

## THE OLD HYMNS.

THERE'S lots of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago—  
And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,

I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days ago,  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a woe-ful eye."

There's lots of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old—

With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold;

And I hear 'em singing—singing, where men're dreaming stands,

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come,

Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb,

If I can hear 'em sing them then, I'll pass without a sigh

To—"Canaan's fair and happy land where my possessions lie."

## IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

PROFESSOR RICHARD HARRIS says:—"The power of drink is colossal, and the people are crushed and broken under it. . . . It is a mistake to reckon drunkenness as one of the seven devils that have to be ejected from the soul; it counts for seventy times seven devils on its own account."

In Northfield, Vermont, a Prohibition town, there is an agency for the sale of spirits for medicinal purposes. The Town Council voted the other day that the names of all persons who apply there for spirits shall be printed in the local newspaper; and that when an application is refused, the reason shall be printed in connection with the applicant's name.

MR. KIPPEL says, in his "Voyage up the Tigris (1820)":—"We tried to content ourselves with water—an experiment which we found to answer so well, that while actually on the road, we entirely abstained from drinking anything else. To this circumstance we alone attribute our health during our long and fatiguing journey."

JACOB: "Texas is a great place for snakes. I once saw a green and yellow snake down there seventy feet long and as big round as a whisky barrel." Wages! Well, I don't doubt it—but I'll bet you saw the whisky barrel before you saw the snake."

THE Japanese say, "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and then the drink takes the man."

THE Christian Endeavour Unions of Louisville, Ky., have decided not to accept money from distillers. More than \$1,000 contributed by Louisville distillers for a farm, to be used as a playground for the poor during the summer, will be returned to the donors.

THE most successful stockmen of Texas will not employ a man on their ranches who drinks. They find such help is too expensive, as men who are not sober are not careful enough with the stock.

WITHIN the last few years the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company has brought into existence the village of Cokerhill, in the vicinity of Glasgow. The inhabitants already number over 600, all the men being in some way employed in connection with the various departments of the company. No licensed premises are permitted in the district, "and," adds one familiar with the circumstances, "consequently no gaul is required."

THE Crystal Palace, when it stood in Hyde Park, in 1851, as the first Great Exhibition, was free from all sale of alcoholic drink, and when it was set up at Sydenham the original intention was to carry out the same rule. First, however, an exception in favour of fermented liquors was made, and then the sale of spirits was allowed.



By LINA ORMAN COOPER

AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," "KING BABY," ETC.

# VI. Rest and Recreation.

**M**OST working men's wives seem to think the old adage, "All work and no play, only applies to the flocks of this life." They act as if they had no practical interest in the proverb. Now, this is a great mistake; every human being needs a certain amount of rest and recreation, more especially the women who rise up early and so take sleep late. Our tempers as well as our bodies are all the better for occasional pauses in life; most of the anger we so display is due to our nervous results from over-tension of the nervous system.

includes the idea. To make over again, or recreate, our bodies implies a due use of means. Do not shut yourself up in your own homes till you forget the way to "play." A lady once said to me, "I have never left my children for one day since they were born." Better for them if you had done so, was my unspoken thought; for that mother made more munitions out of modelled than any woman I ever met. In justice to your children you must maintain the standard of your own life at its highest; to do this you need occasionally to be away from them. It is impossible to "live down" to the children always. A husband needs intelligent interest taken in outside events; if a wife is unable to do this, he will be tempted to rely on other men's wives for company. Some time in each day, for instance, the book which interests John should be read by Jenny. A few moments spent on mastering the politics of John's favourite newspaper will result in an evening's pleasant companionship. Now and then to go with the goodman to a penny race; or concert, not only provides recreation for yourself but keeps him away from more doubtful amusements. We are apt to think that "mother" is absolutely indispensable.

minimum of time one gets a maximum of air in cycling, so I strongly recommend the exercise to a busy housewife. The care of even a patch of flowers is delightful employment. An occasional jaunt to the seaside, taking advantage of a half-holiday, so that Tommy and Matilda Jane can go along too, is no waste of money, it opens out a wide field of conversation for many evenings afterwards.

One other way of recreating ourselves, and I have done. When you are tempted, by over-pressure of work, to think your lot is a hard one, just pay a visit to someone worse off than yourself; such a visit will send you home to your knees to thank the good God that you have such multitudinous interests in life and have not been set solitary by Him. To count one's blessings is the best way to recreate oneself after all.

## NO INTEREST IN TEMPERANCE.

A SOBER temperance lecturer once visited the shop of a hatter, and asked him to give something to "the cause." The shopman coldly replied that he had no interest in it.



Painted by Margaret L. Purkin.

The Village Blacksmith.

Whenever I personally see a mother shaking or slapping a child, I feel tempted to exclaim, "My good woman, do go and lie down for a bit!" Irritability always springs from a physical cause. So kindly do I believe this to be true that I administer a dose of oil to any of my own children who are particularly cross or fretful; this restores harmony better than any punishment one could devise. Let me recommend this habit to my readers, *en passant*. In the same way, if I feel tempted to "bang" or scold I go away and try to rest for awhile. A good plan for each mistress of a house is to have certain seasons of the day for herself. One quarter of an hour after the early dinner is a good time. The children are then fairly rapt and in a happy frame of mind; baby is usually asleep, or ready to go to the land of Nod. Before starting on the wearisome "wash up," lie down for a few minutes. Quiet will help you to assimilate the meal you have partaken of; it will also do much to re-create and renew the body you have worked so hard since dawn. The time you at first will consider to have been "wasted" will prove to be the best spent of your day; with renewed energy and with greatly increased cheerfulness you will go about the afternoon's duties.

Amusement as well as rest ought to be in the day's programme; the very word at the head of this paper

able at home. Some day, my friends, God may show us that such is not the case by removing us out of our place. Trust God a little more; He can look after the ladies better than we can do. If John wants her, Jenny must not fail him. Take a positive as well as a negative interest in his amusements and in that of the young folk; you will have your reward.

I want to impress on my readers that change of occupation does not always mean rest or recreation. Physically we may feel able to run the machine longer if we alternate sewing with cooking; but it is not rest, and after a time we shall forget how to rest; the saddest result of over-pressure there can be. Method in arranging work is a great help towards securing proper rest and recreation. The busiest woman is often the one who finds time to amuse herself and others; this is because her energy is well directed and controlled. Make it part of your definite plan in life to have a certain time for amusement; a walk in the country, if you are near it, is good for both soul and body. "To smell a rose to tuff of earth," says quaint Master Fuller, "is healthful for the body." When I could (the follower of Bunyan's pilgrim) was weary with the way, a damsel called "Health" took him to recreate in the garden. Sympence spent in hiring a bicycle is money well spent by a working-man's wife. In the

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "for it shows me that you are not acquainted with our business."

"If you are more familiar with my business than I am," said the man, with some spirit, "I shall be happy to take lessons of you."

"Well," said the lecturer, "you deal in hats, and intend to make a little money on every hat you sell."

"Certainly!"

"Whatever makes men content to wear old, worn-out hats does them credit and an injury."

"Yes."

"Well, sir, if you and I were to walk out along the shavers, and through the streets and lanes of this city, we should see scores of men wearing on their heads, old, miserable, slouched hats which might years ago to have been thrown into the fire. Now, why don't those men come at once and buy of you?"

"That is not a difficult question to answer," said the shopman. "They are too poor to buy hats."

"What has more influence than labor in emptying their pockets, and not only that but injuring their self-respect to such an extent that they are willing to wear old clothes?"

"Nothing," said the man, hastily. "Here is some money for your cause."



*From a Photograph by F. SUTCLIFFE, Windsor.*

THE LIFEBOAT MAN.

## THE CONVERSION OF BURKE, THE BURGlar.

**V**ALENTINE BURKE was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar, and none of your cheap amateurs. He had been born of a lowly, despised race. Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers, who were his natural-born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, who will say, or this story will tell you, for one day he happened to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me up in Battelboro. And now that dead Moody is dead, I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over up there, where Burke has been waiting for his long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the *Globe-Democrat* announced that it was going to print every word he said. Sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody told how he made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he would weave in a lot of Scripture for the *Globe-Democrat* to print, and that might count, if his own poor words should fail. He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their coming at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons.

Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or swearing at the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff, spit a sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody told him the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture. "Philippi?" he said; "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper page. It was Monday, Sunday or the night before. "What rat is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the *Globe-Democrat* got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The words lit on green on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not then know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years I've been burglar and jail bird, but I never knew this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a day's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out, if it kills me to do it." He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and loudly and broken prayers, the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is alive and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you'd better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here."

In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, "if He wouldn't make him a better-

looking man, so that he could get an honest job." You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fit a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his childlike faith. Shifting to and fro, waiting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping for from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell.

One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart. "Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job."

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?"

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tale began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have star for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court-house, serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were £12,000 worth of diamonds in the sack. "Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it." Then he said as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Years afterwards the Churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sure trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the sailors and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled.

And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated. When I was a boy, an old black "mammy" that I greatly loved used to sing for me a song with words like these:

Through all depths of sin and loss  
Sinks the plummet of thy cross.

—Prof. H. M. HAMMILL, D.D.

## BY THEIR WORKS.

A MAN, not of the common clay,  
But who had dreamed his life away,  
Conscious of kinship with the great,  
Knocked fearlessly at Heaven's gate,  
Admitted there, he stragglingly sought  
The circle of those minds whose thought  
Had been his own. Not recognised  
By those whose company he prized,  
Discontented, he went on his way,  
And then he heard an angel say:

"Here, as on earth, you find yourself alone,  
Because by works, not thoughts, a man is known."  
CLAUDE FAYETTE BRADGON.

## KICKING.

"Does he kick?" We were just passing a blacksmith's forge when we heard the question asked by the apprentice who was cautiously approaching the horse driven up to the door. He had his hand upon the flank of the well-fed and well-groomed creature, watching intently the slightest motion of the head or the least deflection of his eye. "Does he kick?" he asked again, as he walked around to stroke his muzzle and to examine his nostrils. And as he had yet received no answer he stepped back a pace, and, scrutinising the sleek gleaming from ears to heels, said: "He looks to me like a kick."

We passed on wrapped in thought. That lad was unconsciously a philosopher. He had learned that the amount of kicking in this world does not depend upon the kicker's environment, but upon his disposition. The important question is not whether there is anything to kick about, but only whether it is the nature of the beast to kick. If it is in him to kick, he will kick just as quickly at a house fly as at a bullock. If he is "built that way," he will kick at the groom that feeds him, as promptly as at the driver who flogs him. As all horsemen know, it becomes at last his one sole amusement even when alone; for, while other horses are doing in their well-bedded stalls, the kicker's heels can be heard playing a noisy tattoo upon the wall behind him or the partitions at his side. Treat him never so gently, it matters not. If he be a "kicker" he will always, and everywhere, and under all circumstances find occasion to kick.

And it is just as true of human nature as of horse nature. The rumpus a man makes in his family, his neighborhood, or his church, depends very much upon the kind of creature he receives, but a great deal upon the disposition that resides in his breast. His breakfast coffee is too hot or too cold, too weak or too strong, each day in succession. His daily paper, laid beside his plate, is ridiculous in its criticisms, absurd in its financial theories, and idiotic in its politics. Simdars the chor is "off the key" and the preacher "off his beam."

It need not be inferred, however, that all kickers are either male or malicious. There is a great deal of kicking in this world which is merely virtuous and feminine; just as there are horses that are always biting their heels, who never strike. The most confirmed shrew is often at heart a gentle creature, and the habitual scold would go miles out of her way to do a kindness. The misanthrope of this present life is seldom cured. It grows by what it feeds upon, and it feeds upon whatever is near. Many a woman who would die at the stake for a great issue will keep her whole household in torment if there be a crack in a tea cup or a stain on the table-linen. Bishop Butler used to say that "nine-tenths of religion is simply good nature." It might be truthfully added to that that nine-tenths of the misanthropy of this present life are due simply to the impatient and irritable spirit which goes through the world, not to see how many things may excite grateful feeling, but how many things may be found at which to launch a spiteful heel; and the mischief wrought is out of all proportion to the real intent, for it is the sensitive souls that most easily succumb to injustice, as Cowper himself has reminded us that—

"A kick that scarce would move a horse  
May kill a sound divine."

—Interior.

## DRINKING LIKE A BEAST.

The following story is told of the late Dr. Kidd (of Aberdeen) and his headle. The headle, it appears, was a victim to the national vice of spirit-drinking. He had been many times censured and as many times forgiven, but all in vain, for he frequently fell into his old ways. One day, in a state of intoxication, he confronted the doctor, who challenged him in a reckless way to come to a drink with him. Recognising the futility of trying to reason with the man in such a state, Dr. Kidd replied, "Oh, ay, Jecms, I'll go wi' ye, and I'll drink like a beast to please ye." "Hoarag," said the headle, "come along." So they entered an inn, that assorted couple, the mark of observation of many of the curmaws. Jecms started to order a "mitchkin," while the doctor, who drank a glass of water and snorts," shouted the headle, "I say ye wd drink like a beast, doctor." "Ay, Jecms, and so I have," was the prompt reply: "for ye know a beast is wiser than a man, and drinks only what's gude for it, and that's water."

This month's *Family Friend* contains a notable illustrated article, giving an account of the daily life of the working classes in the interior of China.

## A VISIT TO THE LIFEBOAT STORES.

By F. M. HOLMES.

ANY persons know that the head offices of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are in John Street, Adelphi, but few are probably aware that the Society has also an extensive store-yard hidden away in the recesses of North Folgar.

At first sight, it seems strange that such a spot should be selected for any business connected with the sea, for the store-yard is far from the river; but once in the lofts of the store-house, and looking out over the yard, the riddle is explained. The yard is situated on the banks of a wide canal, known as the Limehouse, and sometimes as the Lea Cut, on which the boats and stores can, if necessary, find their way to the Thames, and thence to any part of the coast. But further, the store-yard is near to goods stations of great railway systems, and the bright blue and white boats we see in the yard can be hurried off on carriages to these stations, and quickly dispatched on their beneficent mission wherever required.

The broad canal also serves another purpose, for in it the self-righting boats are tested when they come from the builder's, and before they are sent to their prospective crews. The boats are filled with "dead men" that is, pieces of iron to average the weight they are likely to bear when on service—and are caught up by a crane and plunged into the water to ascertain if they will come up smiling. You will see, therefore, that the Institution's yard is really very suitably situated, and is, indeed, admirably adapted for its purpose.

But why, you may ask, is it necessary that the Institution should have a store-yard at all? Thereby hangs the story.

The Lifeboat Institution has not only to collect funds for the establishment of lifeboats on the coast, and for the supply of suitable rewards for life-saving service, but it has also to administer the affairs of its large lifeboat fleet. In other words, it somewhat resembles a Government department of the Navy, or a firm of large ship-owners, except that its funds of nearly £80,000 a year are supplied by voluntary contributions, instead of, as in the one case, by national taxes, and as in the other by the private cash of the proprietors. The Institution, therefore, has really a large business to conduct, and its store-yard in this quiet and retired corner of the huge metropolis is the spot where a good deal of that business is transacted.

Every thing required at the 290 Lifeboat Stations of the Institution, except signal rockets or explosives, is sent from these stores, unless, it may be, certain goods in bulk, such as paint, which is dispatched direct by the manufacturers, but such goods are well represented by samples. There is scarcely an Institution's boat on the coast that has not been here on its way to its station, and there is scarcely a rope or an ear, a sail or an anchor, that has not passed through these stores on its way to the front.

To inspect these stores is to see as it were a microcosm of the lifeboats and their varied requirements—all the numerous appliances that go to make up the complete furnishing and equipment of a lifeboat and its home. And what a number there are; you never imagined there were so many. There in the pattern-rooms are samples of pretty well everything required—samples which have sent out to manufacturers as patterns from which to make the goods; and out in the numerous rooms and lofts of the extensive buildings you see these goods ready to be sent out to the various boat-stations as required.

Perhaps the first room you enter will be the rope-loft, with its agreeable smell of hemp. Here are coils of lines and cables of varying size and degree, from ropes for rigging to coils for life-lines. Then you may see something of the sails, for every lifeboat—even the steam-propelled—is supplied with masts and sails; and what you may notice the lifeboats and boats and the various cranks, long, medium and short, for every lifeboat, every boatman being, of course, supplied with a life-boat.

There seems no end to the variety of stores. "Bliss

ye, it did take ye hours to see it all," exclaims the chief Rigger—that is, we take it, a man who rigs out a boat and knows all these stores as well as you do your A B C.

Here are door-locks for the boat-house doors, and here are harness, shafts and traces for the carriages, on which at some coast stations the boats are conveyed; here are flags both small and large, not only for decoration, but also for signalling; for signalling by flags is, of course, of common occurrence with men of the sea; out of fish and fir, with a sweep out for steering if the rudder or rudder lines should break; grease, any quantity, for lifeboat carriages, for plugs and hatches on the boats, or for use on the skids or bairds down which the boats may slide to the sea. Every conceivable want seems forestalled here, from leathern buckets and beach lanterns to hatchets and hand-spikes.

Compasses and telescopes you might expect to find here, but behind, here are also scribbling-brushes and needles, little keys for water, lantern and compass candles, red woollen caps, and a stick with a weight at the end called a heaving-ane.

What is this for? you ask. It looks as though it could give a deadly blow. But it is to save life, not to injure it. A line is attached to the cane, and it is



Testing the Lifeboat.

"heaved" or thrown on board the wreck to establish communication between the lifeboatmen and those they have come to rescue. The line, of course, must be carefully coiled, so that it shall run out freely, and here are the tubs in which the heaving line can be kept.

And so we might continue, finding at every turn something interesting, and suggestive of the working of the boats. But out in the yard, and in the sheds beside the canal, stand some of the boats themselves. Those in the yard look weather-beaten and stained; they have been returned from their stations as needing repair, or perhaps have been superseded by quite new craft, and are waiting here until the inspectors shall decide their future.

Under the shed are some brand-new boats mounted on carriages. The craft have floated up the canal from the builder's yard, and glowing in all their pride of new paint, they are waiting here their testing experiments and then orders for dispatch to their respective stations. Reserve boats are also kept here, so that if a boat should be damaged on the coast, another can be sent to take its place.

The boats are not all alike, you say, and that is true, for the Institution has several types of lifeboat in its large fleet. Different types of boat are found suited to different peculiarities of the coast, and to the preferences of the men who are to work them. When new boats are provided, the commissioners and crews are permitted to select the special type supplied.

Nevertheless, the principal type in use is the Self-Righting type, which is so familiar with its large white arcades fore and aft. Out of the 290 boats of the

Institution, no fewer than 244 are of this class. As the name implies, it possesses the power of righting itself if it should be capsized.

But the various types of lifeboat and their special peculiarities belong more particularly to the building and principles of construction than to the storehouse and yard.

Outside this shed you will observe a quantity of discoloured rope and other goods lying on the ground. These are returned stores, which have been sent back from various stations and will be inspected before being sold, or their future otherwise decided. The Institution constantly inspects the boats and their stations on the coast, sometimes carrying out surprise visits, and a report of every inspection is sent to the Committee of Management.

There are fifteen other lifeboats on the coast beside the 290 belonging to the Institution, altogether forming a noble fleet of 305 boats. The Institution gives rewards for the saving of life, even when accomplished by other means than by its own lifeboats. Thus the total number of lives for saving which in the year 1899 the Institution granted rewards was 609, of which 507 were rescued by the lifeboats and 102 by other means. Yet in spite of such heroic and successful efforts, the Board of Trade Returns show that between 500 and 600 lives are annually lost on or near the British and Irish coasts. The Institution is prepared to find and maintain a Lifeboat Station on any part of the coast where it can be shown a lifeboat is required, the cost of establishing it being considerably more than £1,000, and the expense of maintaining it about £125. No wonder that with such expenses the Institution needs a large and steady income.

At its store-yard you see something of the manner in which its funds are spent, and some suggestion of the size of the business it has to conduct. The supervision of its large fleet, and the constant maintenance of the boats in a high state of efficiency, form no light task a task requiring skill and knowledge. But it is a noble business. A business of which any man and any nation may well be proud. The business of seeking to save life on our storm-swept coasts.

[Many of our readers will be interested to learn that Mr. Holmes has just written a book entitled "The Lifeboat: its History and Heroes." It is published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. at 13, 6d.]

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## THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

THAT'S a song that the hammer is singing,

A ringing and wholesome song,

Of the day's bread won,

Of the day's work done,

Of a mould well cast

In the fiery blast—

And never one blow gone wrong.

There's a song that the engines are singing,

A deep and echoing song,

Of the whirling wheel

And the burnished steel,

From the lightest spring

To the mightiest swing

And never a stroke gone wrong.

There's a song that the sails are singing,

A humming and rattling song,

Of the prow that braces

The tavinging stays,

Of stuns outsailed,

And of ports safe haled—

And never the belin gone wrong.

There's a song that the world is singing,

A resonant, splendid song,

Of its work, work, work,

With never a shrink,

Of its battles won,

Of its labours done—

And of Right that masters Wrong!

ISAHEL BOWMAN FINLEY.



Washing Clothes in South Africa

(Photo by N. P. Lumsden.)

## BY SOUTH AFRICAN RIVERS.

WE all know, by this time, that rivers and "springs" are an important feature of some districts at least in South Africa. Our illustrations depict a variety of scenes on their banks.

In the first we see how the Kaffir washerwoman utilizes a stream in the exercise of her profession. Instead of going to the expense of building a steam laundry, she takes the clothes down to the river, and having rubbed in plenty of soap bangs them into cleanliness on the stones. One is not surprised to learn that three or four washings exhaust the life of a shirt.

The second picture shows how the great Zambezi river, at the rapids, pursues its way in a narrow zig-zag channel, on either side of which it is bounded by huge perpendicular walls of basalt. The depth of this chasm is 400 feet, but in some places its width is only 20 yards.

Lastly, there is represented a wagon-train crossing a ford in the Matopo Hills, a region where some of the Matabele chiefs have their kraals. This mode of transport, however, is now being largely superseded by the railway.

In the Matopo Hills



The Rapids of the Zambezi.

At Adelaide it will be nearly nine o'clock in the evening; at Calcutta the English residents will be sitting at their Monday afternoon dinner, for it will be about six o'clock; and in London, "Big Ben" will be striking the hour of noon. In Boston, New York, and Washington, half the people will be eating breakfast Monday morning, while Chicago will be barely conscious of the dawn. At the same moment San Francisco will be in the deepest sleep of what is popularly called Sunday night, though really the early, dark hours of Monday morning.

All who cross the Pacific Ocean gain a practical knowledge of the change of day at the date-line. Vessels going west when they reach this line skip a day, while in going east a day is repeated, so that there are two consecutive days of the same name in a "week" of eight days.

If a vessel happened to be in the vicinity of the date-line on Sunday night, December 30, 1900, it would be possible, at the moment of crossing the line, for the watch, himself already in the twentieth century, to call back to the helmsman, when would be just at midnight of the next to the last day in the nineteenth century. Or, if the vessel happened to be becalmed just on the meridian it would be possible to walk aft into the nineteenth century and forward again into the twentieth, a veritable turning back of time in his flight. On the other hand, if an eastbound vessel approached the meridian at night it might see the nineteenth century close at midnight of December 31, 1900, and then have a second closing of the same century the next night at the end of the repeated day.



# SOME REMARKABLE CLOCKS; AND WHERE YOU CAN SEE THEM.

By F. M. HOLMES.

Weight Clock of 17th Century.



At the top of the first stairs in the British Museum stands a very interesting old clock. In general outline it somewhat resembles a tall, narrow, miniature dwelling-house, divided as it were into storeys. But it exhibits many other features besides that of telling the time. It boasts a figure of chancier, which will flap its wings and crow loudly when the hour is struck. It shows the gods of the week-days driving in their chariots, and, on another balcony, a figure of the Virgin Mary with the Child Christ. There is also an image of Death which strikes the hour; and, as it strikes, a number of angels near and low themselves before the Saviour. The quarter-hours are sounded by four figures typical of the ages of man. Three dials, one above another, fill the three lower storeys and tell the time, show the feasts of the Church, and give information of the calendar, such as exhibiting the phases of the moon. In short, this wonderful clock is something like a small model of the famous horologe at Strasburg Cathedral.

The Strasburg clock is certainly one of the most celebrated in the world. It embodies within it portions of two previous clocks, the first of which was finished about 1350. It showed figures of the Three Marys who bowed themselves before a figure of the Virgin Mary, while an image of chancier flapped its wings and crowed. This figure of chancier has remained a feature of the second and of the third clock. The second, to which a great number of moving images and astronomical devices appear to have been added, stood twenty feet high, and was projected about the year 1550; while, when it had to be reconstructed in 1838, it was rendered much more accurate scientifically, and much new work was incorporated. It exhibits, among other things, a perpetual calendar, a planetarium showing the motions of the planets, and many moving images, chief among which is a procession of the twelve Apostles who pass before a figure of Christ at noon-day, bowing as they move along, while He solemnly makes the sign of the cross. Other figures ride in chariots indicating the various week-days, while high above all, the cock flaps his wings and crows his loud alarm. The clock not only suggests great mechanical skill, but indicates how much people in the Middle Ages loved symbolism.

Now the connection of the clock in the British Museum with the marvel at Strasburg is this. It was made by the same man, who, with his brother, constructed the mechanical part of the second Strasburg clock. These two men were the brothers Habrecht of Schaffhausen, and one, if not both, made the interesting specimen in the British Museum. It dates from about 1580, and was bequeathed to the Museum in 1888 by Mr. Octavius Morgan, who seems to have made a hobby of collecting old and curious clocks. Several of them may be seen in one of the rooms near by.



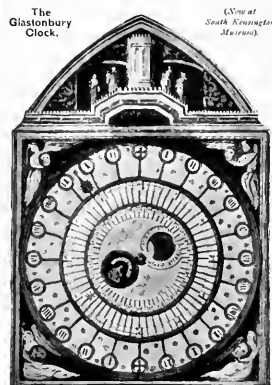
The Strasburg Clock

But if you want to observe some curious and historic clocks at work, you may best take yourself to South Kensington Museum. Here you will see the machinery of the famous

Glastonbury Clock, made originally by a monk named Peter Lightfoot about 1325. A picture of its old dial, which is now in Wells Cathedral, is in the Museum beside the works. The clock showed moving images and indicated the age of the moon. A "bob" pendulum has been added, and a few wheels have been either renewed, or added since his day. He appears to have made the clock himself, and the wheels he used were of wrought iron. "Clever monk!"

Lightfoot is also credited with making another astronomical clock, which may now be seen in Warrington Minster. The earth as a globe appears in the centre of the dial, and a hand, with a sun at the end, revolves round the clock-face with the earth as the centre. The sun is thus represented as revolving round the earth, and indicates the hours which commence at the top with I, and travel round to XII, and then begin to move up the other half of the face measuring the other I to XII of the twenty-four hours. A sphere representing the moon also appears on the clock face and rotates round the earth, between it and the sun, and indicates the various phases of the moon.

The Glastonbury Clock.



Upon the two front corners of the squarish case stand figures of angels duly furnished with wings and armed with long trumpets.

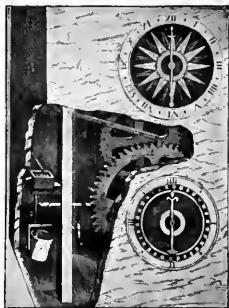
We do not know how far Peter Lightfoot taught himself to make his clocks, or how much he learned from others. But a fine levied on a Chief Justice of Edward I.'s reign in 1288 was, it is said, used to erect a clock in the celebrated clock-house at Westminster; and Rymer's "Foedera" indicates that Edward III gave protection to three horologists from Holland, who were invited to England in 1368. These instances, and others that could be mentioned, show the clocks were coming into use in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

How, then, were clocks invented? And how did mankind tell the time before clocks?

Well, at South Kensington Museum you may see an ancient "clepsidra" or water clock, side by side with ancient clocks of other descriptions. Clepsidra were made by the Egyptians, and perhaps by other ancient peoples, three or four hundred years before the birth of Christ.

The clepsidra was constructed something after this fashion: Water was allowed to drop regularly into a high vessel; and, as the water rose, it pushed up a piston which floated on it; the piston, as it rose, gradually revolved a cog-wheel, to which a pointer was attached; and this pointer in its turn indicated the hours which were placed in a circle, twelve for the day, and twelve for the night. Should the water drop into the cylinder with great regularity, the same quantity ought to fall every hour, and the piston ought to gradually rise the same distance and cause the pointer to measure the hours one after the other in the same time.

Among other methods of telling the time were, of course, sundials and hour-glasses, while King Alfred measured time by the burning of candles.



Clepsidra or Water Clock.

But we may take the clepsidra as the starting point of the clock. The next step was probably the substitution of a weight to pull the wheel, or wheels, round instead of the dropping water.

Some authorities say that a monk, who afterwards became Pope Silverius II, made a weight-clock for Magdeburg as early as 996, and that during the eleventh century, weight-clocks began to appear in the European monasteries. Perhaps one monk told another how to make such clocks; or the possession of such a novelty by one house would stir the inventive faculty or acquisitive rivalry of another. Possibly some of these early weight-clocks only struck a bell at certain hours to call to prayers, and showed no face with figures on a dial.

But when once the principle of the weight-clock was mastered, the ingenuity of the clever craftsmen of the Middle Ages could no doubt adapt it and utilize it in several directions. The essential principle was probably much the same. A weight revolved a "barrel," by means of a cord wound round it, the weight gradually descending and unwinding the cord, and slowly moving the barrel in the process. The slowly moving barrel set in motion a train of wheels, and a controller and an escapement were devised to prevent the weight from descending too rapidly. The cord was periodically re-wound around the barrel, and, of course, raised the weight, which again began to slowly descend and keep the clock in motion. Sometimes heavy stones were used as weights, such as you may see in a clock from a church at Ayncestry in Herefordshire, in the South Kensington Museum, near the clepsidra.

Another step in the development of the clock was taken about the year 1500, by the use of a coiled spring as a motive power, Nuremberg being one of the first places where it seems to have been employed. Yet another step was the introduction of the pendulum. So development by one man after another has continued, until clocks and watches have reached their present marvellous excellence in construction.

The Chinese, of course, have made ingenious clocks; and Mr. Perry Webster, of 37 Great Portland St., has one—dating from the seventeenth century—which,



Clock in form of Ship, made for the Emperor Rudolph II. At its striking, the figures change their positions.

however, curiously divides the light of day and the darkness of night into twelve equal parts. Thus, if the clock measure the time in a district where there are really eleven hours of light, each hour would be 1½ hours long, and the hours of night proportionately longer. To render it accurate the instrument must be adjusted to suit variations of time and place. The hours are registered on a movable scale, and the time shown by a weight which works up and down. The striking mechanism is in the weight itself, and as the weight descends the sound begins.

In another specimen, an old French clock, dating from Louis XV.'s time, the clock itself is its own weight, and runs down a rack-work rail; when wound, it is moved up this rod. An ornamental figure adorns it above, and winged figures below. By way of contrast we may look at this tiny watch, no bigger than a spigone—slightly less in fact; and then at this sedate clock, one of the largest in the village, as big as a cheese plate, with an alarm and chimes for the quarters, and showing also the days of the month. It is, in fact, like a carriage clock. It is fitted with a pierced silver case with an outer case of shagreen.

Then there is the little, simple cuckoo clock—how is that made? It is very curious, yet how many persons know the secret? The cuckoo is produced by a "Cuckoo!" in fact made by reeds, with a small bellows on the organ principle, there being two pipes or reeds for the cuckoo notes, while for various notes the trombone principle with piston and cylinder is often adopted.

At Hampton Court Palace can be seen a remarkable clock of William IV.'s bedroom. It was made by Daniel Quare, an celebrated maker about 1660, and will run for a year without winding. It also shows the hours, minutes, seconds, days and months, and times of sunrise and sunset. At Kidderminster, too, is an extraordinary clock, showing, among other things, the changes of the moon, times of sunrise and sunset, the days of the week on which New Year's Days will fall, and the occurrence of Leap Year. The clock is "four" appearing every fourth year. The particulars of this clock, which appears to belong to a private owner, were given in the *Daily News* of September 3rd, 1898.

But, indeed, the variety and ingenuity displayed in wonderful clocks seem endless, and some folks say that more brains have been expended over clocks and watches than over any other mechanical contrivances. This statement may seem a little exaggerated, but there is no doubt they can rank with the best.

## INCOME AND OUTGO.

"MAN rate others by income, but God estimates men by outgo." It is not the getting, then, but the giving, not the having, but the sharing, that is of largest account.

What is your income? Do not rate it alone by money made or received, but count up everything that comes in, and which makes up life. Money is one thing, and vastly important it is, for there is a scriptural sense in which it "can purchase all things," but in itself it is not everything. Think of incoming days, opportunities, pleasures, friendships, books, recreations, and all that enters into life, and see what a receiving there is. One's income is far beyond his earnings, is it not?

What about the outgo? What are you spending and for whom? Strength, time, thought, consideration, love, patience, ingenuity, effort, sympathy, money? The channels open for such outgoings are legion. How much kindness is counted in the outgo? How much warmth, good cheer, and fellowship? How often do you lend a hand to a neighbour, or a stumbling passer-by?

There was a man, though some did count him mad,  
The more he cost away the more he had.

A wiser man than the quaint poet wrote long ago,  
"There is that which withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

Remember that money is not the only thing whose withholding impoverishes. The "good word which maketh glad," the bits of encouragement and commendation that lift up the heart, may what money cannot. "He is half-saved who is encouraged," and it is not then almost criminal to withhold the help? What is the outgo? How does it compare with the income? A study in proportion is required if we would meet Divine requirements.—*American Paper.*

If you wish your neighbours to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like.—*Charles Kingsley.*

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

By E. H. TITCHMARSH, M.A.

HOW should we use our Public Library? is an important question. In many of our English towns, indeed, it has not yet become urgent; for we are still facing the earlier inquiry—How can we get a Public Library? But when we have secured such a library, we have not solved the question of its use. What can it be used for? It can also be misused; the right use of things does not always come by nature. It is the part of every good citizen to help in making right and worthy use of all the possessions of a city, of which possessions no one is more valuable than the Public Library.

Let us begin with a negative remark. The library has not been used when we have taken our visitors to see the handsome building in which it is stored, and have received from them the proper toll of admiration for its well-filled book-shelves, and the progressive civic patriotism of which they are the symbols. One has heard of private libraries that are regarded by their owners as having no other mission than to be shown to visitors. Admiration is expected. Perhaps, even, the cost is limited with a modest depreciation of too much merit in the sacrifice involved. The patron of letters and of culture wishes to take the tribute of your respect, but would blush a little as he does so. That he reads the books you politely infer, and the inference is not denied; only you are reminded that it is short, and in these busy days a man must try himself out of the queue of the general reader, will not do. You know your man, and are not deceived. His library is not for use, but for display. There are citizens to whom the Public Library of their town serves a similar function. It proves that our town is progressive and cultured; that it does not grudge money for the higher interests—caring as much for books as for drains. Perhaps, too, the building is long looking at—a triumph of the local architect. If the visitor questions you as to the books included, you make very general replies; and if the questions become particular, you change the subject. Nobody pretends that that is the right use of the library.

The library is used when the books are read. It is rightly used when different classes of books are read with a wise discrimination, and with real advice to get the best out of the books. It is misused when books are lazily chosen, and read so as to give no food for the mind, and no pure and lasting delight to the soul. The first aim of reading is culture. That is, I think, the best word to use, because it is the widest word. It covers the increase of knowledge which every serious reader should be seeking. We live, as science in one direction, or history in another direction, teaches them. What men have thought of the world and its deeper problems, and how they have expressed their thoughts in the world's great literature, should be another subject of our inquiries. The best books bring us into contact with the greatest minds of all ages; the "friendship of books" becomes the friendship of the great masters of the mind. The first and highest use of the Public Library is to bring the average citizen into this higher world, to give him the wider outlook, the disciplined mind, the intellectual fellowships that make what we call culture. But how little of this is possible to the average citizen! He is too busy to find much time, and too weary with the day's work for hard reading! So he pleases, and not without truth. Yet it has often been proved that much can be done by the man who uses steadily even the scantiest opportunity. One half-hour a day for real reading, and how much it means in a year! One great English classic rarely mastered after months of study, how little that is when measured against all there is to know, and yet how much it enriches the mind of the reader. If after ten or three hours of reading every citizen can master "Paradise Lost," or Green's "History of the English People," or any work of equal value, the city would be veritably richer.

When I say that reading should be for culture, I do not assert that it should never be for recreation. Only a fanatic would exclude fiction, or deny the lawfulness of the pleasure that comes from reading a well-told tale. One of the best things a man can do for his soul is to give to the classic works of the great masters of fiction. They give us the purest pleasure and more, for they are "fards of language," and to be familiar with them is to acquire a taste for true literature. They are masters of the mind, and they teach us to know our own souls better, and help us to find our way through the tangle of life.

We defend fiction, and the reading of fiction; yet

say with emphasis that just at this point the most common abuse of the library comes in. There are those who read nothing but fiction, and even in that field select with inevitable perverseness, the empty and the ephemeral. Year in, and year out, they skim the pages of the latest, shallowest, and most exciting stories. An other reading is even attempted. The mystery of the world, the great stream of history, the masterpieces of literature, are nothing to such readers. The heroes of the race, its leaders, martyrs, and thinkers are practically unknown names. They live for the moment in the love affairs of the latest *Augustos* or *Angelinas*, or in the impossible escapes of the latest adventurer. There is sentiment indeed, but not artificial and so dry. It never condenses into courage, or translates itself into fidelity. Religion there is too, a debased pietism that dishonours God with its offensive familiarities and weakens the soul with its easy emotions. This kind of reading is the abuse of a library; and there is some reason to fear it is a growing abuse.

Reading should improve the mind; this reading enfeebles the intellect, and drags the conscience and reduces the will to impotence. It should be food for the mind; in fact, it offers a diet of hot puddies and lollipops. To persons who have found no higher way of "nourishing a youth sublime," all lofty causes appeal in vain. The community has done its best to educate them, but with poor results. They have turned to evil the finest opportunity of good.

There is no way of preventing the abuse, save by the greater development of the use. We have to encourage one another to seek the best lines of reading. If we can encourage our young people to a little perseverance in the choice of the best; if we will resolute in the determination not to let all our scanty leisure run to waste on worthless books; the reward will soon come. We shall find, and they will find, that the best is most lovely and has in it the greatest possibilities of joy. A healthy appetite gives in the long run the truest pleasure. The reward of a right use of books is that we discover their true friendship, and are able to use them with ever-increasing satisfaction.

## TEST QUESTIONS.

THEY are apt to come when we least look for them. When, out yonder in the desert place beyond Bethsaida, the Lord turned to Philip and asked, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" the disciple never suspected that "this He said to prove him." Had he been looking for a test question he would have answered better. Such testings keep coming, whether we are ready for them or not, for character is best shown when we are off our guard.

Thus Peter's "sifting as wheat" came when tired, chilled, and frightened. Thus Josiah, king of Israel, was tested and judged by Elisha, the prophet, in so trivial a matter as smiting on the floor with a bundle of arrows, his half-hearted carelessness betraying itself as surely as if he had known the gravity of the act. This Gideon's army was tested through the seemingly inconsequential act of drinking. These character tests are serious matters, and call for alert watchfulness on our part.

In the case of Philip, when the problem arose as to feeding the multitude in the wilderness, there was certainly a splendid chance to make a record. Had appreciation of his Master's power been habitually earnest, he would have been ready for the test at once. "Why, Lord, this is a small matter for Thee." Andrew began well in his remark, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Had he stopped there it would have been a magnificent confession of faith, implying that he considered this ample in his Master's hands. But his habitual bondage to means crops out in his concluding "but what are they among so many?" and reveals the fact that he was not in the habit of counting on his Lord's omnipotence. And it is probably just on this point that we are all most apt to betray ourselves. It is just such a subject as this that is apt to come up with us every day. We should beware of letting that little "but" slip out by which we modify our confidence in the Lord. Let us learn to stop short of the "but."—*Young People* (Philadelphia).

THERE is only one real failure in life possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—*Dean Farrar.*

## HOW THE KESWICK INDUSTRY WAS STARTED.

BY ALICE WAYTE.

IN any place that has a short tourist-season there must necessarily be many persons out of work for the rest of the year; and those who know the little town of Keswick only in summer can scarcely imagine its stagnation during the winter months. Save for a few pencil-makers, there is no manufacture, while miners and out-door labourers are continually thrown out of employment by bad weather. The long winter brings want in the courts and alleys of the town, and the nights are dreary for dwellers in the lonely farms and cottages of the ancient parish of Crosthwaite, in which part of Keswick is situated.

It was for these that a class was begun by the Vicar of Crosthwaite and his wife, to teach wood-carving and simple metal work, and the response from some thirty men and boys showed that they were ready to back up the promoters loyally. Mrs. Rawnsley engaged a teacher from the Albert Hall School of Wood-carving and she herself undertook the rest, with the help of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. She gave of her best ungrudgingly, and spared neither time nor trouble; under her care the pupils began, even during the first winter, to turn out saleable results, and by the end of the session, with the help of fees from an amateur class held once a week during the day, the expenses were met; indeed, save for a small subscription in the second year, the school has been always self-supporting. The work of those days could all compare with the exhibition in the sale room of the K.N.A. to-day, but the spirit of art was aroused, and from then till now the little brotherhood has never slackened its efforts, nor ceased to press forward earnestly.

In founding this Industrial Art School, the promoters had three chief motives much at heart. (1) To provide remunerative employment for winter-tide; and so successfully has this been achieved, that many a man earns his guinea a week, with time, and to spare for other tasks still. (2) To add joyous interest to dull lives, and show men the real pleasure of engaging after the ordinary labour hours in recreative work whose sole joy lay in the doing of it; and on this, after fifteen years' growth, Canon Rawnsley writes, "I fearlessly assert the bulk of the workers feel that, quite apart from any other care of the work itself, and apart from the doing of the work well is its own best reward." (3) To open unseeing eyes to the wonderful beauty around them, and by educative arts to train the mind to a perception of the glories of form and colour, the magic of light and shade. For the beauty of our earth is an heritage from the All-Father, and should His sons and daughters share it by unseen? The poorest of the poor can be rich in this sense of beauty, and then lives the better and the happier thereby.

From the beginning it was clearly announced that every member must be sober, and more than one has been driven from evil habits by the working of this rule, and has himself brought comrades who needed like help and incentive. Another element for good has been the necessity of industry and perseverance, enthusiasm kindled like energy, and whose perseverance shamed any thought of "giving way"; and men who could not put it into words, feel their hearts warm as they remember the kindly speech that encouraged them when their efforts seemed in vain, and the patience that taught them the way to victory. "Scamp work must be steadily discouraged, and laid soon find that if they will not do their work thoroughly and with care, there is no pay at all, and a possibility of their being told that their places have been filled up at the carving bench or the repousse-table"; and this thoroughness is bound to help in the formation of character.

For ten winters the classes met in the Crosthwaite Parish Room, but, as the work grew, this place was found to be inadequate for the increased requirements of the craftsmen, and permanent workshops were felt to be absolutely essential.

A sufficient sum, naturally, could not be raised by the members themselves, but by now, Keswick work had made itself a name, the value of the scheme was recognised, and when help was asked kind friends joyfully raised the necessary amount. The County Council granted £200, and the St. Oswald's Guild, in recognition of this purpose by careful economy, contributed £200—a very satisfactory surplus over working expenses!

And then arose this "Home of Art" beside the Great; within reach of the working men, and yet so secluded that the sound of mallet and ring of anvil can vex no ears, and where the several little rivulets, river sips in silent hours as it passes to the knoll on which dwelt Robert Southey in old days.

"The makers are the poets; ply your skill,  
Celeridge and Southey watch from yonder hill."

These words are inscribed on a wall of the large workshop, and in speaking of metal-work, on the occasion of the formal opening of the School, Mr. Walter Crane said, "I do not see why we should not have crafts in brass and copper and iron, just as we have them in other languages and dialects of art; no work is more capable of lending itself to individual feeling and artistic style."

On most nights in the winter there is a class of some sort at the School, and the students are allowed to take both the metal and wood to their own homes—indeed, much of the work is done in their own cottages. In many metal-work classes the "making-up" is a difficulty, and good "finishers" are rare; the bringing of lugs, the fixing of knobs, the putting-together of parts, involve the greatest nicety, and the final task of polishing is also important; but the School has attained great skill in such matters, and the various articles are admirably finished.

Thus, through firm faith in the present good of the undertaking, whether success or failure lay in the future, and the will to persevere under all difficulties, this quiet nook among the Chimerland mountains has become the home of a thriving industry. It has surely been a fitting work for those dedicated to the service of God to thus serve their fellows, leading them by the excellence of Art to a perception of the loveliness of Nature, and a finer hope of the exceeding glory that awaits us yonder, where our eyes shall see the King in His beauty.

[An account of some of the work of the Industrial Art School appeared in 'THE BRITISH WORKMAN' of April last.]

## HINTS FOR WORKMEN'S WIVES

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

AUTHOR OF "OUR WIVES," "OUR HOME RULES,"  
ETC.

### VII. DUST.

THE dustman is an institution in every large city. In the country he is not such a self-evident proposition. In Paris, dust sorting gives employment to a regular army of men and women. Now, to walk behind a borough dust cart in London or elsewhere is a very nasty thing. The effluvia emitted from it is often enough to breed fever in any man. Moved up inside that partially closed, a refuse of all sorts—bones in a far advanced state of decomposition, vegetables in decay sending out a terrible stench, rusty tea-leaves, mouldy rags. These are some of the usual constituents of the Urban Sanitary Dust-cart! Our private dust-loms are not much better. In fact they daily replenish the larger vessels. These dust-heaps are generally right under our windows, at least in houses in small streets. Now, in dealing with nuisances of this sort, we must remember that our noses have been given to us as safeguards of health. Any evil smell is a danger signal. If our olfactory nerves (which is only a grand name for our noses) warn us, we must attend to the matter at once. So, if any foul smell arises from our own particular dust-heap how are we to remedy it? Well, by getting to have a look at it at all.

Bones and rags are the most poisonous of all refuse. Then bones and rags should never adorn our dust-heap. The former, after every morsel of meat has been cut from it and put in the stock-pot, may be used as fuel. After dinner, place the bare bones on to the glowing embers left from the morning's cookery, cover them with a layer of coal-dust (well damped), pull out the dampers, and let the bones smoulder until they are cold. This will burn for hours, and when raked up, all the bone will be calcined. Rags should be boiled in a pan of hot, clean water to which a tea-spoonful of paraffin has been added. The oil must be added whilst the water is BOILING! then no unpleasant smell will come from it.

The rags should be put in a tub, not soaked first, as in every other kind of washing. If these boiled rags

are thoroughly rinsed out, and dried in a windy corner, they will be perfectly sweet and clean. Often they leave to be rags at all, and are dignified into dusts! Old, greasy kitchen cloths can be treated in the same way.

Vegetables decay in a night, especially in the summer. See that every cabbage stalk, all potato peels and turnip rinds are treated in the same manner as bones. They will materially reduce your coal bill; at the same time they are a longer lasting fuel. Tea-leaves, squeezed dry, are useful for collecting dust when sweeping out a room; then this dry matter can also be burned. Dust proper may be collected in various ways. We must remember it is a hiding place for germs and spores of all sorts. Our object should be to get rid of it, not merely to remove it from one place to another. For this reason no feather brush must be used by the scientific housewife; this merely flicks the dust about. Always use a damped duster in dusting the rooms. Cover the broom with one when sweeping down the walls. Have a wet cloth in your hand when "going over" a floor. Gather the dark deposit of "dust" behind a picture after the same fashion. Indeed it may well be laid down as a rule that a dry duster is a monstrosity!

Here I would plead for rather bare bedrooms if we are anxious to preserve health there. Every inch of space devoted to ornaments is so much taken from the cubic feet of air necessary for well-being. Every picture, every china dog, every bit of art muslin (drapery is but a dust-trap, especially the last named!) Dainty purity is my ideal of a bedroom. Such cannot be obtained where every spare spot is loaded with so-called ornamentation. Carpets on the floor are also nothing but doubtful luxuries. It is impossible to get rid of dust if a floor cannot be wiped over every morning. A rug or two beside the beds are far cleaner and more scientific than an old carpet. Unfortunately few of us can afford to put down new carpets in a bedroom. Some old square, too dirty or worn for our sitting-room, usually is the floor covering we destine for our sleeping chamber. How much better to be content with small strips and cheap rugs. These can be shaken out of doors every day and thus kept free from that terrible dust! They can also easily be replaced when shabby and dangerous. For dangerous a carpet certainly becomes when used too long and not properly cleaned.

Just a word about dust in a sick room. It must be got rid of at all costs. A patient cannot change the air, and to localise a dust-laden atmosphere continually is fatal to a quick recovery, or to recovery at all in some cases. A sick person is usually aware of any "fuss" about him. Here comes in the good of rugs, which can noiselessly be removed, shaken, and restored to their places without disturbance. Here also comes in the benefit of a damp duster. Instead of enveloping our patient in poisonous particles of dust, we gather every speck without agitation. If the disease from which he is suffering be infectious one, a few drops of sanitas may be used to wet the dusting cloth. A cleanly, pleasant smell will follow in its track.

I have said that the dust-heap proper should be conspicuous by its absence from every well-ordered home. Only one little concession will I make. A galvanised bucket may sometimes be kept on the premises. This bucket, however, must be kept empty, and the contents of this cover must never be left off, and this bucket, to ensure health, must be emptied every day. So you see how much easier it is to burn our own dust and thus get rid of our own microbes!

### A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

SOME time ago Frederick N. Dow, of Portland, Me., a son of Neal Dow, was visiting friends in Quebec, and while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a half-way house on the road the driver pulled up his horse and remarked, "The carriage always stops."

"For what purpose?" asked Mr. Dow.

"For the passengers to treat," was the reply.

"But none of us drink, and we do not intend to treat."

The driver had dismounted and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said impressively, "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this has happened but once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a coachman from Portland, Me., by the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink, and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink."

The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father stood.

## MAKING MONEY FOR GOD.

THE HON. ALPHRUS HADY, the princely American benefactor of countless good causes, who educated the great Japanese Christian, Dr. Joseph Hardy Neesima, once told the following thrilling story of his experiences to a college society:—

"I am not a college man, and it was the bitter disappointment of my life that I could not be one. I wanted to go to college, and become a minister; I went to Phillips Academy to fit. My health broke down, and in spite of my determined hope of being able to go on, at last the truth was forced on me that I could not.

"To tell my disappointment is impossible. It seemed as if all my hope and purpose in life were defeated. 'I cannot be God's minister,' was the sentence that kept rolling through my mind.

"When that fact at last became certain to me, one morning, alone in my room, my distress was so great that I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was, 'O God, I cannot be Thy minister.' Then there came to me as I lay a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service, and its nature as a sacred ministry, were so clear and joyous that I rose to my feet, and with new hope in my heart, exclaimed aloud, 'O God, I can be Thy minister! I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and *that* shall be my ministry.'

"From that time I have felt myself as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan, and been ordained to preach the Gospel. I am God's man, and the ministry to which God has called me is to make and administer money for Him."

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?

## "I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

"WHAT church do you attend?" was once asked of a bright young fellow, doing business in one of our large cities.

"Oh, I just run around," he answered, gaily. "I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I don't understand, and until I do, of course I can't join any church."

"How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?" asked his questioner.

"Hours?" he repeated, in surprise.

"Well, then, minutes?"

The young man was dumb.

"Ah," said his companion, with patent sadness, "not one." If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life, or astronomy, or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning."

## WHAT TIME IS IT?

WHAT time is it?

Time to do well,

Time to live better;

Give up that godging,

Answer that letter,

Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,

Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard

In that new situation—

Time to build up on

A solid foundation;

Giving up needlessly changing and shifting,

Leaving the quicksands that ever are drifting.

What time is it?

Time to be earnest,

Laying up treasure;

Time to be thoughtful,

Choosing true pleasure;

Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;

Making your word just as good as your deed.

*Lend a Hand Editors.*

## IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

MISS HELEN CADBICK has written a book entitled "A White Woman in Central Africa," and it is a very readable work. In all her African wanderings, she never once suffered from fever. This she ascribes not to quinine, or her clothing, or somebody's pastilles, or to the vivisection's preventive inoculations. She attributes her immunity from fever solely to the fact that she did not drink whisky.

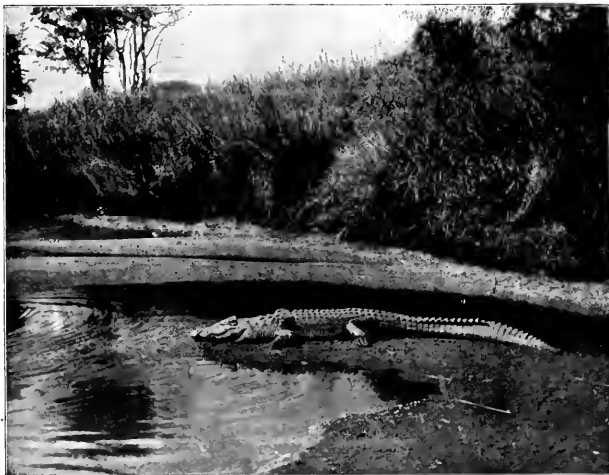
His story is told, by the Montreal *Witness*, of a poor woman who went recently to a saloon in search of her husband. She found him there, and setting a covered dish which she had brought with her upon the table, she said, "Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed.

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but, on removing the cover from the dish, he found only a slip of paper, on which was written, "I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home."

This report of the committee of the Associated Scottish Life Offices shows that last year the rate of mortality in Ireland among unlicensed grocers was 16·8 per 1,000; among licensed grocers, 22 per 1,000. In Scotland, among unlicensed grocers it was 12 per 1,000; among licensed grocers, 17 per 1,000.

The driver of one of the express trains that run to the North told an interviewer recently that he had been offered drink thirty times in one day. But he said "no" to all the offers, kept his head clear, did his work, and kept his responsible situation.

MR. E. W. BOK, one of the leading American editors, says, "Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand."



Crocodile shot on the Gwai River, South Africa.

## BR'ER WALKER.

BR'ER Walker all time singin', "O, make de gospel fly!"

En durin' de collection—when de hat is gwine by;

But how de gospel gwine ter fly, in far beyond my

Kaze Br'er Walker never see de hat—his eye shet tight!

But still he keep a-singin', "O, make de gospel fly!"

He shake de roof in rafter—en almost skeer de sky!

But when de preacher call fer cash, ter help de gospel

flight,

Br'er Walker never see de hat—his eye shet tight!

Ton dreef ter brash de jingle er de dollars—soon or

late;

Ton bin' to see de deacon, w'en he hol' de hat en

way!

Dey straws ter ta' de collection, en den he shet his eye,

En draw de yuties singin' wid, "Make de gospel

fly!"

I sorry fer Br'er Walker, de way he gwine 'long.

Kase all he give de gospel is jes dat hooray song!

En what is mo'—I sorry fer de churches run' ter

day,

Ef de gospel what dey preaches should fly Br'er

Walker's way.

## TURNED OUT.

It was announced in a paper the other day that a certain factory had "turned out" so many machines a month last year. Why did they turn them out? Not because they were worthless, as we turn out rubbish and refuse, but because they were finished. They were the completed results of the work for which that factory was put in operation. Well, in almost every town there is a factory that turns out. We saw recently a finished specimen of what such a factory can do. It was not a machine, but a man. He was clear-eyed, tottering, dressed in rags. He had been a welcome visitor to the drunkard factory as long as he had money. But now the legalised establishment had done all that it could for him, and its manager kicked him into the gutter. Yes, he was a reeling, staggering advertisement of what the saloon is accomplishing. Turned out because they had finished him! But is that public-house going out of business now? No, indeed. It is hunting for raw material to work up into toppers, and to turn out in due time as specimens of the best, or rather, the worst that it can do for humanity. How much longer are we going to endure it?

EVERY man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—*Lowell.*



Drawn by J. L. WHEAT

THE PLAGUE STONE.

## THE ANCIENT APPRENTICE.

BY JOHN ASHTON.

IT is impossible to say when the system of apprenticeship began in England, but, as far as I know, the chronicler Holmeus first mentions it. He says, writing of the first year of Richard I. (1189), "Then began the time first to receive the fount and state of a commonwealth, and to be divided into fellowships, which are called Crafts, or Corporations. Such, also, are admitted to the fellowships of these Companies, as have twice served as apprentices a certain number of years, as seven at the least, under which time of service expired, there is none made nor suffered to enjoy the liberties of that time, saving such as are born free, that is to say, of free men within the city."

Gilds (often spelt Guilds) or Corporations, are of very old date, even the Romans having them; and in England, beginning in religious societies, they inevitably passed into fraternities of merchants, for the protection and advancement of trade. The handicraftsmen, up to the time of Henry I., were mostly bond servants, only a small portion of them being free. These latter could join the Merchant Gilds, if they possessed the necessary qualifications; but the former were obliged to pay certain taxes, to perform certain feudal services and labours for their lords, and were subject to officers appointed by them; but, with the growth of the free class, and the sense of the loss of subjection and dependence, springing the "Craft Gilds," which were associations formed by men of the same craft, for the purpose of protecting themselves and their interests.

The earliest Craft Gild we know of, is that of the Weavers; for in a charter granted by Henry II. it sets forth, "Know ye that we have granted to the Weavers of London, their Gild, with all the Freedoms and Customs that they had in the time of King Henry, my Grandfather, so that none, but they, intermeddle within the City, their Craft, but he be of their Gild." These Gilds, of course, had to pay the king handsomely for the privileges conferred upon them.

These Craft Gilds, by making apprenticeship compulsory, found a master, a home, and constant employment for a lad at the very time of his life when he wants most looking after; and, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was turned out a finished workman: a state of things we shall not see again until apprenticeship is once more the vogue. The Gilds, too, regulated prices of labour, &c., and strictly looked into the quality of the work done, any scamped, or inferior workmanship, being heavily fined.

Evidently some laxity had crept in with regard to apprentices, for we find in the "Liber Albus" of the Corporation of the City of London, among some ordinances of the time of Edward I., one about

## "APPRENTICES."

"And that no person shall, from henceforth, receive an apprentice, if he be not himself free of the City, and cause their Covenant to be enrolled, of whatever condition such apprentice may be. And that no apprentice, after his time fully served, shall follow his trade in the City, before he shall have been sworn of the freedom, and thereupon enrolled. And that no apprentice shall be received for a less term than seven years, according to the ancient and established usage."

Afterwards, in 1405, by King's Parliament, it was enacted that a man or woman "shall not put their son, or daughter, to serve as apprentice, to no craft, nor other labour, within any city or borough within the realm, except he have land, or rent, to the value of twenty shillings by the year, at the least;" but this Act, not being found to work well, was repealed, as far as the City of London went, in 1429.

Apprentices were always considered as belonging to the family, but they had to wait on their master and mistress at meals and elsewhere, and, until his last year of servitude, the apprentice must not wear his cap in his master's presence. These caps were flat, and the apprentices went by the name of "flat caps." They were somewhat unpriced, as was only natural with boys; they were well used in auery, and broadsword exercises, which they sometimes carried when accompanying their masters abroad; but their main use was as a stout cudgel; and being strongly bound together by the bonds of comradeship, an injury done to one was done to the whole body. Nothing could stop them but a cry of "Prentices! clubs, clubs!" to be raised—broad, shop, and bulkhead would be instantly despoiled, and every prentice within hearing of the cry would leave his cap and join in the fray. This was specially the case on the 1st May, 1517, long afterwards known as "Evil May-day." Stowe tells us how

"About this season, there grew a great hat burning, and malicious grudge amongst y<sup>e</sup> Englishmen of the City of London against strangers; and nameth the artificers found themselves sore grieved, for that such numbers of strangers were permitted to resort hither, with their wares, and reverend handi-crafts, to y<sup>e</sup> great hindrance and impoverishing of the King's beggar people;" and many foreigners were hustled and pushed into the gutter, &c., and rumours went abroad that a massacre of all foreigners would take place on 1st May.

The Civic authorities said they would look after the City, and proclamation was made that none should stir out of their houses between 9 p.m. and 7 a.m. "After this commandment given, in the evening, as Sir John Munde, Alderman, came from his ward, and found two young men, in Cheap, playing at the bucklers, and a great many of the young men looking on at them, (for the commandment was scarce published) he commanded them to leave off, and for that one of them asked him why, he would have sent him to the counter, but the prentises resisted the Alderman, taking the young man from them, and cried, prentises and clubs; then, out at every door came clubs and other weapons, so ye Alderman was faine to flee." Then there was a riot, which was not quelled until an overwhelming force of troops were brought against them, and eventually, 300 of them were taken, and lodged in prison.

A Commission was immediately organised to try them, and the next day 13 were sentenced to be hanged. On May 7th they were drawn on hurdles to their places of execution, but only one was hanged, the others being respited. Stowe tells us how this was brought about. "For it is to be noted that a Queen's, to wit, Katherine, Q. of England; and by her means, Marie, the French Queen, and Margaret, Q. of Scots, y<sup>e</sup> King's sisters, (then resident in England), long time, on their knees, before the King, had begged their pardon, which, by persuasion of the Cardinal Wolsey, (without whose counsel, he would then do nothing) the King granted unto them. On May 13th the King, went to Westminster Hall, to receive and judge the wretched 400 men and 14 women, all of whom appeared in their shirts, and with halters round their necks; when, after a severe rating by the Cardinal, they cried to the King for mercy, which he graciously granted. "The general pardon being pronounced, all the prisoners shrouded at once, and cast their hats under the roof of the Hall." The gallows were taken down, and the citizens took more heed of their servants.

Would you wish to know the dress of an apprentice of the 16th Century? You have only to look at the boys of Christ's Hospital in London, who wear the winter dress of the lads of that period. In summer time they wore a short skirted coat, or jerkin.

It may not be generally known how very fatherly the City of London is when dealing with apprentices. The Chamberlain is their guardian, and all disputes between the lad and his master should be brought before him. They are heard most strictly in private, and, if the master is in fault, he has to make amends: if the boy, and he will not reform his evil ways, he is sent for a short time to Bridewell, where he eats the bread and water of affliction, and finally receives the admonition of the Chaplain. "No one but the patient concerned know anything about the matter, and, when the boy is restored to freedom, none can twist him with his punishment."

## OUR FRONT-PAGE PICTURE.

## THE PLAGUE STONE.

HAPPILY, for a long time little has been known in this country of the terrible ravages of the plague, though more than one of recent years there have been "scars" at some of our sea-ports owing to the risk of its importation from abroad. But in the records of every English town or village that has an antiquity of a few hundred years may be found ample witness to the desolation wrought at intervals, among old and young, by this epidemic. Our artists has here reminded us of the expedients that were devised in order that the plague-stricken might obtain food without endangering the health of such inhabitants as were hitherto scatheless. In this case—at Earl Retford, in Nottinghamshire—a stone was set apart as a kind of market-place. On this stone money, immersed in vinegar to prevent the spread of infection, was placed in exchange for goods supplied to the sufferers.

## IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind of blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sunshine through,  
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to say  
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,  
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.  
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say;  
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,  
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world, after all.

An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that's what I say  
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## "MUST TELL JESUS."

"SAMBO," said the godless owner of a plantation, to a negro slave, "Sambo, if you go to hear the missionary I'll dog you soundly."

"Must tell Jesus that," was the answer.

Presently the cruel owner saw Sambo kneeling under a tree, the great tears trickling down his cheeks as he told his sorrow to his unseen Friend. The man's heart was moved. The next morning after giving his orders he added,

"Sambo, you may go to the missionary's cabin if you want to."

"Must tell Jesus that too, massa. Me t'ank massa very much," and again Sambo was seen hastening to his favourite spot in the wood to pour out his glad thanksgiving to his loving Saviour.

## HOW TO GET AN OLD-AGE PENSION.

A FEW years ago, at a dinner given by the West London Mission to men found under the influence of liquor in the streets on the previous night, one of the speakers was Mr. John Hutton, then Chairman of the London County Council. He spoke of the proposed old-age pensions, and said a better plan would be for the men to pension themselves. Old-age pensions were calculated to begin at sixty years of age. Most of the men then present spent 1s. a day on drink, and would probably spend more if they had it. Now suppose they saved that shilling from the age of twenty to fifty, what would be the result? If I were to put it in figures, said Mr. Hutton, you would not take it in. I have another plan by which I hope to make you realise what you might save. I have here in furlings the number of pounds you would save. Mr. Hutton then laid out on a table bag after bag of new farthings, to the number of 1,000, and by this means brought home vividly to his audience what they might save. The coins were taken out of the bags and made into piles on the table. As may be imagined, this novel illustration attracted great attention. At the close many of the men signed the pledge.

## WHAT SIR WALTER RALEIGH SAID ABOUT DRINK.

TAKE especial care that thou delight not in wine; for there never was a man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformed a man into a beast, defecated his breath, poisoned the breath, destroyed natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, defecates the face, retineth the teeth; and to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despoiled of all wise and worthy men; hated in his servants, in himself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. A drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he grows, the more he will be subject to it; for it dulls the spirits and destroys the body, and to cry doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall strive to forget that such a one was their father.



FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

By THE REV. ARTHUR HOYLE.

**I**HESUS has made a reproach, against those who have received the Christian Faith, that the centre of their hope and the end towards which they strive lies outside this life. Whether it be a valid reproach or no, such is undoubtedly the fact: the spring and impulse of the Christian's vitality is external to this system of things, the perfect consummation of his being lies on the other side of the grave, and all the fountains of his strength take their rise in an invisible order. The Christian is not of this world: he is not its product, its essential qualities are not found in him, and it cannot bestow the rewards of this world, which he tends. Jesus was not of this world, not in harmony with its ideals, with its laws of conduct, with its motives and desires, so are all His followers weighted and held back—as He was in the world, so are we.

It is not easy to see what right there is to make complaint against the Christian man because of these things. Are we charged with desertion? We make answer—Yes, from the ranks of rebels. Is it that we lack sympathy with the present distress? We differ here essentially, we hold that the Christian method is only adequate to the appalling sorrow of the world. We know that the wound is not so slight as the poor town victim imagines. The world is in more desperate straits than it knows, and we know where lies its only adequate redemption. To hold that the Christian is suffering from a clear-headed fellow is very wicked because he is suffering than his neighbour, or it is like unto one casting shame upon an angel because he has wings.

But, however this may be, this fact, that Christians are not of this world, is the central fact of all our faith; when we grow ashamed of this, or make apology for this, all is over with us; we may lock our church doors and go home. Others may take this fact and draw what inferences please their fancy: we must hold to it, live by it, vindicate the fact, and expound its beauty and its power in a life of purity, service, and victory.

Let us turn to a few illustrations. I will utter a prophecy—and you cannot refute a prophecy anyhow. On the very next Sabbath an evil-hearted, sordid-souled sensualist will enter, by accident, almost, through the door of a place where Jesus is preached as having power on earth to forgive sin. He will listen. Deep sleep in his heart something will awake. Rusty old fetters will be cast off for ever, and he will be on his feet all day. Somehow, I cannot tell you how, that man will find himself praying and another will pray at his side. Led by the hand, he—this evil-hearted soul-sordid sensualist—will step out under the shadow of the Cross, and will there see a great light and find a great freedom. In that sin-smitten, dishonoured body of his, a new man will arise, and all bewildered he will say—“One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.” I will say, and, if I am true, will take place on Sabbath next, an utterly sure sign, for the new morning rose to evening but the Good Shepherd did find some wandering sheep.

Now my question is—how will that come about? What will be the power that will touch that life at the very centre and send it swinging forward on the upward slopes? I will tell you—the power of the word to come. You might take that man to a popular lecture hall, and tell him of the wonders of the very latest and most wonderful wonders, and he would sleep through it all—audibly, and come out chewing tobacco, swearing and spitting. Or, taking another line and a more elaborate, you might say—“Poor fellow, it is all his earthly surroundings, his squalid home, his wife, his children, his starving wage”; and then by the magic of some scientific discovery, you might make him see things for him and you will find that, after all, such wash-tub salvation only touches the skin; that the sanitary Gospel has useful limitations; that shutting

Jack up in a very fine box doesn't alter Jack—leaves the heart lusting still for its leeks and onions, the same at the centre and still on the downward slope.

Our *power* is not of this world. That which saves men, comes from the other side. "Something" breaks through the veil. Before this "something" the very fences of personality go down; essential life flashes from the very heavencities and makes all new, and

Christ Jesus is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. The very possibilities of the beginning of a Christian life demand another world—another world whose forces gather up and redeem the failures of this.

What is true of the beginnings of the Christian life is true of its continuity, and of its highest achievements. Take one of the commonest and yet one of the most significant facts in the whole history of the Christian Church. A young lady, delicately nurtured, wise in all the learning of the time, accomplished in all the daintiest arts of the woman's world, made, one would think, fortunate in every way, and melody, and chorion, and grandeur—of the brightest flowers she is, blooming in the most sheltered corner of the garden of our civilisation. One morning this young lady tells them at the breakfast-table that she is going out to China. She is going out to China, she tells them, to speak to the Chinese about Jesus Christ. The father and the mother have not prayed for this; but they *have* prayed that His Kingdom may come, and they are spiritual enough and earnest enough to understand that the Kingdom of God is not a thing that can be brought about by human efforts. With faltering hearts they give consent, and life is never the same to them any more. Twelve months after that, you may find the daughter, lonely, but not forsaken, in the dens of the squalid heathen. Their lot is her lot now. Away in the uttermost parts of the earth she sings in strange ears the songs of Zion, teaches to queer little children the story of the Babe with the manger-cradle; she binds sick heads and prays with the efforts of every pestilence, she kneels and weeps with the agonies of every sorrow, she looks out for the forsaken, until God's finger has touched her and she sleeps.

What hope awaited that brilliant girl there? The flower of the flock—what allured her to such penury, to pain and to such weariness? What was the "gleam" she followed? Whence came the beckoning angel that called her over land and sea, for such a journey no mortal could undertake? All such things that now offend her conscience; it breaks a jile upon them and passes on its frolic saying, "Thou art mad." And yet the heathen lands are not left in darkness. In spite of all, nearly every ship that sails carries one more soul that will rise up and say, "I have found myself."—I know that it is unto death—unto a death of many kinds. Friendship, home, love—the very destiny and crowning hope of womanhood—bid them stay—why then do they go forth? For answer let us read together in the eleventh chapter of the Acts, and we shall find that the dear Lord Jesus, having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, for they that say such things make it manifest that they are citizens of a better country. And they that say such things are citizens of a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God doth not ashamed to be called their God."

Yes, the moment we let go the fact that we are not of this world we let go our power to change men and we also forsake all the springs of our heroism. At that moment we become even as others; the essential element of our faith is gone out of us.

Now, it is in just these two points upon which I have dwelt hitherto that there lies for every day the secret of the Christian conquest over this world. In St. John's first epistle there are written these words: "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world," "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." St. John tells us that the natural and destined end of the power that dwells with us is the conquest of this world. If we have this inner and new vitality, if we have these springs of heroism, both of which are from the Other Side, we shall be able to get the devil and all he represents well under both our feet. If these things be in us and abound, then the things that stand about us pull in vain. Let us turn again to

Gravitation is the mightiest force of which we have any knowledge, but life can defeat even that. As Newton sat looking at the apple-tree, upon every apple the mighty force that he was the first to name was hard at work. Yet they all hung in their places—all save one, that dropped. Why? Not because the pull was

any greater upon it than upon the others, but because the life was gone; because the sap had ceased to flow, gravitation conquered and it fell. You see what I am driving at? It does not much matter how the devil tempts; keep the sap flowing and he will never put you into his basket. The rich grape-clusters hang by little more than a thread, but that is enough if the thread lives; the inflowing life needs but a living touch and it floods with vigour, with fruit and with beauty.

I recollect when I was a boy in the north of England, and had the run of two or three huge factories, that in all of them I used to be greatly impressed by one pipe. Whatever I saw or did not see in the mill, I generally contrived to see that pipe. I have stood and looked upon it with wonder, and often with a strange kind of poetic awe. I knew if that pipe burst every wheel about the place would at once stand still. It was the pipe that ran from the great boilers to the cylinder of the engine. It was not much of a pipe to look at—things that carry the most force are not usually the best looking or the most ornamental, but a rupture there and all the stored-up results of the mechanical genius of Watt and Stephenson would be lost, and the great inventors whose brains had run to iron and were heaped in those sheds—all would be vain without that pipe and what it carried, and the huge mill itself no other than a lumber-room and a rubbish heap.

Does the connection run away to the Other Side? Does there come throbbing down to your inward part, and into the machinery of your life that deathless energy of the Invisible, that was known to St. Paul as the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ? We are *not* of this world—no, no, forget that, neglect that and all the weary wheels stand still; or, to change the figure to one of appalling gloom, but of the very last Authority—“If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.”

[Mr. Hoyle, who entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry in 1883, and is now stationed at Bath, is one of the most promising of the younger ministers of his Church. He has gained a reputation both for the vigour of his sermons and for the acuteness of his literary criticisms, which often appear in the Methodist periodicals.]

RETURN UNTO THY REST.

Return unto thy rest,  
O troubled soul !  
Thy Father knoweth best ;  
His sweet control  
Keeps thee in perfect peace,  
Till all thy sorrows cease.  
At His behest,  
O troubled soul,  
Return unto thy rest !  
Though grief sweep over thee  
As doth a cloud  
Across the moaning sea,  
Heedless and loud ;  
The Spirit speaks : " Be still  
Then on His gentle will  
Make thy request.  
O troubled soul,  
Return unto thy rest !

R. T. Bentley

### VENTILATION BY THE CUPBOARD.

"THERE are some people so afraid of fresh air," exclaimed the old sea captain, "that they seem to think they can ventilate their rooms by opening their cupboard doors."

And there are people who imagine that they can keep their lives fresh and healthful in very much the same way. They shut off all currents from the outside world. They shudder at its wickedness, they shrink from its clamour, they do not want to be disquieted by its demands, and so they selfishly shut themselves in to their own interests and amusements, and begin to grow morose, suspicious, and envious. Daily employments grow monotonous, familiar occupations lose their zest, and the spirit becomes peevish, carping, and selfish. The breath of the outdoor world may sting, but it is invigorating; rubbing against other people's anguishes may be rasping, but it smooths down our own; and all the rush and hurry about us, the clamour, the growth, is better than the staid and moribundness. Any outdoor atmosphere is better than breathing over and over that of our own cupboards. — *Wellspring.*



## HOW THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.



THE GREAT POLITICAL CONTEST OF THE PRESENT MONTH.

By "VIATOR."

"WHEN a man is very good, and knows a great deal," said Little Lord Fauntleroy, "he is elected President." The problem of deciding who is best equipped with these qualifications is just now agitating every State in the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian to the Mexican border.

Yet, strictly speaking, what will take place this month is not the election of the President but the election of his electors. Hereby hangs a tale of the vanity of human foresight. When the Constitution of the United States was drawn up, it was desired to place at the head of the commonwealth a man who should be independent of parties, and should be under no obligations to Congress. Accordingly the statesmen—and some of them were of consummate political skill—who framed the Constitution, decided against the election of the President by the direct vote of the people, though such a method might have commended itself in some respects to so democratic a community. It was feared that an unhealthy excitement would be produced, and that the choice of the multitude would fall upon some demagogue of popular gifts, especially the gift of persuasive speech, rather than upon a man of weight.

Similarly the suggestion that he should be appointed by Congress was negatived on the ground that the election would then become a party question, and that the favourite American principle of separating the executive from the legislative powers would be violated. Consequently the election was placed in the hands of a special body of electors, who, in order that all party spirit might be eliminated, must neither be members of Congress, nor holders of any Federal office. This body was to consist

of representatives chosen by each State in proportion to the number of its members of Congress. The manner in which these electors should be chosen was left to the discretion of individual States; it being provided, however, that these appointments should be made on the same day throughout the Republic. (This is the choice that is to be made during the present month.) The men thus appointed meet several weeks afterwards for the election of the President. It was expected that this plan would ensure the creation of a body of electors who would be selected on account of high personal qualifications and freedom from party ties.

It is said by Professor Bryce, whose book on "The American Commonwealth" is the standard authority on such subjects, that "no part of their scheme seems to have been regarded by the Constitution-makers as a gift with more complacency than this," and "no part has so utterly belied their expectations." If you wish McKinley to become President, and are prevented



George Washington, the First President.

writing—all these methods of political agitation are utilised without stint. But there is one method of electioneering much more common in America than in England, namely, the "demonstration." "For three months," says Mr. Bryce, "processions, usually with brass bands, flags, badges, crowds of cheering spectators, are the order of the day and night from end to end of the country." As a specimen, he describes a demonstration held in New York City by the business men who supported Blaine in the election of 1884. "They were organised by profession or occupation; the lawyers, 800 strong, forming one battalion, the dry-goods men another, the Produce Exchange a third, the bankers a fourth, the brokers a fifth, the jewellers a sixth, the Petroleum Exchange a seventh, and so on." This procession, 25,000 strong, marched right through New York, though rain fell incessantly, and the streets were deep with mud, chanting as they marched such campaign ditties as—

"Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,  
We don't care a bit for the rain."



The Capitol, Washington.

by the constitution from voting directly for him, it comes to the same thing in the end if you vote for Jones, who pledges himself that if he becomes an "elector" he will vote for McKinley. And whether Jones is the most distinguished citizen of your State or an entirely unknown man matters nothing, when all that he has to do is to fulfil a pledge to write Mr. McKinley's name on a ballot paper. Thus the ideal of a number of influential men assembling in solemn conclave, and deciding according to their own discretion on the person best fitted to be President, has by this time been forgotten. An election to seats on the electoral body has actually become the keenest party strife in the country. When this is over the election of the President himself is a mere formality, for when the number of pro-McKinley electors and pro-Blaine electors has been ascertained there can no longer be any doubt as to the result.

The Presidential campaign lasts for several months, as the convention of each great party meets early in the summer for the selection of its candidate. (The story of the various stages preliminary to the selection of a candidate is a most interesting one, but we have not space for a description here. All students of politics should consult on this subject Professor Bryce's book, which ought to be found in every Free Library.) We know something in England of what the turmoil of a general election means, but the excitement of a Presidential election in America makes our own contest child's play in comparison. Canvassing, speaking,



William McKinley, the Present President.



Abraham Lincoln, President 1861-1865

## AT WORK WITH EXPLOSIVES; SAFEGUARDS FOR LIFE AND LIMB UNDER THE EXPLOSIVES ACT.

By F. M. HOLMES.

**F**IREWORKS are not all made for amusement. Rockets and coloured lights for instance, they enter into the regular business life of ships at sea, while rockets are also used in war.

They are generally if not always made at a firework factory, and regulated by the Explosives Act of 1875. The largest firework firm in the world is Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co., of Crystal Palace fame. Their factories, together covering about 300 acres of land, are situated at South Norwood and at Harold Wood in Essex; while they have floating magazines on the Thames and also a wholesale magazine at Clayton near Manchester. But the increase of their work is so great that a very large and new factory is to be planted down on 200 acres of land at Sutton in Surrey.

Now, perhaps, you will be struck by the large area of the factories. The buildings must be huge. On the contrary the buildings are small, but they are very numerous. The large expanse of ground is sparsely

clearly the operations which may be conducted there, and the greatest quantity of explosive permitted. Thus, only thirty pounds of coloured fire and only one person are allowed in one building while mixing the materials; but in a magazine 40,000 pounds weight of explosives may be stored if they are all suitably packed and no loose composition be allowed to enter.

The safeguards seem endless and most minute. The artificial lights, such as gas jets, are fixed outside the building, enclosed in glass lanterns and placed close to the windows; rockets being fired are shipped behind a shutter and roll gently down a wide tube into a receptacle without the shed; while most, if not all, the mixing and filling rooms have relief sheds to which small quantities of composition, or of partly finished goods, can be removed.

Ordinary boots are not permitted in the sheds. If you observe closely you will see that everyone within these buildings is wearing a particular kind of loose brown coloured boot; when you examine one in the storeroom you will find that no iron nails or nails are used in its construction. It is made only of leather, and is sewn together. If a small quantity of composition were trodden by an iron-headed boot it might cause an explosion. For similar reasons the floors are all covered with linoleum.

The material prevents firework dust from lurking in the crevices of the boards, and it can also be washed with great ease. The explosiveness of firework dust is well understood at Brock's factory; no fireworks or dust are allowed to appear before leaving the

buildings the duty of the workers is to brush the ceiling, walls, benches and floors, so that every room is kept in the pink of perfection as to cleanliness.

The workers are clad in unflamable serge, and as the dust of one composition may be comparatively harmless alone, and yet explosive if brought into contact with other mixtures, no worker is allowed to leave his own building except to go to the dressing-room.

When, therefore, anything is wanted in a building, the workers display little flags signifying that they require glue, paste, or whatever the material may be. Sulphur and chlorate

Women Leaving Work at Messrs. Brock's Factory.

Making Crackers.

Relieving.

A Fire Balloon.

Bombs and Mortars.

Women changing their Boots.

Making Catherine Wheels.

Making "Shop Goods."

Huge Globe for Set Piece.

dotted over with a number of unpretending structures, most of them very small and situated some distance apart from each other. The reason is obvious. Should an explosion occur the damage is greatly restricted, while the escape of the workers is much facilitated. The few larger buildings, perhaps measuring a hundred feet by fifty, are used for non-explosive materials. Still, the main feature of the "factory" is the great number of very small and isolated buildings dotted over a large expanse of ground, these buildings being adapted as a great precaution against the dangers of fire and explosion.

The general appearance is not imposing. These little isolated sheds look neither dangerous nor grand. Nine persons out of ten approaching the field from any side, and not knowing the ground, would probably never dream of the peril lurking in these insignificant little structures, nor of the beauty of the productions made in them. But if the stranger were permitted to approach one of them and he used any powers of observation, he would soon perceive that these were no ordinary shanties. Buckets full of water are hung outside each door, and notices are posted up, stating, among other regulations, the explosives that are allowed in the building, and the number of workers permitted to be employed there. The buckets can be caught up at a moment's notice should a fire break out in any part of the ground; the instructions are, that the staff catch up the buckets and hurry to the scene of the conflagration at once. In addition there are hydrants, tanks, and a pumping station on the premises ready for any emergency; a fire could be thus dealt with in water in about half-a-minute.

But further, the notice posted on each building states

of potash, for instance, may be comparatively innocent when kept apart but most people who know anything of chemistry, know also that these two substances can be very fiery and explosive if brought together. There are, therefore, the chlorate mixing-rooms, and the non-chlorate mixing-rooms. Moreover, as various lights and signals for ships are fitted, before being sent out, with friction lighters, something like large safety matches—the greatest care is taken with these also. The friction attachment will light the coloured fire by simply drawing it over the surface—even if wet of the other end of the light. The mixture is packed in a case, and to light it might be a work of no small difficulty, if not impossibility, in a howling storm, and with water dashing over the decks. Now this friction lighter and coloured fire will light in all weathers, even if both surfaces be wet with water. So that here fire triumphs over water.

The greatest care is exercised in making the friction compositions. When engaged on one of the two compositions employed, the workers are clad in brilliant scarlet apparel, to proclaim their work to all whom it may concern, and no article taken into the buildings so used is permitted to return to other parts of the factory. The isolation is complete. The "fires" themselves are stored in magazines without their matches or friction attachments. The handles given to these coloured fires vary according to colour, so that on a dark and rainy night the men can tell by feeling the handle the colour of the signal fire they are about to light.

The magazines are usually built of brick, or of boiler plating, lined with wood. Other buildings for danger working are of corrugated iron with wooden linings, or of wood alone. Some of the more important structures are surrounded by iron screens and earthworks, and some of the magazines again are sunk in the earth and are largely subterranean. Every device possible seems in operation to

prevent accident, and to limit its results should it unfortunately occur. Such accidents, however, are exceedingly rare. Tramways convey the goods from one shed to another. Almost every building on the premises is connected with its neighbours by a system of tramways, over which any quantity of goods may be conveniently conveyed. The fireworks are carried in the trucks, protected by tarpaulins. On the one hand it must be remembered that a certain class of goods cannot be made and stored for long, because some of the chemical salts used, not being anhydrous, will quickly deteriorate; but, on the other hand, the firm are able to store 600,000 pounds weight of fireworks, and they ordinarily produce about 100,000 in the last course of the year, so there is plenty of work for the tramways to do.

Briely, firework making may be divided into four departments. These are the making of the cases; secondly, the preparation of the compositions; thirdly, the filling of the cases; and, lastly, the finishing of the goods. The cases are rolled very quickly by hand round brass tubes; some are made without paste, or, as it is called, dry rolled. The straw-board paper for others, as for rockets, is well covered with paste by a boy, and passed on to a man, who rapidly rolls it round the brass tube, and then rolls it backward and forward on his bench by means of a hand-bar. It is then hung up to dry with hundreds of others in racks, and becomes quite hard. Colour cases for shells are made in halves, and subsequently joined together. The little cases for the "hances," or coloured fires, of which the large set-pieces are so largely made, are usually rolled up by girls or women, and speaking generally the case-makers become so expert that they can each roll about four gross an hour. An enormous quantity of the cases is required, for our set-piece has been known to need no less than 400 gross. Cases for Catherine-wheels are made in a similar manner; indeed the women can easily roll narrow pipe-like cases, three feet long, which being filled, are in another shed twisted round the small central wooden block and fixed in their place. The filling of any firework is usually accomplished by fixing the case tightly in a vice, putting a little of the composition into the paper tube through a funnel, and then ramming it hard. The rocket composition, indeed, is rammed hard with a small red bit by a mallet.

Rockets are perhaps the most difficult fireworks of all to make, especially those containing gun cotton for Trinity House contracts. But it is almost needless to say they are successfully and safely accomplished. Nothing indeed seems more remarkable, at this confessedly dangerous factory, than the immunity of the works and workers from accident, and this happy result is due we take it to the careful and elaborate precautions adopted by the firm, together with the Home Office regulations and the cordial co-operation of all the workers themselves. Flash lights and rockets for service at sea, thousands of small goods for gay-hearted boys, hundreds of set-pieces and of brilliant displays, all are devised and made here in perfect safety—a triumph of applied science and of organising skill.

### THE BIBLE A NEW BOOK.

We may have the Bible, and we may have a house full of Bibles, and we may read the Bible, and in a sense we may study the Bible, and yet after all we may not understand the Bible. I speak from the heart in this matter, and from experience, for I was converted in middle life; and I shall never forget how, away in the Indian Ocean, I first saw the wonderful truth that the Bible enshrines. Such a simple truth it was that I wondered that I had never seen it before. But when I saw it, the Bible became instantly to me an absolutely new book. I remember that I had but a little Testament with me, and I was glad to find in Bombay in a day or two, and to go to the sale-room of the Bible Society, in order that I might get a big Bible with big print, and be able to read it all the way from Bombay to Calcutta. I went so early in the morning that the men were not ready. But I got my Bible, and I read that Bible for sixty hours, from Bombay to Calcutta, and I thought as I read it that something had happened, and that it was a new book, and that I could never have read it before. I remember taking up the Epistle to the Romans, concerning which I had always just been willing to say merely that "brother Paul wrote some things hard to be understood," and I had no difficulty in understanding it. The Epistle to the Romans, and all the Epistles, and the whole Bible, had become at once my glad sweet song.—ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.P., at the Bible Society Meeting.

### HAD THE LAW ON HIS SIDE.

It was at Forty-Sixth Street and Vincennes Avenue where the work of excavating for a large flat building has been in progress for some time. Frequently the indignation of the people living near by has been aroused by the brutalities visited upon the horses at work there.

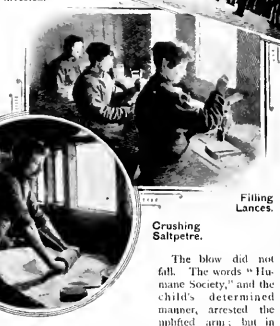
The soil is of a soft, sandy character, and the wheels of the wagons sink almost to the hubs under the weight of the loads carried. The sand is dumped on a vacant lot about 100 feet to the south of the place of excavation, and the horses have suffered more at this place than at the other, as they are obliged to pull their loads to the top of the soft mound.

The other day, after a wagon had deposited its load, and, for no other reason, save his own innate brutality, the driver began brutally beating his horses. Suddenly he was approached by a boy of about ten years of age, who, with a flashing eye and in a peremptory tone of voice, said:

"Stop whipping those horses. If you strike them again, I will have you arrested."

The driver for a moment was too astonished to reply, for the child's earnest and determined manner impressed even him; then, with an oath at the child, he raised his whip again to strike his horses.

"Look on," said the fearless child, "and see how I am a member of the Humane Society, and if you beat those horses any more I'll certainly have you arrested."



Men Leaving Work.

The boy did not fall. The words "Humane Society," and the child's determined manner, arrested the uplifted arm; but in another moment the driver whirled about the boy, and swinging his whip in a menacing manner shouted, "Get out of here, you little whelp, or I'll whip this whip around you and cut you in two."

"If you do, it will be the dearest blow you ever struck," said the unflinching child, "for I'll have you in goal, where you belong, within an hour."

The moral force of the child triumphed over the brutal instincts of the man. With a sudden oath the driver turned his attention to his horses, but he did not beat them again.—Chicago Tribune.

### GAMBLING AND SUICIDE.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper recently interviewed one of London's oldest coroners upon the subject of the epidemic of suicide. The coroner made light of the suggestion that these suicides were due to reaction after patriotic rejoicings. He then added some words which are worthy of careful study, coming as they do from one who has had exceptional opportunities of observing the shady side of life. He said:—"I always look for suicides after the Derby. After that event you always find that a certain number of shop assistants have absconded, and a number of other people have committed suicide. They belong to the class of people—much too numerous nowadays—who want to get money without working for it. They fail, and then they go and jump into the river, or something of that sort. You will always find some suicides after Derby week."

### IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

HELMHOLTZ has said, in describing his methods of work, that slight indulgence in alcoholic drink dispelled instantly his best ideas.

In 1836 Birmingham had a Women's Temperance Society, one of whose rules was—"Those of us who are unmarried promise not to accept the addresses of any man who is not a member of a total abstinence society."

ALDERMAN GEORGE WHITE, of Norwich, says the difference between a traveller and a bon-fide traveller is, that the one is thirsty because he travels, and the other travels because he is thirsty.

In the spring of 1862 Mr. W. S. Caine, having some hours to wait at Oswestry, bought a book and took it to an hotel to read over a part of sherry. The book was "H. Ste to the Rescue," by Mrs. J. B. Whitman, and was an appeal for earnest work on behalf of those falling through indulgence in drink. The little book took such powerful hold of Mr. Caine's mind that he then and there signed the pledge, and the pint of sherry was the last intoxicating drink he touched. His work since, as a temperance reformer, will be well known to all our readers.

THE explanation of the rapid action of the heart when alcohol has been taken, can best be followed from an illustration given by Dr. McJ. Cosgrave. A clock is constructed so as to run down very fast, and then a pendulum is added to slow this motion. Take the pendulum off, and the wheels fly round. This does not show that the clock has been stimulated by a heavier moving weight, but merely that the control has been removed. In a similar way the heart's tendency is to beat at a quick rate, but it is held in check by regulating nerves; the abolition of these a sudden shock is an example of the removal of this control. Now alcohol narcotics or paralyzes these restraining nerves, and the heart's action is at once quickened, not by stimulation, but by removal of control.

MR. J. A. STEUART, the author of "Wine on the Lees," says one of the things, which impressed him when he was making inquiries in connection with the writing of his novel was the enormous power of our big brewers: "They fighten any government. They frighten political parties. The wine and beer and spirit trades put into the national exchequer thirty-seven million pounds a year. It is a great pity that if you cut off the liquor trade you do away with a third of the national revenue. But look at the amount paid yearly for the maintenance of the poor, the prevention of crime, and the administration of the criminal law, and remember that three-fourths of that is due directly to drink."

THE "City Line" conveys passengers in its fleet of fifteen vessels from Glasgow and Liverpool to Calcutta, Bombay, and Kurrachee. It has been established for very many years—running sailing vessels only at first—but steamers have done the work since the opening of the Suez Canal in 1859. The line has always been conducted on non-alcoholic principles, upon conscientious grounds. This policy attracts rather than deters passengers, for the City Line is one of the most popular and largely patronised in existence.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN says in his autobiography, respecting his work in an English printing-office—"I drank nothing but water, by the beer being so to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer." I carried occasionally a large frame of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other example, 'the American aquatic,' as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. I endeavoured to convince them that the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed. I said there was a large portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if they ate this loaf and drank a pint of water with it, they would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer."

## SOME NOTABLE CRAFTSMEN.

## VI.—Among Masons, Blacksmiths, and Printers.

By Mrs. ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.

**C**ERTAIN crafts, such as the blacksmith's, the mason's, and the printers', have some notable members, whose lives are rather popularly known.

Such among masons is Hugh Miller, the skipper's orphan boy, who not only advanced his country's science by geological observations, but also enriched its literature by such works as "My Schools and Schoolmasters" and "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." The former shows how truly refined may be all the associations of the life of the labouring man. The latter makes clear what high philosophy lurks beneath the folklore of primitive peoples.

Hugh Miller began life as a practical quarryman. He has told us that the two greatest benefactors of his mind "have been the philosophic Baron, and an ignorant old woman, who, of all the books ever written, was acquainted with only the Bible." He was happy indeed in his first master, of whom he says, "he put his conscience into every stone he laid." In Miller's writings one constantly gets sweet little pictures of the scenery of his working hours. It seems a pity that, under a mistaken influence, he was induced to abandon this wholesome manner of existence, and to enter the hurly-burly of journalism, with its perpetual strain and friction. One feels that if he had remained among the country folk on his moors and mountains his life might have had a longer duration and a happier close than its tragic end of disturbed brain and suicide.

Allan Cunningham, a native of the southwest of Scotland, is a notable mason less familiarly known than Hugh Miller. He was born in 1784, near the home of Robert Burns, and as a boy of twelve he followed in the great poet's funeral train. He had then been for a year a stone-mason's apprentice, and as a stone-mason he worked until he was seventeen, when he left Scotland, came to London, and joined actively in its literary life. But he stuck to his craft from the first, and very speedily connected himself with the famous sculptor Chantrey, in whose establishment he remained as superintendent until the two died, within a short time of each other, in 1842. Thus he was, from core and end, and escape all temptation to hasty and careless literary work. He had a very refined poetic gift, as we see in his "Wet Sheet and Flowing Sea" and the pathetic "Hame fain wad I be." In his after life he became a great favourite with the hero of his youth, Sir Walter Scott. Cunningham had once tramped all the way from Nithsdale just to see Sir Walter walking in Edinburgh streets.

Poet as Cunningham was, he was not only a poet. Among other solid books, he produced three "Lives of Eminent British Painters," which the greatest critic of that day praised as full of "a fine and an instructed enthusiasm," the performance of "an admirable critic on art," an admirable biographer of artists." It can be well said that a worthy successor has been found to continue the task of this biography, in the volume who used to describe himself as "Scots mason body," "toiling in marble and bronze all day and at night dipping the pen in biographical ink to earn an honest penny for the barms' bread."

Mr. S. C. Hall, who describes Allan Cunningham as "a tall man, powerful of frame, and apparently of an iron constitution," and talks of his "leisure hours" as a blacksmith, and the task of his leisure hours were abnormally in the study of mathematics and natural languages, yet he worked steadily at his calling till he was twenty-three, when he accepted an invitation to teach a village school. But after a short interval he returned again to his avail, saying that he found hard labour necessary to enable him to study with effect. He made himself the master of fifty languages and dialects, including some of the almost obsolete ones of Europe and the most difficult in Asia. One result of

this cosmopolitan study was that in later life he became an enthusiastic worker for the cause of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. He was also a strong advocate of an ocean penny postage. Many years of his later life were spent in England, where he acted as U.S. Consul in Humberston.

Elhu Burnett himself recorded: "All that I have accomplished has been by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion, which builds the antheap. . . . If ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called 'odd moments.'"

Two notable printers also hail from the other side of the Atlantic, though Benjamin Franklin, born in Massachusetts in 1706, worked at the trade for nearly two years in London. The youngest child of a very large family, he had been bound apprentice to his elder brother, who owned a little local journal, which Benjamin helped to print, and then delivered to the colliers. He began authorship as a contributor to this little print. When his elder brother suffered imprisonment for rather too free speech, Benjamin conducted the paper. But on the brother's release Benjamin, still but a lad of seventeen, set out to storm the world with only five shillings in his pocket. After working for a while in Philadelphia, the worthless patronage and false promises of a British official highly placed in what were then our North American colonies misled the young man into coming to England. When he discovered the truth he simply went to work again as a journeyman printer, and in those hard days doubtless learned much of the stern economical truths he afterwards enforced in his famous "Poor Richard's Almanac."

On returning to America, Franklin and a young man who owned a trading capital started a small printing business, which they soon worked up, and presently Benjamin became once more the unchallenged proprietor and power over another newspaper.

In middle life, his researches in electricity gave Franklin a position among the most illustrious natural philosophers. Then, after seven or eight years brilliantly and successfully devoted to science, he developed into a statesman and a diplomatist. He was one of the representatives when the American colonies considered the principle of their taxation by England without representation in the Old Country. Afterwards he actively promoted the movement which ended in the complete independence of the great Republic of the West.

He died in 1790, full of years and honours, "leaving a fortune," says his biographer, "neither too large nor too small for his fame or his comfort."

Benjamin Franklin had a clear, cool, possibly cool intellect. When he discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, people sneeringly asked, "What was the use of the discovery?" He replied, "What is the use of a baby? It may become a man." Yet the weight of his influence lay in his character. When he was young, he was the first to give an example is said to have restrained the drinking habits of a work-shop. Even those who had best reason to regard him as an enemy, felt this force of character. In a curious notebook kept by King George III. (against whom the American colonies revolted), in which the monarch entered well-known names with what he regarded as apt quotations from Shakespeare, he wrote after Franklin's name these lines from "Julius Cæsar"—

"O let us have him: for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion;

And by men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;

But all be buried in his gravity."

One of Franklin's ideas was that money, instead of bearing the image and superscription of some despotic potentate, should be engraved with an important proverb of sound moral or economical teaching.

He was forced into a struggle for the independence of his country, but his clear sense saw the futility of war. He wrote to Washington himself, "I hope we may now have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting each other's throats. There never was a good war or a bad peace. What vast additions to the convenience and comforts of living might mankind have acquired if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility."

Another American painter, whose name is connected with vast changes in his country's government, is

William Lloyd Garrison. Born in Massachusetts in 1805, the son of a worthless father, the lad had already tried the crafts of shoemaker and carpenter before he became a printer. When he was seventeen or eighteen he began to write for the paper he printed, and for other journals—his steady aim being to arouse his country on the national sin of slavery. Getting the editorship of a small local paper, he had the honour of being the first to welcome and publish a poem from the afterwards famous poet Whittier. The young editor and his contributor found kindred souls in each other, and Whittier and his old schoolmaster were two of the twelve with whom Garrison presently founded the first American Anti-Slavery Society.

Garrison had been for a paper of his own, *The Liberator*. He had no capital, he had no subscribers. For a time the whole working staff consisted of himself and a negro boy. He used this journal for so much plain speech on the subject of slavery that every mail brought him letters threatening assassination. Not only did the South set a reward on his head and entreat the Northern authorities to suppress his paper, but he was severely harassed even by Boston itself. Yet he succeeded in keeping on his paper for thirty-five years, until its object was accomplished so far as the abolition of slavery was concerned. He survived his victory for fourteen years, dying in 1879.

It is well to end our little series of rapid sketches with the name of one of whom his life-long friend Whittier said, "No shadow of suspicion rests on the white statue of his life." He was a man who did not live to "the desire of his eyes in 1865," the words of Whittier in 1833 would have remained an unfulfilling prophecy, however long fulfilment might have been postponed—

"Then onward with a martyr's zeal;  
And wait thy just reward,  
When man to man no more shall kneel,  
And God alone be feared!"

## THE MAN OF SORROWS.

CHRIST'S heart was warring for me, if mine is sore;  
And if my feet are weary, His have bled;  
He had no place wherein to lay His head;  
If I am burdened, He was burdened more.

The cup I drink, He drank of long before;  
He felt the unuttered anguish which I dread;  
He hungered Who the hungry thousands fed,  
And thirsted Who the world's refreshment bore.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHAT OUR DRINKING CUSTOMS COST:  
450 Millions a Year.

At a recent Temperance Congress, Mr. James Whyte, of Manchester, read a paper on "The cost of our drinking customs," and presented the main items of which the sum total of the cost of the drinking customs consisted. A large item of the cost to the nation arising from our drinking customs was the drink-caused shortening of life among the males of from 15 to 65 years of age—the working period of life. He held that this averaged at least ten years. Temperance at 15 had an average of nine years, and ten years longer of life than average, at 40, about 16 years. That was a gift of the working period of life. If the ordinary alcohol-buster worked forty years the teetotaler worked even more efficiently fifty. By a calculation based mainly on official statistics he showed that this meant a loss of at least one hundred millions' worth of production or service of one sort or another yearly. His next point was that a Parliamentary Committee which took evidence in 1835 on the drink question had found that intemperance reduced the produce of the nation at least one-sixth. Mr. Whyte showed by statistics that there was no reason to believe that the proportion of loss to the nation from this cause had decreased, and he contended that in the administration of household affairs and of private life generally there was an enormous drink-caused waste and loss, the measure of which in money, added to the loss from neglect of work in working hours and bad work at all times, would certainly make up an amount equal to one-sixth of the total produce of the nation. That produce was 1,400 millions—according to experts, and so, in round numbers, the loss on this head was 160 millions. The Government paid for drink tax 160 millions, from which he deducted at millions on account of duty and other matters, leaving 20 millions of net cost for the drink. This made a total of 450 millions a year—a rate of expenditure sufficient to pay the national debt in a year and a half, and only 20 millions less than our total imports from every part of the world.

# "MERELY PLAYERS."

BY M. L. HASKINS.

It was a very wet day in autumn, and Jim Slater, a man in his thirties, who was just recovering from a sharp attack of influenza, was sitting disconsolately in his front room looking out of the window.

Suddenly he started up.

"Blest if I'll stand this any longer!" he exclaimed, going to the door and opening it.

He went out into the little passage and reached down his hat from the peg.

Then the sound of a high-pitched, shrill little voice from the back room arrested him.

"What shall I play, Frankie? I'm tired of everything!"

"I know," shouted a boy's voice; "let's play at father 'em' drunk!"

"I'll be father, and Rose'll be mother, an' you can be just you, Dolly. We must pretend the real Rose and me'll be out, or in bed, or somewhere."

The face of the man in the passage outside grew an angry red, and he made a movement towards the door of the room where his children played.

But again a softer voice reached him.

"D'you think mother'd mind?" came the quieter tones of the eldest girl. "She always cries, you know, when father's drunk."

"Mother isn't here now, so she can't mind," said Frank, who had a very elastic conscience sometimes. "Besides you know, Rose," he added with a coaxing inflexion in his voice, "just as if 'twas real, we're only pretendin'." "Isn't like being really father?"

Jim Slater, as he stood outside, winced.

"Oh, do, Rosie dear," sounded Dolly wistfully. "I'll be such fun. An' we haven't got nothing to do. I'm gettin' as miserable as a mangle, as—as—anyin'!" and this last sentence ended in a small, diplomatic whine. Dolly knew the nearest way to her sister's motherly little heart.

"All right," responded Rose doubtfully. "Only—Frank?"

"Yes."

"You won't really beat me hard if I pretend to be mother, will you—not like father does?"

The man outside moved uneasily from one foot to the other, and his head dropped a shade lower as he heard the answer.

"What d'you take me for, silly? D'you think I want to kill you dead or? Why, if I was to beat you like father does mother you'd be in bed a whole week! Now then, let's begin."

"Shall it be like Saturday night, the last time fater was drunk?" questioned Dolly.

"Yes, an' mother must be nursin' you. We were there keepin' mother company then, but we must be gone to bed now."

"And you must come in rolling, like father did," said Rose, who loved acting and entered into the game in spite of herself. "And I'll be rockin' Dolly, and lookin' just like mother does when she's waitin' for father. She was cryin' a little bit when she thought we wasn't lookin'." I saw her wipe her eyes in Dolly's nightdress.

"Now ven you goes into the passage," said Dolly, "an' come on in topsy-turvy. I've goin' to sleep in mother's lap, and in a few moments the loud noises were heard which were always a necessary part of sleep to Dolly's imagination.

Frank flung the passage door open.

Jim Slater had moved from the door, and was hanging up his hat again on the peg.

He turned and met the frightened gaze of his boy, who was just beginning to realise that their voices had been quite loud enough to reach through into the passage.

"Come here, lad," the father said in a strangely quiet voice.

Frank followed him tremblingly into the little front room.

For a moment Jim Slater sat down, and shaded his face with his hand. When he looked his son in the face there was a great look of pain and shame in his eyes. He was not a bad man at heart, but when alcohol had once got into his veins it maddened him for the time, and made him a different creature.



"I want you to help me to be a man again."

"Don't finish that game, Frank," he said quietly.

"All right, father."

There was silence for a minute or two, and Frank moved uneasily in his chair.

"Frank?"

Frank sat still and looked up, wondering at the sound in his father's voice.

The man spoke slowly and hesitatingly, as if the words were dragged from him.

"Do you often see your mother cry, lad?"

"No, not very often; only—only when—"

"When what?"

"Well?" he said, hardly.

"Drunk, father," replied Frank almost in a whisper, while his small face flushed scarlet with shame.

Jim Slater looked curiously at his son, but did not

speak. After a moment he said sharply, "You may go. Where's your mother?"

"Washin' in the back kitchen."

After Frank had gone, Jim sat on for a long time in the little front room. The last few weeks of illness had softened him a little, and the seed which his children had unconsciously sown was sinking into good ground.

The time passed by, and still the man did not stir. He was living over again the last ten years of his life, and seeing in a fresh light the broken vows, the spurned love of his manhood. The struggle within him was an exceeding bitter one. He bowed his head upon his arms on the table, and forced himself to think as he had not thought for years.

"My God!" he groaned. "That my own boy should blush for his father's sake!"

Presently he got up and paced the room. The turning-point in a man's life is never an easy thing to reach.

"Poor Alice," he said softly at last. "She's deserved summat better'n this. What a brute I must ha' bin!"

He knelt down, and in the quietude of his little room he spoke to the Great Father who knows the hearts of all men. When he rose there was a great look of determination on his face. He walked out into the passage, through the kitchen, where his children were playing now in a subdued fashion, and into the steamy back kitchen just outside, where his wife was doing her weekly washing.

She looked up with a glance of surprise as he entered, a thin, faded little woman, with a sad, very sad, face, who had, nevertheless, a strangely winsome smile, which it had been one of Jim's delights long years ago to coo forth.

He half wondered to himself, as he stood in the doorway, if he could ever make her smile at him again as she had smiled sometimes during the brief, happy years of their early married life.

"Alice."

"Yes, Jim," she replied, working on over the tub with her scrubbing-brush, and not detecting the new note in Jim's voice.

"Wife," he said quietly, coming nearer and laying a hand on her shoulder.

She turned sharply. It was so strange a thing for Jim to be kind to her lately.

"I've been thinkin' and learnin', wife — and — and prayin'."

Jim's wife took her hands out of the suds and wiped them on her apron. Then she looked into her husband's face.

"Now I want you to help me, Alice," he continued brokenly. "I've bin a brute. I want you to help me to be a man again. Will you?"

And because she was a woman, with a woman's love, which is next to the love of God, she said no word of reproach about the past, nor did she acknowledge her superiority implied in Jim's words, but replied only, "Aye, please God, Jim, we'll help each other. Tain't always as I've bin what I might." Then looking up shyly, with a suspicion of the old smile on her face, she said, "Shall us sign the pledge over to you, Jim?"

Jim, catching the light in her eyes, bent down and sealed the compact with an intensity that had never been surpassed in their old sweetheating days.

"What 'ou fink, Rosie?" came in a loud whisper from Dolly, who had opened the inner door and been staring hard into the door opposite. "Fater's kissin' mother over yer like anyfing. Do come an' see."

Try to live on earth so that heaven won't be too much of a change for you.



*From a Drawing by CHARLES H. FINNEMORE.]*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

[One Penny.

## DICKY'S PRAYER.

BY FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

THE dingy tenements in Bolton's Court had assumed a festive air. Here and there a sprig of holly, or a scrap of pink paper, proclaimed that it was Christmas Eve, and an odour of cooking, that was anything but appetising, added the information that the inhabitants intended to spend the time in true British fashion.

"Fangh—how disgusting!" muttered the parish doctor, as he picked his way along the muddy causeway. "Heckles to the right, Nadders to the left! These people ought to be prosecuted!" And quaking his footsteps, he entered an open doorway and ascended a rickety stair.

"Wot's he come for?" asked one grumpy little urchin of another, as the doctor disappeared.

"He's come to see my mother; she's got a pain in her side," was the nasal response.

"A pain in her side? that's awfuk. My dad had a pain in 'is inside last week," returned No. 1.

"But your dad gets drunk," was the scornful response.

And, unable to contradict this assertion, No. 1 said, "Let's go up and listen wot he's saying."

Soaring the stairs to the work-shed, or, more correctly Joseph Binks, crept towards the staircase, followed by his comrade, Dicky Benson.

By dint of close attention to the keyhole, the two youngsters overheard the following dialogue.

"Yes, Mrs. Benson, you must certainly take more care of yourself. As I told you before, you will starve on this bread-and-butter. A little chicken broth, or Osewobber's meat pie will suit you admirably, and you really ought to have a respectable woman to stay with you. I will speak to the district nurse, but I am afraid her hands are quite full at present. Have you any relatives?"

"Mrs. Flanders comes in every morning to tidy up the room," was the faint response.

"Mrs. Flanders," repeated the doctor, with a frown. "Is she a relative?"

"No."

"Well, I suppose an inefficient nurse is better than none at all. But you must have nourishing food. Your strength goes out at the mouth. Don't forget to take the medicine regularly." And turning towards the door, the doctor stumbled over the boys. "What are you doing here, young rascals?" Roared out, or I will hand you over to a policeman," he said, and retracing his steps, he disappeared in the darkness.

"Ducky, are you there?"

"Yes, mother," was the response, as the boy sidled towards the bed.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes; I jey runned away from the doctor came."

"I'm very ill, Dicky."

"But you'll soon be better now the doctor's been."

"He says I ought to have a chicken broth and beef juice," and Mrs. Benson broke into a pitiful little laugh. Then she added below her breath: "In my father's farmyard there are fowls enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger."

"Do you want your father live at a farmhouse, mother?" asked Dicky quickly.

"Hush, child, hush!" said the invalid, and she clasped her hands together, and turned her face to the wall.

Dicky was perfectly quiet. His little brain was busy. Child though he was, he loved his mother passionately, and the thought that she was suffering from want of suitable food made him strangely uncomfortable. Surely something could be done?

"If I was a big man, I'd buy a chicken, or else I'd make one," he said to himself, sturdily. "I can make boats of orange-peel, and roses of potatoes; I wonder why I can't make a chicken." He meditated for a few minutes. Then his face brightened, and he almost clapped his hands, but looking at his mother's ashen face, he cooled down. No, he would not tell her. It should be a grand surprise for the morrow. What a glorious Christmas they would have!

Then he took off his shoes, and crept towards a cupboard, and presently a sound of rummaging was heard. He reappeared with shining eyes, clasping a dilapidated feather to his bosom. Crossing the room, he glanced towards the bed again. His mother's eyes were still closed. No, he would not tell her. It should be a grand surprise for the morrow. What a glorious Christmas they would have!

He could just imagine how she would look, She would lift up her hands, and cry, "Who would have thought of? How clever of Dicky to do such a thing!"

Then he climbed upon a chair, and unfastening the catch of the window, raised the sash. An icy blast rushed into the room, and his mother opened her eyes.

"Dicky, child, what are you doing?" she shivered.

"It is all right, mother. I'll only be a minute," was the cheerful response, as with sundry tugs and pulls, Dicky hauled across the sill a box containing the forlorn stump of a geranium.

"It's bitterly cold, child, shut the window."

In a minute, mother, returned Dicky, pressing the feather into the soil with hurried fingers. Then, satisfied that it was fluting gently in the wind, he patted the earth around it, and chuckled softly to himself.

"What are you doing, Dicky?" persisted Mrs. Benson.

The sash went down with a bang.

"I've done now, mother, and you'll know all about it to-morrow, and oh, you will be glad!"

Then, overcome with joy at the prospect, Dicky darted across the floor. Mrs. Benson smiled sadly. Dicky had so few pleasures, poor child! Evidently he had some boyish game or other in his mind. Why did these bells creep on ringing?

"But you've not been naughty, mother," returned Dicky in old-fashioned terms, as he stroked the thin white hand on the coverlet.

"Yes, darling, mother was once very naughty. She disobeyed her father, and that's why we are in Bolton's Court."

"What I thought only little boys were naughty," persisted Dicky.

Mrs. Benson gave no answer. Her eyes were fixed on the ceiling, and her lips moved silently.

And as Dicky looked, he knew she was praying, and wisely held his peace.

At last she changed her position, and with a breath of relief Dicky said, "You'll soon be better now, mother."

"I hope so, ladie. Now say my prayers and creep into bed beside me. I am too tired to sit up to-night."

Dicky obeyed, and Mrs. Benson wondered why he knelt so long at the bed-side after he had repeated the usual formula.

She did not know his secret.

Then he prayed that Dicky whispered below his breath:—"Praise God, I've planted a feather in the geranium box on the window sill, and please will you let a chicken grow at the end of it, cos the doctor says mother has to have some chicken broth to make her strong. For Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

Then as an after-thought he added, "And You needn't trouble to pull off the feathers, cos me and Jocy can do 'em."

Then Dicky crept into bed.

Once he laughed softly to himself, as he pictured his mother's face when the chicken appeared, and Mrs. Benson, thinking he was dreaming, heaved a tremulous sigh. What a different childhood Dicky would have had if—

"Mother, when you've eaten all you want of the chicken, cos me and Jocy pick the bones?" asked Dicky suddenly.

"I'll see, my boy. Shift your eyes."

And with a satisfied sigh Dicky fell asleep.

Early next morning he awoke, and springing from the bed pushed his feet into a pair of slippers, and hurried to the window.

"What are you doing, Dicky?" asked his mother faintly.

"I'm going to look for the chicken, mother."

"Chicken, what chicken?" whispered Mrs. Benson, and her face seemed to have grown paler and more shrunken during the night.

"Me and Jocy will soon make you some chicken broth, mother, and you'll get well like winking," said Dicky as he opened the window.

There was a dead silence, then a cry of disappointment fell upon Mrs. Benson's ear.

"It hasn't come, mother."

"What hasn't come?" asked the invalid, raising her head, and speaking in dazed tones.

"I planted—a feather—last night—and I asked

God—to—do—! The words ended in a sob, and Dicky buried his face in his hands.

"My poor Laddie!" said Mrs. Benson softly. "Keep back to bed. I understand all about it. I ought to have told you that chickens don't grow in the ground, but it always hurt me to talk about poultry and cattle, because they reminded me of the old homestead."

Don't cry, darling, and mother will tell you how the big nobbies keep the eggs warm until the dear little chickens come out. Listen, that must be Mrs. Flanders coming to light the fire. Run to open the door for her, there's a brave boy!"

And chocking down a lump in his throat Dicky obeyed.

"Does Mrs. Benson live here?" asked a loud, cheery voice.

"Yes; but you can't see her," returned Dicky faintly.

"Who are you, my little man?"

"I'm Richard Benson," was the response.

"Bless my soul! and you're my grandson," said the stranger, fumbling for a handkerchief. "Run and tell your mother her old dad has found her out at last."

"She is in there," said Dicky, opening the door wider and pointing towards the bed.

And the next instant the stranger was standing at the bedside.

"Ellen, my poor, lost lassie!"

"Father!"

And Dicky's prayer was answered after all.

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## IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

"I HAVE known men," says Charles Garrett, "who have pressed the wine upon their minister, and omitted the glasses that he took, and who have ordered the servant to put a certain decanter near the minister, and so that no one else drank from it, that they might know how much he drank, and who, when reason has been blinded and the tongue loosened, have licenced up the unwise words that were spoken, and used them for his ruin. Then men I have with their God, I but, if murder is to be punished, they will not escape."

DRINK, the dynamite of modern civilization.—Hox. JOHN D. LONG.

It were to take the money spent in one year in the public-houses and beer-houses of the United Kingdom, and exchange it for £5 Bank of England notes, we should require 500 very strong men to convey them from the Bank, for their weight would be 22½ tons, and with them we might make a pathway 1 foot 9½ inches wide in front of our 600-mile tow of licenced houses, throughout its entire length.

JAMES BRUCE, the African traveller, said, "I lay down, then, as a positive rule of health, that spirits and all fermented liquor should be regarded as poisons, and, for fear of temptation, not so much as to be carried along with you, unless as a stimulant for outward application. In spring, or raining water, if you can find it, is to be your only drink."

DR. J. WHATELY, medical officer of health of Blackburn, in his annual report just issued, states that no places, excluding the workrooms of some trades, are more favourable to the spread of tuberculosis than public parlours and other frequented rooms of public houses. This is not to be wondered at when one considers the filthy habits as to expectoration too common among those who frequent these places.

MRS. HAMERTON has recently remarked on the injurious effect of excessive wine drinking on French peasant. She says:—"I know that the arduous labour in the vineyards, with the short-handled spade, bends their spine early and unavoidably; but the distortion of arms and legs is certainly the result of rheumatism produced by a long course of unrestrained wine-drinking, by themselves and their ancestors. It also seems to me that the health of children brought up in this keen and invigorating air, and allowed to have a course of constant outdoor exercise, ought to be robust—yet it is nothing of the sort; many are thin, pale-faced, and far from strong-looking."

MR. ALBERT LLOYD, the Central African missionary, complains that the Roman Catholic priests have not only taught the natives that they need not give up their drinking habits, but have even organised drinking parties in their enclosures.



## THE END CROWNS ALL.

BY REV. A. SMELLIE, M.A.

It does not always do so. The sun which rose in brightness may set in tempest. The ship which went out of harbour with a fair wind and under a cloudless sky may reach port, if she reaches it at all, with sails rent and seams opening wide and compass lost. The boy or girl, who started from a Christian home, who listened to many voices of the Gospel and the Spirit, may fail to enter the City of God through unbelief and sin. Too often the progress is downward, to hopelessness, to ruin, to midnight. But it need not be so; it ought to be quite the opposite. The end of our days and of our doings should be better than the beginning.

Let us take three pictures of our life with which the Bible furnishes us. We are builders. We are husbandmen. We are travellers. If the house which we are raising is a temple of God; if the seed which we are sowing yields the fruit of the Holy Spirit; if the pilgrimage on which we are journeying has Jerusalem for its goal, then the best is yet to be.

So the builder feels who has been building wisely. When the scaffolding is taken down, and the rubbish is cleared away, and men look up at the perfect structure, it is a moment of satisfaction and joy for him. Is not our life an edifice which we are putting together bit by bit, year by year? Suppose that, as in the story of Job, a great wind from the wilderness should strike the four corners of the house, would it stand the test? Suppose that, as in our Lord's parable, the storm should rise and the mountain torrents should rush down in flood, would it remain "a peaceable habitation," unimpaired and unshaken? Christ must be the foundation, if it is to endure. The deepest, the profoundest, the invisible part of your life and mine must rest on the Son and Lamb of God—His blood, His righteousness, His victorious power, His immeasurable grace. It is a foolish and fatal mistake to be contented with that portion of the structure which is apparent to others, taking pains that it should be shapely and seemly, while there is any uncertainty about the hidden and buried work which bears up everything. First of all, it is essential that we should know Him in Whom we have believed. But all of us who are resting on Christ are not building equally well. There are some, St. Paul says, whose houses are constructed of wood and hay and stubble; there are others whose houses are fashioned of gold and silver and precious stones. It is possible for two men, both of whom are disciples, to be raising two very different structures. The one builds imperishable work, true thoughts and holy deeds, all which the merciful Judge will accept. The other comes all, white-eyed, at the last, and is saved because he has faith, but saved with difficulty because his faith has brought forth few fruits, and these of no high type. His crown is less sturdy than his neighbour's. His seat in the kingdom is lower. His heaven is narrower and less radiant. Let us build no flimsy stuff on the foundation of a crucified Saviour, but that which will abide the stress of the gale and the test of the fire.

The end is sweet to the husbandman too, when he has been sowing the good seed. When the reaper's song rises in the fields, and the yellow corn falls under the knife, and the waggons carry the sheaves home, there are pleasant sights and sounds to him. And the spiritual sphere has its sowing and reaping. In it the shade of our harvest need not be reserved for the close of life. "I have had plentiful wages beforehand," Oliver Cromwell said; and there are many who reach his words. Yet there can be no doubt that the great

reaping-time is waiting for us in the future. What numbers of Christian men and women there are, to whom little of the calm and golden autumn comes in this world! They sow to the Spirit. His grace of faith, created and fostered in them, keeps them clinging to Christ! His grace of holiness leads them to watch and pray, that they enter not into temptation. His grace of love represses their selfishness, so that under its impulse they consecrate themselves to the service of their Master. And they receive their harvest in measure just now, in the blessed change which has passed, and is passing, over themselves. But the rich and full fruitage for which they long is held back from them. Frequently they seem to labour in vain; often the winds are cold and unkind; their years appear to them monotonous, and cloudy, and ineffectual. If this is our case, it will not be always so. In far-off worlds, among triumphant saints, in the presence of God, our reaping time will dawn. If we labour for wealth, it may slip from our hands. If we strive for professional eminence, others step in before us. If we resolve to serve the State, the fitting opportunity may never present itself. But if we work for Christ in the secret strength of His Spirit, the harvest is absolutely secure, and the end will surpass the beginning.

And the traveller welcomes the end, when his progress has been in the right direction. It is well for the pilgrim to be home from the highway; well for the sailor to be home from the sea. The goal is better than the toilsome march. The shore is better than the tossing billow. Not that all endings to all journeys are desirable and blessed. If we are on the road that leads down to destruction, how hopeless and how dark the end! The close will be "a nest of night, a gloomy sphere!" But the path of the Christian is "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The start was good. Conversion, the cancelling of past guilt, the experience of Christ's love, the love of God's love, the birth of the new heart, the whisper of the Lord "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;" who that has experienced such gladness can describe it adequately, or can do justice to all its delight? The way was good. It is the way of obedience and duty, the way of daily trust, the way of prayer and communion. We had companions to cheer us as we pressed on. We had many experiences of God's loving and watchful providence and of His helping grace. If there was battle, there was victory too. If there were wounds, there were anodynes and consolations. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the highways to Zion. Passing through the Valley of Weeping, they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings. They go forth from strength to strength." But the end is best, it is perfect health to the body. It is the unveiling to the mind of secrets into which it has sought in vain to penetrate. It is the restoration to the heart of those whom it has loved, to whom it has been compelled to say "Good-bye" for a little while. It is the sight of Christ, and the transformation into His untainted purity. His gaze sweeps over Him, and they see His face, and His name is on their foreheads.

"Jerusalem, where song, no song,  
No fruits, nor voices cease,  
God bring us to Jerusalem!  
God bring us home in peace!"

[Mr. Smellie, who is a minister of the Original Secession Church, is the editor of the *Sunday School Teacher*, and the author of several devotional works of great value.]

## COUNTERFEIT CHRISTIANS.

ONE of the commonest snares which retard approach to Christ is the perception that the members of Christ's Church are not always exceptionally good men. Many so-called Christians are found to be slippery in pecuniary transactions, greedy of gain, full of spite, envy, and all the uncharitableness. They act as a kind of deterrent on those who would, but for them, seek to live as Christians. Many who have had the misfortune in their early years to become acquainted with this spurious kind of Christian, and have never been brought into close contact with genuine Christians, have their minds so prejudiced against the Christian religion that they never can force themselves to these prepossessions. This is unexcusable, but it does notwithstanding delay many who, if they were day by day in contact with uncontested good results of Christian faith, might themselves be Christians. Few men independently enquire into things for themselves; they allow unmeasured impressions to be made upon them by what they meet in life.

But as soon as a man does look at the matter with an unprejudiced intelligence, he perceives that in order to judge of the efficacy of Christ's salvation he must examine those who use it, not those who merely say they do, or even think they do. Many who bear the name of Christ have little resemblance to Him as the men who parade the streets with bonnets resemble the picture they advertise. The mere name of Christian or profession of faith in Christ works no charm. We can measure His influence only by observing the lives of those who faithfully put themselves under it. You do not judge the efficiency of a drill-sergeant by the slouching gait of the man who has merely enrolled himself in a volunteer corps, but has never appeared at a single drill, and is shortly to have his name taken off the books. You do not judge of the efficacy of a foreign climate in curing disease by the dying man who has spoken much of going abroad, and professed great faith in the virtues of certain climates, but has never tried them. You do not condemn a system of education because the truants, dunces, and idlers are not turned out admirable scholars. It is quite as senseless to judge the religion of Christ by the conduct of men who have nothing Christian about them but the name, who could not tell you what the religion of Christ is, and who certainly have never put themselves under His influence.

But we may go further, and assert that the very existence of these counterfeit Christians is evidence that there are genuine Christians somewhere, and that they are valuable and esteemed. In countries where there is no genuine coin, where money is not the medium of exchange, of course there is no counterfeit. The presence of what is counterfeit in religion or anything else should only have the effect of making us careful that we ourselves receive the real and not the spurious thing. But a man might as well refuse his week's wage because a fellow-workman had received a bad shilling as refuse to have anything to do with religion because he has in some cases seen it to be worthless and false. He does not refuse his week's wage on any such silly pretext, because he likes the money and knows he needs it; and if he excuses himself from accepting salvation on the score that so many church-members are none the better for it, it is obvious to all but himself that his real reason for declining salvation is that he does not like it or does not know his need of it.—*Dr. Marcus Dods.*

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# "TWENTY SHILLINGS AND COSTS."

BY CECIL E. SHIPLEY.

THE Yorkshire folk called Ullinworth a village, but in the north it would have held the dignity of a town, for it returned ten thousand at the census, and a half-a-dozen millstacks towered in all their sootiness above the houses.

In the largest of the mills Reuben Halliday earned his bread, very by the sweat of his brow, feeding the fires in the great boiler-house. He was a lank, bony fellow, inspired with a great and continual thirst. Quiet and easy-going, his only ambition spent itself in owning a few fowls. With them, weather permitting, he passed his harmless Saturday afternoons, sitting, pipe in mouth, watching his beloved Minorcas. His wife was a small, soft-voiced woman, and there was no doubt in the minds of the neighbours—nor, for the matter of that, in the mind of Reuben—that she was both master and mistress of their small back-to-back dwelling.

Reuben had his weakness; he knew it, and it was manifested whenever he was allured behind the red bar-room curtains of the *Reverie* or the *Sailing Mule*. His homeward journey on such occasions was one vast trudge against the whole community. Only his wife could handle him, for once over his own threshold his maledictions ceased, and a solemn stillness reigned. He would be escorted home—at safe distance by a troop of grinning youngsters, but as he turned to deliver a final flood of angry eloquence the door would open, he would be hastily drawn in, and the rapid expiration of his followers told him that they recognised the entertainment as concluded for that night.

Next day he would be the butt of all the heavy wits of the mill. "Haa is'ta naa, lad? I nobbat thout tha would ha' stayed some on us last neet." Or another would observe, "Tha'ast better join t' Raccabites, lad, tha' art'n't safe when 'ast gotten a soap."

But the culprit—all the fight gone out of him—would keep a dogged silence, and shovel coal on as though he were firing up for the universe.

There came a time when it seemed he had tasted the sting, as well as the honey, of the *Reverie*, and for eighteen months the *Sailing Mule* smiled for him in vain. A young Reuben gurgled in a cradle by the fire, and it was affirmed that Reuben senior had "ta'en the pledge."

But one evening there was a farewell drinking at the *Sailing Mule* in honour of a departing mill hand, and Reuben, who had promised the lass he would not go, succumbed to the persistent rally of his mates. It was a resigned, even merry company. The pam of their farewell was only apparent by the great thirst which grief had engendered, and which many imperial pints could not assuage.

Reuben was ill at ease, thinking perhaps of Reuben *scandalus*, or of the eighteen months' sobriety that stood in jeopardy that night. Knowing he had drunk enough, he made an attempt to get away.

"Aw'll be going, na?" said he, setting down his half-empty pint.

But a fellow opposite, port vaillant, reached across the table, and taking the mug, called, "Tha'rt nout band to go yet, lad; drink it out like a nan," and forthwith approached the mug to Reuben's nose.

A sudden flame leaped into his eyes, an increasing rage seized him. The next second his fist shot forward, and his tempter crashed backward. In the chaos that ensued our hero remembered nothing except the sudden stopping of a chorus which was brought home by his disfigured warrior, breathed vengeance, and next day a summons was served upon Reuben at the mill.

All previous efforts at humour were outdone by this great opportunity. "Dusta's know that he's lying, deaving, and they're agate for t' pison?" Tha'll be hanged, there's nout daht about it."

However, in his evil day his partner stuck well to

him. "Taak plenty o' brass av' tha, lad, and it'll be all right." For he had a haunting dread of detention from his family for a troubled period of fourteen days or more.

On the night before he made his bow to the bench, he sat moodily by the house-fire. Suddenly with great vehemence he said, "I'll do it!" "Do what?" said the wife, fearful lest he had discovered some particularly choice way of assassinating his foe.

There was no answer, but the next day he departed for the court. The proceedings occupied a surprisingly short space of time. The prosecutor needed no professional eloquence, for his right eye gleamed from beneath a dark purple framework which the bench seemed well able to appreciate and adjudge.

There was a buzzing at Reuben's ears, through which sounded the voice of the landlord, assuring the bench that the defendant was a most dangerous and quarrelsome fellow. Then a jurist, and whispering, and at last a voice, which to Reuben sounded like the crack of doom, said "Twenty shillings and costs."

It was the custom of that court to give the defendant a receipt for his fine; a simple document, stating in unvarnished phrases the



To this Reuben appended his own name.

charge, the fine imposed, and a neat little list of costs, which here amounted to nine and sixpence.

Reuben took it, but seemed in no hurry to leave his awe-inspiring environment. He saw the prosecutor pass by with a triumphant grin, which, with the lamentable condition of his upper face, was like an artist's study of Virtue smiling at Grief. When the seedy-looking spectators had drifted away on the outgoing tide, Reuben made a bold advance towards the bench.

"May I have a ward w' tha?" said he, to one of the justices.

"What is it, my man?" said that dignity, in a voice of extreme condescension, supported by conscious moral rectitude.

"I've never bin here afore, an' I'm nan coming again. I want tha to write ma' a pledge, and witness ma sign it."

This was a new riddle to the justice, who had more than once at public functions advanced, and much applause, his favourite argument that the moderate drinker was better than the wetfeller.

But he did the right thing, and on the spare space of the police-court receipt there appeared a declaration, that "I, Reuben Halliday, by these presents, do pledge myself to drink no alcoholic drinks." In this a remarkable necessity Reuben appended his own name, and by the side was written "Jowett Mitchell, J.P., witness."

Then he went home. In the doorway of the *Sailing Mule* stood the prosecutor, the triumphant grin still radiant. To him Reuben remarked in passing, "Hast ta'en a contract o' t' landlord, lad, to 'lustate

the lease sign?" and then he wondered what on earth had made him witty just once in his life. Announcing his coming by a prolonged shuffling on the doorstep, he said, as he opened the house door, "Look 't here, lass! I knowa 't be a fault, but tha canst read thaat." She did so, and to his misery surprise she was all of a sob, "quite heart-longued," as he afterwards described it.

It was a new beginning for them. So full were they of new hopes that even the Minorcas were forgotten, who, after remaining up until supper was a hopeless affair, went at last in disgusted wonderment to bed. But before Reuben retired, he bounced his new taken vow. A framed card representing an angel reposed under a weeping willow—a work of art commemorating a deceased relative on his wife's side—was deftly, and the pledge being substituted, the centred nail over the mantel was appropriated to its use. And often afterwards the little woman, whose shrill voice had by some means gotten the echo off it, would say, "It's the cheapest pictur in t' house, tho' it cost twenty-nine and sevenp'ence ma own addings."

And it came to pass that the *Reverie* and the *Sailing Mule* saw Reuben no more, nor the Petty Sessions, but other people knew him in years to come as a man who owned his own house, terrible set on Temperance, and a great drinker of herb leech.

## KINDNESS AND LOVING-KINDNESS.

HERE'S a young man that leaves his house at night, and goes on into the big town to work. While at work he meets with an accident; and bruised, bloody, and unconscious he is borne to the hospital. Here a stranger ministers to him. The nurse's step and touch and voice are strange; but how tenderly she watches over him, how anxiously she uses every method that suggests itself to soothe his pain and restore his consciousness! This attention is beyond price, yet it is only kindness; she has done it to hundreds before she saw him, and she will do it to hundreds more when she has forgotten the face he ever under her care. But, see, a telegram has gone to his mother. She never hesitates; she makes up her little bundle, and hastens to the station; her heart outflashes the swiftest engine; she gets to the hospital and enters the ward where her boy is lying. They tell her that all attempts to restore his consciousness have failed; but by and by, when the wet cloth on his forehead has to be changed, her hand changes it, and there is something in her touch that the trained hand of the nurse never had. He opens his eyes, and whispers, "Mother!" She says, "Yes; I am here." "Oh!" he says, "I feel better now." To be sure, he is better now; but what has made him better? The nurse's touch was the touch of kindness; the mother's touch was the touch of loving-kindness, and it brought the lad back to life and hope again.—CHARLES GARRETT, *Loving Counsels*.

## LIFE STORIES.

YOU' lose the zest of a story by turning to the last chapter to find how it is coming out. Fortunately we cannot do that with life. We can make some shrewd guesses as to its outcome, but they are only guesses. We never know when qualities are being elicited in our friends or in ourselves which will vitiate all our previous forecasts. And did you ever think of it, that it is the circumstance that we have to read the story of our lives page by page, day by day, which makes mere living so interesting?

## ROING OUTSIDE.

WHEN men travel in stage-coaches in grand mountain countries, some ride in the inside with the curtains fastened down. They see nothing of the beauty of the scenes through which they pass. Others ride outside, and see every grand thing by day. This illustrates how different persons go through God's world. Many pass through shut up in a dark, dismal coach, with all curtains drawn tight, themselves shut in, and all God's joy and beauty shut out; others ride outside, and catch a glimpse of every fair and lovely thing by the way.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

## IN A STEAMER'S ENGINE-ROOM.

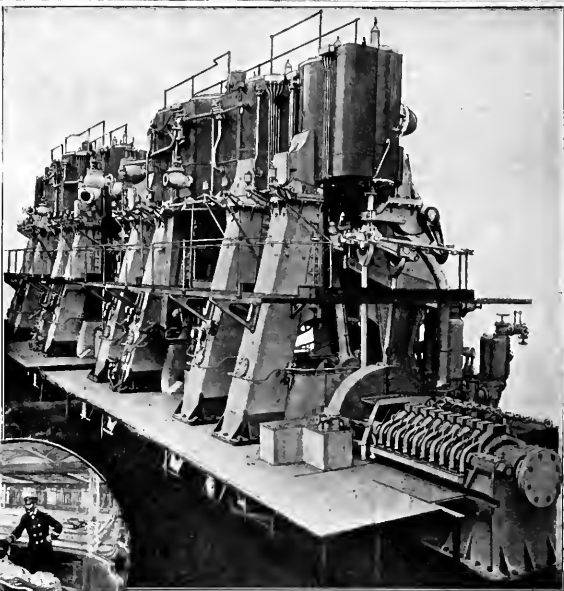
BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "ENGINEERS AND THEIR TRIUMPHS," "THE GOLD SMITH," ETC.

IT is often difficult to obtain entrance to a steamer's engine-room. The engineers have something else to do than to entertain strangers, and the space is none too large for visitors. But it is a very interesting place, and well worth a visit.

Let us suppose you have obtained permission, and are going among the whirling cranks and levers, the oil and the heat—you are going to try and understand something of the mighty power and splendid machinery that drive the ship so fast along. Perhaps the first thing that strikes you is the large size of the engine room, although the space for moving about may be limited. The machinery itself is so large. You are standing on a steel platform, and looking on too long and high mountains of big cylinders and steel bars. Oh, again, you may be able to perceive nothing but a maze of rods and huge pipes, the smell of oil greets your nostrils, a wave of hot air strikes your face, and you are nearly deafened with the noise.

"Take this, sir," says one of the "greasers," handing you a loose ball of fluffy stuff, which you find cotton-waste. Everybody you notice in this world of shining rods builds a similar handful, and seems to be preoccupied and automatically wiping his hands with it. Everything here seems of steel, and is oily, and the handful of cotton-waste not only prevents the hands from becoming oily likewise, but prevents them from slipping as they grasp the rods.

You find the value of the waste directly. You step down from the steel platform on to the steel stairway leading below, and instinctively you grasp the steel and oily hand rail. The reason why that rail is so oily is something of a puzzle, for no oil is deliberately put



Engines of R.M.S. "Ivernia" (Cunard line)

on the steel. It must come from the handfuls of cotton-waste that are continually grasped around it after touching the oily machinery. But as for the steel bearings, the "guides," and other parts of the huge complicated mass, the friction is so great that oil is dashed on, so to speak, in canfuls. Hour after hour the polished steel flies round at its fastest; hour after hour the men cool it down with oil, or with oil and sulphur moved, and sometimes even with jets of cold water. Hour after hour the engineers toil with high-spirited devotion to force out the highest speed from the engines, and to send the huge ship tearing along at 21 knots. This continuous high speed, in varying weathers and in rolling seas, creates terrible friction in the machinery friction which must be continually soothed and checked.

But now you have descended the slippery steel stairway, and are standing on the floor below. On

Top of Engine Room R.M.S. "Oceanic" (White Star line).

either side rise a series of huge inverted cylinders, held up by massive steel supports. The height, for instance, of the *Compania's* engines is no less than 47 feet from the base to the top of the cylinders. Below the cylinders you can distinguish straight rods, called pistons, shooting up and down from the cylinders and working connecting rods which are fastened to shining steel cranks below and whirl them round. The cranks flash round with extraordinary speed and regularity, and whirl and whirl far even, one after the other. They form part of a great steel shaft, which revolves as they revolve, and is continued through the ship to the great screw propeller outside the stern. As the cranks revolve, therefore, the screw revolves outside. This vessel being fitted with twin screws, there are two sets of engines, two shafts, and, of course, two screw propellers, one on either side of the rudder outside the hull. These splendid steel shafts are fine specimens of workmanship; much depends upon them and the propellers they drive. The crank shafts of the Cunarders *Linania* or *Compania* are no less than 26 inches thick, and the propeller shafts 24 inches, while the weight of each crank shaft is about 110 tons. The bosses of the screw propellers outside the stern are of steel, and the blades are of manganese-bronze—perhaps the most durable metal known. The weight of each blade is about 8 tons. Some screw propellers cost as much as £5000 apiece.

The cranks and the shafts, the flashing rods and levers, the cylinders and the pipes form huge complicated "mountains" of machinery, about which, here and there, engineers and greasers walk unconcernedly in and out, pouring on oil and soothing friction, and superintending the working of the whole.

Yet, complicated though it appears, the principle is simple. It is to pass steam at a high pressure through three huge cylinders—each increasing in size as the pressure of the steam decreases—and each working a piston and connecting rod to pull round a crank on the shaft. Sometimes, for convenience sake, two high pressure, one intermediate, and two low pressure cylinders are used, making five in all, but the principle is the same. Joined to the crank-shaft is the "thrust" shaft. The thrust has a bearing which "feels," so to speak, the "thrust" of the screw outside the ship and communicates it to the hull. The thrust bearing has several rings shaped something like a horse-shoe.



The main principle, then, of the engine is simple. It is to introduce steam in round boxes called cylinders where it pushes a piston up and down; and this piston being fastened to a connecting rod to a crank on a shaft, revolves the shaft and the propeller attached to it outside. The cranks on the shaft (in this ship three on each shaft) are bent at different angles so that they whirl round one after the other, and are never at the same point of their revolution at the same time.

But if the main principle be simple, the execution seems complicated. And, in fact, the results obtained in speed and power are truly wonderful.

What becomes of the steam when it has done its work? Briefly, it is condensed back to water and boiled up again to make fresh steam. Something like 4,000 tons of water are thus condensed every hour on a large liner when she is at sea. The surface condenser which does this, and which may be likened to a tub, is—that on the *Campania* has  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch tubes of brass through which is pumped cold sea water. The steam passing into this box, from the last cylinder, is brought into contact with the cold tubes (kept cold by the sea-water), and is condensed into water and passed on to the hot well, and from thence to the boiler.

There are three of these condensers on the *Campania*, the horse power of the *Comet*, the first steamer used for commercial purposes, was but three only, that of the *Canarders Campana* and *Linaria* is 30,000; and while, according to tradition, the steam pressure in the *Comet's* boiler was so low that any cracks that might appear in the metal of the boiler, were filled with cloth, the steam pressure in, for instance, the *Campania's* boilers is said to be 150 lbs. to the square inch. In the *White Star liner Oceanic* 160 lbs. to the square inch. Indeed, the steam pressure in many large ocean vessels is from 150 to 160 lbs. The *Campania* has a dozen of these boilers with two others for auxiliary service, and a total number of 102 furnaces.

The boilers are placed longitudinally, three in a row in each group, and the water-tight compartments. A huge trial boiler 65 feet long, and occupying the entire width of the ship, separates these compartments. Should, therefore, an accident happen to the one, steam can still be produced from the other group. The twelve principal boilers are no less than eighteen feet in diameter, and seventeen feet long, and are double ended. There are attached to each of these trial boilers a diameter being over nineteen feet. So immense are these funnels, that a couple of railway trains could easily pass through them abreast. The tops of the funnels are 130 feet from the bottom of the ship and they are 130 feet apart.

In spite of the economy effected by improved condensors, great quantities of coal are still burnt, and the firemen have to be continually at work clearing the furnaces of clinkers and throwing on fresh coal.

Let us see them at work. We pass from the engine-room to the stoke-hole. Where? How hot? If the engine-room was hot, what is this?

A boiler may have three or perhaps four furnaces beneath it—or we might almost say within it. The furnace door is thrown open and you gain a glimpse of a narrow cave of white-hot heat within. The man stirs up the fire with a long metal "sleeve" and clears away clinkers and cinders, and then, with true aim, throws in with his shovel layers of coal one after the other, right along the comparatively narrow pipe-like furnace. When he has finished he bangs the furnace door to proceed to the next that needs attention. Four hours of this work in the stoke-hole, where there are quite long enough, and the women's time is generally divided into four hours' spells of work with eight hours off duty. They are assisted by the stokers or coal trimmers who bring the fuel from the bunkers, and who quench the hot cinders with water when they take out, and throw them overboard.

The *Comet* on her Atlantic trip in September, 1899, burnt about 400 tons of fuel, and it had, of course, all to be loaded in the furnaces, while the *Paris* used about 2,700 tons in crossing the Atlantic. These totals seem immense, but the *Great Eastern*, which was somewhat smaller than the *Oceanic*, was designed to convey 15,000 tons of coal. Her steam pressure, however, was only about 25 pounds to the square inch, whereas now 160 pounds seems a usual pressure. In fact the immense improvements in machinery conduce to great economy of coal.

There is little rest for the engineers, even in port. All that shining machinery has to be thoroughly overhauled, taken to pieces, and refitted in superb condition for its next long spell of heavy and continuous work.

Indeed the duty in a steamer's engine-room seems never done. The astonishing manner in which the efficiency of some noted vessels seems to increase as they continue their work is a striking testimony not only to the excellence of the original construction, but

also to the great care which is continually taken of the superb engines.

Thus the famous *Canarders*, the *Umbria*, made her fastest passage across the Atlantic in July, 1892, in five days, 22 hours, seven minutes, about seven years after she was built; while the *Elmira* also made her fastest passage in the same year, though finished by the builders in the spring of 1885. The great regularity with which they have crossed the Atlantic is remarkable: their average speed being 19½ knots. The same may be said of some other line liners, while the *Oceanic* has been built for the purpose of always reaching port in time, no matter what the weather may be.

#### A FIGHT WITH AN OCTOPUS.

MR. MAURICE DUNN, of Mesagay, who is one of the leading English authorities on fishes, has been contributing lately to the *Contemporary Review* a series of articles on minnies and other habits of rats, cutters, sharks, &c. In one of these papers he tells a remarkable story of a combat which took place some time ago between Mr. Samuel Kelly, of the same town, and an octopus vulgaris, or devilfish. Mr. Kelly, for the truthfulness of whose story Mr. Dunn vouches, has a school at Mesagay, where, under the auspices of the Cornwall County Council, he teaches youngsters the art of making knots and splices and of mending sails and nets.

On a dark autumn night, in a small boat, Mr. Kelly was fishing off the Gofin Headland, when one of these devilfish took his bait, and with the usual effort was hauled on board. But his difficulty was to get the boat to continue his work, for he had been successful in cutting several pollack and conger, and the moment he touched the brute some of its clammy tentacles would embrace his arm, holding him fast to the spot, for its other arms were stretched around the throat.

"Soon the beast became so violent that it really made him fear it. He made a supreme effort to get his boat, but the creature fastened its largest suckers on the back of his right hand, and in the battle he had to drop his line, and with the nails of his left hand to dig the suckers out of his flesh, for they seemed to bury themselves there. After this experience all his strength, no more doubt or indecision in the fight, for, seeing sharp knife, he quickly cut the hook from its hold, upon which the cuttle crept away to another part of the boat."

"But this did not finish Mr. Kelly's night work, for on again throwing out his line he had a still heavier haul, and when it came to the water line he could not get it on his further, although he used all his strength, for the line was new and stronger than he could break."

"In this dilemma he had to hold on tight, and on looking over the side by the aid of a flickering light he found himself glaring into the eyes of another devilfish, and a much larger one than the first. He further found that the creature had taken the boat for its enemy, and, attacking it with all its force, its tentacles embracing the stern on the one hand, and running forwards to near the middle section on the other."

"On thinking over his recent troubles with its neighbour, and the waste of time likely to ensue in a still longer encounter with a stronger brute, he decided not to risk another fight, but to use the advantage of his own knowledge on the line. Taking a knife and watching his opportunity, he finally cut the boat out of the intruder, who, on being liberated, soon dropped out of sight."

"The next day I verified most of Mr. Kelly's statements. The arms of the dead octopus in the boat stretched over 7 feet, and on the back of Mr. Kelly's hand was a very black round bruise about half an inch in diameter, corresponding with the sucker which was one of the largest suckers of the dead octopus. Since then he has caught several of these cuttles, and one whose arms stretched over 6½ feet."

In our waters, adds Mr. Dunn, none of these head-footed mollusks have been known to take human life, but it is scarcely questionable, if favourable opportunities are presented themselves, that they would do so, and all who have anything to do with the sea should know that the octopus is easily mastered by being tightly gripped by the throat. When this is done its tentacles will instantly relax their hold.

Many few Londoners know that there are in the METROPOLITAN enough tentacle creatures to make up a good solid ton. The Shaftesbury Park, Queen's Park, Noel Park, and Legham Court estates are all managed on tentacle lines. They cover more than 200 acres, and have a population of over 50,000; but not a single glass of ale has been sold on any of the estates.

#### THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

IT is common with all the Penny Pictorial Magazines to issue from the well-known house of S. W. Partridge and Co., Finsbury Row, the *BRITISH WORKMAN* for January forward will undergo some change, which it is hoped will considerably increase its usefulness and still further promote its already great popularity. The present is an age of cheap reading, booksellers' and newsagents' shops are flooded with all sorts of cheap literature, and it is good, and a great deal of it is bad, pernicious. Sensation and excitement characterise the methods of three out of every four periodicals of the day.

But formerly half a century the *BRITISH WORKMAN* has occupied a position which has been and is unique. It has ever been the determined foe of all that is calculated to injure or degrade the moral character, the firm friend of every worthy cause, of all that is pure, ennobling, and of good report. It has sought, and succeeded splendidly, we are glad to know, to elevate the life of the people by means of the best literature and the best art.

This has always been its programme, the best life, of literature, and of art for the millions. It will continue to be the backbone of the *BRITISH WORKMAN*. And herein is its position unique. Amongst all the multitudinous products of the cheap press in day, where will you find any penny publication combining these qualities? The rich have beautifully printed magazines containing fine engravings, but these are beyond the power of the million. The only Peoples Art Journal is the *BRITISH WORKMAN*.

Our large full-page engravings will continue to be our most distinguishing feature, and these will be chosen with so much care and printed so perfectly that each will be an artistic gem worthy of framing, or of preserving permanently in the home volume. The very best artists of the day will be represented in the *BRITISH WORKMAN*, no picture which is not of the best will appear in its pages.

In general contents we shall be up-to-date in the best sense of that much-abused phrase. Brightness, freshness, truth, will characterise all our literary contents. The *BRITISH WORKMAN* will be up to date, and entertaining, and many of the most prize-worthy features of modern journalism will be represented in its pages.

Short stories by famous authors, illustrated by popular artists, will appear regularly. All our literary contributions will be "bright and brief"; but we shall carefully avoid "scrappiness." As of yore, industrial sketches, biographies of notable people, travel papers, will be included in our literary fare.

The Editor will also invite the co-operation of his readers in many ways, and especially by means of attractive prize competitions, the arranging of which is at present closely engaging his attention.

Other improvements of a marked nature are in contemplation, but as this is being written some considerable time before our plans can be completed, I am unable to give further details of these. Our January issue, however, will indicate to you the range of our scheme, and I have no doubt that our efforts to enhance the value of the *BRITISH WORKMAN* will meet with every encouragement from our faithful readers.

Might I suggest, in conclusion, that you should order a COPY of EACH of Partridge's Penny Pictorials for January? They will all appear in new dresses, and all will be greatly improved. First of all, there's the *BRITISH WORKMAN*. You are ordering that for certain. But your good wife would like to see the new *FAMILY FRIEND*, so you must not fail to secure a copy for her. The *FRIENDLY VISITOR* for January will be the best pennyworth of religious reading ever published. You'll want that too. The *CHILDREN'S FRIEND* will be much improved, just the thing for the older boys and girls; and the *INFANTS' MAGAZINE* for the tiny ones. These five publications represent an ideal series for the home, and, thus, for the small sum of five pence, you can supply your household with a month's reading and pictures of the very best kind.

Remember our motto: the best of life, of art, and of literature for the million. It will be our constant aim to supply this.

Wishing you all a bright Christmas and a happy New Year,

I am,

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITOR.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

## THE MARTYRED LOCOMOTIVE.

**H**AVE you presence of mind? Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think we have, too. But, after all, it is not what you and I think we would do; it is rather what we actually do when we are in the thick of such peril, that determines our presence of mind. There are no persons so remarkably head-headed as those who are free and easy, out of the reach of danger.

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Allegheny Mountains.

"There," said the officer to my informant, as both were going about a great, central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, "there is the very man. If he wants any favour of the road he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he stays, service or no service, till death removes him. The road is grateful to him, and will always hold him in honour."

No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, "Why, that was the very thing I would have done myself." But would you have done it? There is the question.

"Puff! puff! puff!" It was hard work, for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as if its strength were failing. And no wonder! For miles and miles up the slopes of the Allegheny Mountains it had been tugging its precious burden, and there were many miles more before it should reach the summit and lay away in regions of strength.

Much of the way was little more than a shelf cut into the mountain sides, with rising walls of rock on one hand and deep ravines on the other. And far up among the mountains, often on the opposite sides of huge and gloomy chasms, the observant traveller would catch glimpses of what seemed to be the curves and embankments of another road. Later he would himself become aware of these very curves.

These changing scenes kept the passenger in a tremor of half-faithful, half-anxious excitement.

"How beautiful that would slope!"

"Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?"

"Down here among the trees! See this silvery cascade!"

"Ah, here we go through a tunnel."

"That is our toughest look, as if the slightest jar would bring a down upon us!"

"What if the road-head should give way here like an avalanche?"

"Oh, here comes some trestle-work! How faint it looks! What a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh, dear!"

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. "To those that understood it, it said imperatively, 'Down brakes, and be quick about it, too!'"

Instantly the brake-men were straining at their posts as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was their duty, on these hard, treacherous wadings, to stand by the brakes and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platform, and there, in a deal of nervous questioning, "What was the matter? Had an accident happened? Was there any danger? Nobody seemed to know. Not even the brake-men were informed. And it was the gift of a blessed Providence that the cause was not revealed, else that moment of uncertainty and subdued alarm would have been one of anguish and disaster.

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it was in plain sight, chattering round a curve; then it was lost in the woods. No engine accompanied it; there was no sign of life anywhere about it. Nowhere on the grade at that time was a down train due. The cars were without control; there was no doubt about it, and there was nothing to check their descent. Already they were running furiously, and every second their speed was increasing. A collision seemed inevitable. The destruction of life would be frightful.

What should the engineer do? To stop his train would mean the situation. To reverse the engine and go the other way—there was hardly time for that. Besides, it would involve the certain result, and make it more dreadful because of the increased headway of the runaway cars.

The engineer viewed the situation on every side. Plan after plan rose before him; plan after plan was dropped. But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of a threatening danger. In that brief time the engineer lived his life. Suddenly there came a ray of hope, a possible plan of escape. "Down brakes!" he whistled. This was the signal to which we have

already called attention; the one that sent the tremor through the hundred on the train.

"Free the engine from the train!" he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was left lagging behind. "Now jump for your life!" There was no time for parley. The fireman leaped, fell, and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engine, set on full steam, freed from its burden of coaches, the locomotive responded at once.

"Now fight the battle for us!" exclaimed the engineer, as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favourable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by at a leaping speed, under the full control of the faithful locomotive.

That something serious had happened, and was about to occur, began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three, the engineer; and larger numbers from the car windows had caught snatches of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track. All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars. Fortunately these were little danger now, for the motion of the train had nearly ceased.

Upon the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the fire alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars, with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rails as they rounded the curves. Neuter and neuter, the speed of each increasing. Then they flew at each other in a mighty, tiger-like rage, as if there were blood to shed and nerves to be torn asunder.

The crash shook the hills. A great roaring cloud of steam burst into the air, while another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a gridding, gridding mass rose up. Quivering in the air a moment it reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and the dust cleared away, there were the deep, ugly furrows in the road-bed, and the splintered ties, and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck, to mark the scene of a fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin, but it had done a noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives of untold interest were at stake, and it had won it. Not a life of that precious company was lost, not a member of it hurt so much as a scratch. Before they saw their peril they were rescued from it; and yet their rescue had hardly been completed before the full and awful nature of that peril burst upon them, and stirred them in their utmost being.

With tears of joy and gratitude, they blessed the engineer, whose quick wit, daring plan, and instant execution had saved them from a fate that at one moment it seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below, there went out a kind and tender feeling, as if, in giving its life to save others, it had done something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human soul.—*Frank H. Hill, in "The Congregationalist."*



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

AUTHOR OF "MY WIVES," "OUR HOME REFUGES," ETC.

VIII.—Children's Games.

**T**HEY have been said, by Froebel, the originator of our Kindergarten system, that "the plays of the infant are the buds of the whole future life."

How very few of us realise this truth! We mothers do as much as we can to help our children to enjoy the lessons they are set at school. We rise early to see them off at the proper time, we provide meals to suit school hours; then most of us think we have done everything required of us. After the boys and girls return home and have eaten their dinner, we leave them to themselves. Indeed we go further. We turn them out of the house to roam in the street.

Dear friends, is anything ought not to be. We ought to nourish and foster our children's plays as much as or

more than any other part of their education. To know the decided bent of a child's mind is a great help in treating him successfully; we can then provide the environment he requires. Now, our children's plays are the surest index we have as to their character. A boy who will distinguish himself in the battlefield, in adult life, early shows his bent by playing at soldiers. The girl with a gift for nursing will imitate ambulance manoeuvres. Engineering tastes will lead to inspection of the great works of the State. So we must see and take an interest in our children's play-hours if we want to be forearmed in the battle of life with them.

Now, in my work as a clergyman's wife, I have heard bereaved mothers regret a great many various things. I have never heard one regret having spent too much time in the play-room. Remembrance of happy playful hours is a goodly heritage, when a vacant chair is left in our homes.

Anyhow, we must make it part of our business to take more than a negative interest in "off hours." It is well also to have a definite scheme concerning them. Every time, for instance, that we spend ten minutes in dangling a coloured ball before our baby's eyes, we are educating his sense of proportion, colour and sight. That is no waste of time. Whenever we allow our daughter to scrub stones and wash raisins for a pudding, we are cultivating the embryo housewife. Whenever we let a little one hinder us in our work of darning, etc., by trying to "help," we are calling out that love of order which is Heaven's first law.

All genius, when not developed, is inclined to be troublesome. The boy who never litters in his play-hours, is not one who will do much in life. Instead of encouraging sports and sprays and messes, therefore, we may help our scintillating schoolboy by making boxes, shelves or aprons or tins to hold his treasures. We shall be rewarded by a present chivalrous devotion, and by a future success.

The first seven years of a child's life are the most important of all. Those are the years which are spent mostly in play. This will show the vast necessity for controlling, guiding and sharing in the same. Plato says, "From their earliest infancy the play of children should be subjected to strict law." Now, too much visible control has often a baneful effect. The laws governing play should always be kept in the background. It is a great thing when mother is never too busy to take a sympathetic interest in her little one's games. Time should always be made to mend a broken Anger's Arm, or to sew a worm-hole for the better of the child's infirmity, the play of the child adorned with fewer tacks if necessary in consequence. Let a curtain hang a day longer. One is a greater duty than the other, if we only realise the importance of mother's influence in the matter of games. "Instruction takes place in the school," says Carlyle; "education takes place in the home." The teachers are the mother and sisters. It is the little everyday things of life that do most of the educating of our boys and daughters. It is so fatally easy to do mischief in the play of this matter. Our daughters would never "revolt" if they looked upon mother as one interested in all their occupations. Our boys would start in life well safe-guarded if they felt mother to be a "chum!" The import of happiness to children is very great. That happiness can only be secured by companionship in recreation as well as in study.

Unfortunately most working men's wives are content to be "general providers" to their households. They should aim at being a beneficent Providence as well! Our Heavenly Father (in all reverence be it spoken) has led the way in this matter. Flowers, fruits, scenery, &c., are given His children richly to enjoy.

Intellectual interest in our little ones' games will prevent their becoming in any way injurious. Children are over-fatigued in play more than at any other time. More harm is done by unlicensed amusements than in any other way. I wish this truth were written on every mother's heart. We should then less often see stunted forms and diseased imaginations. A wise man of old said, "Give me a nation's games, and let who will make its laws." Another wise man said, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and let who will take the rest."

Now a mother has in her hands the plays and earliest hours of her children's existence. From the cradle she sows in nursery and playroom the future harvest will spring. For whatsoever a woman sows that shall she also reap.

A SHEPHERD who was trying to confuse a Christian coloured man by contradictory passages in the Bible, asked him if it could be that we are the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the following reply: "Oh! there is no puzzle about that. It's like that poker. I put it in the fire till it gets red-hot. Now, the poker is in the fire, and the fire is in the poker."

## AN INCIDENT IN STREET PREACHING.

It was on the Sunday immediately following the assassination of President Garfield. The entire country was throbbing with suppressed excitement, much akin to that which thrilled it upon receiving the news of J. Wilkes Booth's fateful work. I was in the city of London, having gone there to supply the pulpit of a large and wealthy church, the pastor of which had been called away upon some important mission. I preached in the morning to about four hundred delighted, cultured people. It was in many respects the most solemn service I ever conducted. The evening was calm and beautiful. About one hundred and fifty persons gathered to the evening service, which lasted one hour. Before pronouncing the benediction I said to the audience:—"I have rendered the services your pastor requested of me. As I came from the hotel to this place, I noticed the streets were thronged with people, most of whom were young men, and it occurred to me that these people might be reaching this very evening by the Gospel. The Lord has, without doubt, laid it upon my heart to make an effort,

the street furnished a kind of speaking-tube. My voice was very clear and strong. I quoted my text five or six times during the sermon, well-nigh as loud as I could speak. While the meeting was progressing, the hanker sat all alone upon the veranda of his home.

All at once, as coming from the skies, he heard distinctly, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He had not heard a note of our singing nor a word from my lips. What wonder, therefore, that he was startled upon hearing my text? He sprang to his feet and looked about him and around him, and for some moments stared around the veranda, wondering where it came from. Directly he took his seat, and in a few moments he heard the text again, coming, apparently, from the heavens. He heard it each time I quoted it, and could not tell where it came. God's Spirit fastened the message upon his mind and conscience. He slept not at all that night. The next morning he spoke of it at the breakfast-table. His eldest son was present at the meeting the night before at the market-place, and told his father about it. They

## SOME CURIOUS BIBLES.

A UNIQUE collection of Bibles was recently shown at Boston. They are known as "workers' Bibles." Amongst those that attracted the most attention was the illuminated Bible of Daught L. Moody, with notes in his own handwriting. Another Bible on view was used for more than thirty years by Henry Ward Beecher. After wearing out the binding he had it cut down and rebound. He then used it for twenty years, or till his death, for funeral purposes invariably, and also on some other occasions. Then there was the John Knox Bible, with oak covers, made of wood from his house near Edinburgh. A remarkable copy of the Scriptures is that used by Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., on the march and in three prisons. Mr. Trumbull was a chaplain in the Army during the Civil War, and used this Bible when he preached in the famous Libby Prison. Another important American Bible was used by John Eliot when preaching to the Indians; and, although it is said that no living person can read it, the volume is valued at 1,000 dollars. The Bible used by Phillips Brooks, and bearing his autograph,



From the painting by J. MacWhorter, R.A.

Spindrift.

[By permission of trustees of Royal Holloway College.

and I request of you that you follow me down Main Street to the market-place, and gather about me and unite in singing two or three hymns; then, if the opportunity offers, I will preach to the audience that may gather."

Most of the congregation followed me to the place indicated. With the permission of a policeman I placed a dry goods box in the street, and, mounting it, started the old, familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." The people sang heartily. In less than five minutes quite fifteen hundred persons had gathered. We then sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." I urged the people to sing, and seemingly nearly all did so.

It being Sunday night, there were but few vehicles of any kind on the street, and, save for the singing, the hush of death was upon the audience. I lifted my voice in prayer, especially praying for our country and the wounded and dying President. After the prayer we sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." I then took for my text John iii, 16. I stood facing directly up Main Street. Five squares up the street was an abrupt hill over one hundred feet high; and because of it the street dedicated to the right around its base. On the top of this hill, and facing right down Main Street, and a full half-mile from where I stood, was the home of one of the leading citizens, president of a large banking house, and an unchristian man. There was a gentle wind blowing right up the street from where I stood; the business houses on either side of

tried to reconcile the two things, but the father could not understand how he could have heard as distinctly as he did my text, and nothing else, not even the singing.

He went to his business, but was so troubled that he told his son to find me if he could, and bring me to his office. The son found me at the hotel, and after telling me the facts in the case, I accompanied him to his father's office. When I met him, he told me frankly that he wanted to be saved. I quickly and gladly made plain to him the way of salvation and life. He repented and believed, and joined with me in prayer.

This office was upon a raised platform in one corner of his large banking-room. There were, perhaps, twenty clerks and as many customers in the room. Immediately upon arising from his knees he stood up, and, clapping his hands, said, loud enough for all to hear, "I have just accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord, and He accepts me; I am, therefore, a Christian, for which I praise God, and sincerely wish that all of you who have not done so might do the same." I followed the man's subsequent life, and in so far as I could learn, he lived a devoted, conscientious Christian life, and died in the triumphs of a victorious faith.—*Dr. L. W. Marshall.*

THIS month's *Family Friend* contains an interesting article on "The Rylands Library and its Donors." It includes a portrait of Mr. Rylands and a sketch of the Library.

was there; as also one used by C. H. Spurgeon, in which he kept track of his sermons, when printed, by red ink entries. A unique New Testament was "The Midget," the pages of which are only  $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{1}{4}$  in, in size; and a Bible was also shown with pages of  $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{8}$  in, and containing twenty-eight illustrations.

## A QUEER DISH.

I HAD previously eaten bean curd, and old eggs, which are an expensive delicacy and formed part of a Chinese dinner given to me at the Legation at Seoul. At the next village I saw the process of preparation. Ducks' eggs alone are used, and they must be quite fresh. They are steeped in a solution of lime, with the addition of salt. The lime penetrates the shell, and turns the white into a dark, bottle-green jelly, while the yolk becomes hard and nearly black. After this the egg is wrapped up in clay, which is dried by gentle heat. It will then keep a year or more. Such eggs are very good, indeed they are one of the few Chinese delicacies which I can eat with equanimity. It would require four or five pages to put down what I have myself seen in the eating-houses and food shops on this journey.—*Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop.*

YOUR boys and girls will like to see Mr. Taylor Smith's article, in the December *Children's Friend*, on "Some Old Games and Playthings."

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Lord, teach us to pray



Lo! I am with thee  
always

Walk as children of light

God knoweth your  
heart

ONE PENNY EACH.

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I will never leave  
thee nor forsake  
thee

My refuge is in  
God.

Fear not. The  
Lord will be with  
thee.



Cast thy burden  
upon the Lord.  
The Lord knoweth  
them that are  
His.

Fear not. He  
will not fail  
thee.

TWOPENCE EACH.

## HELPS BY THE WAY.

Size, 7 by 5.

Wait on the Lord  
and keep His  
way.

In all thy ways  
acknowledge  
Him.

The Lord knoweth  
the way of the  
righteous.



Teach me Thy  
way, O Lord.

I am the Way,  
the Truth, and  
the Life.

Commit thy way  
unto the Lord.

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Thy Right Hand upholdeth me  
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